

PART 434.

THE

PRICE 6d

LEISURE HOUR



FEBRUARY, 1888.

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(To Face page 2 of Wrapper.)

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1,977 Policies issued for..	£366,937
New Premium Income ..	11,510

BUSINESS IN FORCE.

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REVENUE OF THE YEAR.

Premiums ..	£153,793
Interest, &c. ..	45,620
	£199,413

ACCUMULATED FUND.

Laid by in the year ..	£58,395
Accumulated Fund on 31st January, 1887 ..	1,141,810

Claims and Bonuses paid under Company's Policies ..	£1,020,611
Average Reversionary Bonus for 30 years, about 14 per cent. per annum.	

THE FEBRUARY MONTHLY PART

OF

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

The Illustrated Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading,

CONTAINS:—

Marcus Stratford's Charge; or, Roy's Temptation.

By EVELYN E. GREEN, author of "Barbara's Brothers," etc.
Illustrated by Gordon Brown.

The Problem of the Poor. The Glasgow Foundry Boys. By our Special Commissioner.

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By Dr. MONRO GIBSON.

Modern Islam. By the Rev. W. J. SMITH, B.A.

A True Mother of Charity. Some Recollections of Madame André Walther.

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Life Work of Samuel Morley.

Missy. A Story for the Young. By E. A. CAMPBELL.

Bible Notes and Queries. Answers to Correspondents.

Sabbath Thoughts.

Pictures from the Poets.

In Newness of Life. By MARY ROWLES.

The Star of Bethlehem.

Persecution in the Loyalty Islands.

Religious Record of the Month.

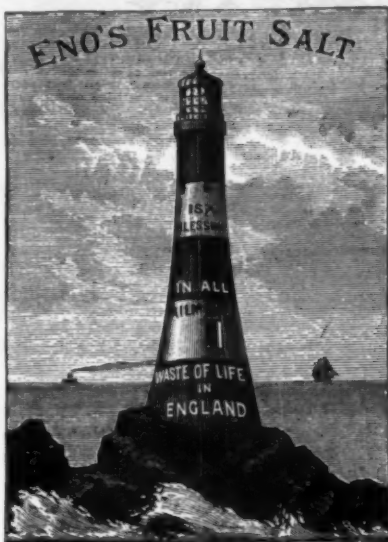
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Dr. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S., in a lecture, under the auspices of the National Health Society, speaking of Zymotic Diseases (Infectious Diseases) such as Cholera, Small-pox, Fever, &c., susceptibility to take them, he held, came in some cases from a poisoned condition of the blood, arising from the body retaining some portion of the wastes. These wastes, when not removed, were re-absorbed into the blood, and acted as a ready soil from which disease would germinate. For the best method of preventing the spread of infectious diseases, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

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On the Choice of Pianoforte Pieces. By ERNST PAUER, Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal College of Music.

The Brothers' Benefactor. By DORA HOPE.

Nursing the Sick. Sanitation of the Sick-room. By ALBERT WESTLAND, M.A., M.D.

Time's Magic. A Poem. By K. G. FURLEY.

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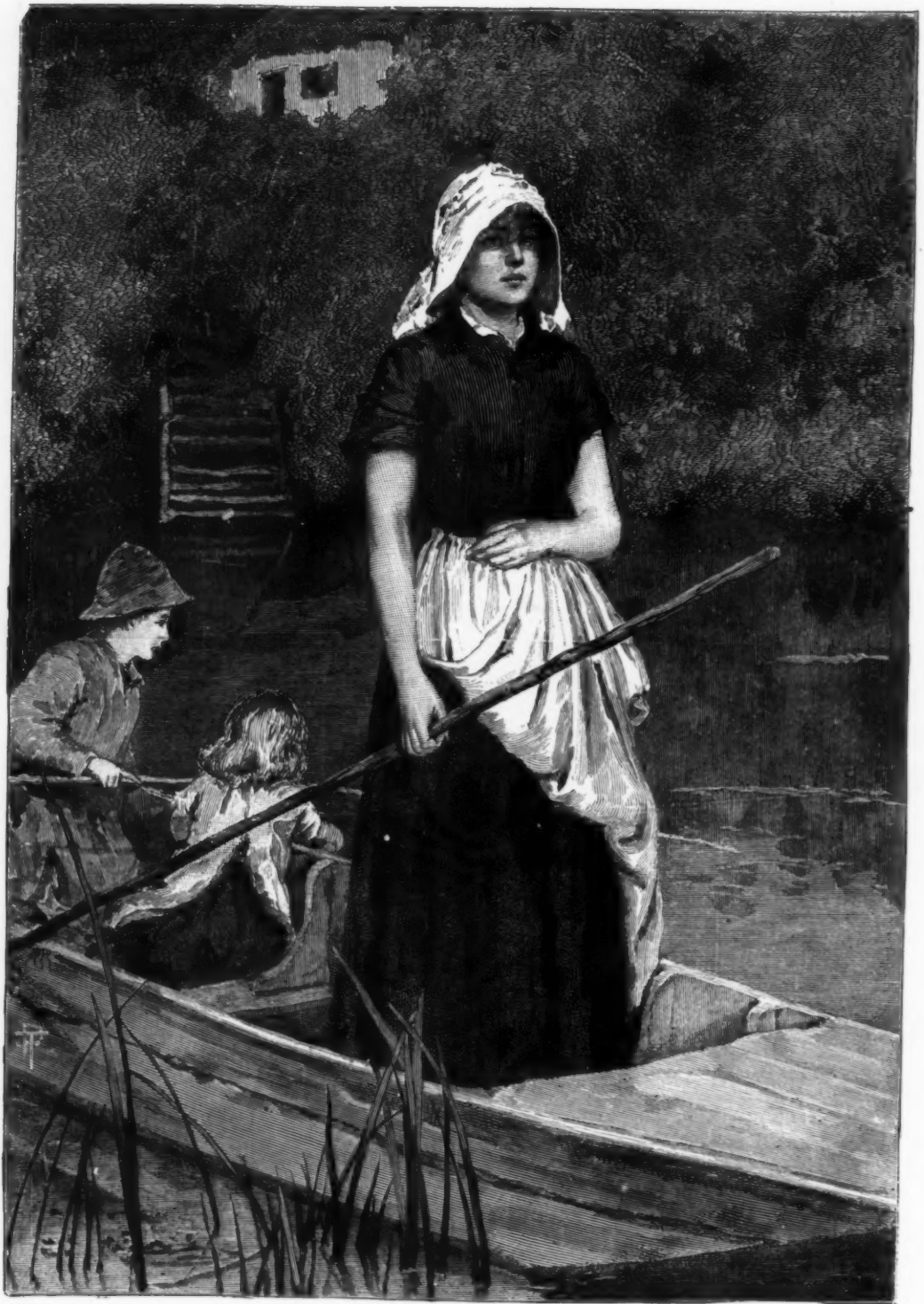
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WAITING FOR FATHER.

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—IN WEST KENSINGTON.



WELCOME TO LONDON.

AS the travellers alighted on the platform at Charing Cross, a young woman, in very rudimentary mourning, came flitting towards them. Her dress was black, but it relieved its sombreness by breaking out into bows and tags here and there, with hints of white that would have been bolder if it dared. Her bonnet was a widow's bonnet in the primary stages of its evolution, a mere hint, or shadow, of the fully developed article, and the face under it was in no sense at all a widow's face.

It had a certain small-featured prettiness, a prettiness that depends wholly on youth and vanishes before middle life; a coquettish face, with light eyes, that were ready enough to meet stray glances of admiration, and red, smiling lips.

She came up, calling out, airily,

"Well, Judith, here you are at last! I almost gave up expecting you. I've been waiting

a quarter of an hour." She held a cool, pink cheek up for her sister's kiss. Then, for the first time, she seemed to be aware of Lawrence Winter's presence, though she had recognised him before she had picked out her sister on the busy platform. There are women who love to practise such little artifices as this, though it is hard to conceive what pleasure or profit they derive from them.

She gave a well-feigned start of surprise, and lifted a pair of amazed eyebrows.

"You here?" she said; "where *did* you spring from?"

"The train in the last instance," he said, shaking hands with her, in a calm, impersonal way.

"Oh, you are just as funny as ever!" cried Letitia, with a laugh.

"You overpraise me," said Winter, gravely.

"And how bronzed you are!" she continued,

examining him with great apparent interest. "I suppose you've been all round the world ever so many times since we saw you? I really wonder I knew you. You are quite different, somehow."

"I, on the contrary, do not find you changed at all," said Winter, with an irony she fortunately missed. "I should have recognised you under any circumstances, in spite of your varied experiences since we met."

"You have heard about Dick? Poor Dick!" she looked down and up at him again, with a bird-like, sidelong glance. "Yes, I've gone through worlds of trouble, heaps and heaps of things I never dreamed of when I was a lighthearted girl. It's nice of you to say I'm not changed. I feel hundreds of years old sometimes. Well, the one good thing out of it all is that I've got a little house of my own to ask my friends to, and I hope you'll come and see Judith and me in it. I'm going to keep Judith for a week or two. Nonsense, Judith!" (she silenced a murmured protest on her sister's part). "I suppose I am more to you than our old granny, who has done without you well enough all those years?"

She glanced poutingly at Winter, as if she would say, "Here is a chance for you to make a pretty speech about my superior claims," but with the blindness of man he failed to perceive his advantage.

"We must follow our luggage," he said to Judith. "Here is your maid waiting for you to lead the way."

"A maid!" cried Letitia, opening her light eyes. "I didn't know you were so grand, Judith. I can't have a maid in my poor little house; there is not a corner where she could go. You must send her away. I suppose you haven't got so used to her services yet that you can't do without them for a night or two?"

"It isn't that," Judith hesitated, hardly noticing the sarcasm. "Couldn't you give her a bed for one night, Letitia?"

"Not for a *quarter* of a night?" cried Mrs. Garston, with vigorous emphasis. "You forget what a poor little pauper I am." She turned to Winter with a second brave attempt on his sympathy. "It isn't as if I had a mansion like you," she said, when Judith withdrew to speak to the maid. "Oh, dear! how nice it must be to have money enough and room to be as hospitable as you please! Poor Dick wasn't rich." She managed to imply that this was Captain Garston's chief failing. "I've a perfect *bandbox* of a home, a mere birdcage. I quite shiver when I think that I've asked you to come and see me there, after the *palaces* you've been used to."

"Yes, after the palaces of Central Africa it will, no doubt, seem small," he assented, gravely.

"But you *will* come? You will come to see me—and Judith?"

Perhaps it was the saving clause that drew from him a reluctant consent.

"I will come," he said, but he refrained from adding superfluously that he would come without pleasure.

While she chattered in her light inconsequent

fashion he was mentally contrasting the sisters. Never were twins of so wide an unlikeness to each other. "As moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," he murmured to himself. Judith appeared to have absorbed all the fire, colour, life, and spirit in this unequal partnership. That she was far more richly endowed, mentally and morally, he had known long ago, but he had not been prepared for her fine physical development. While she deferred in all things to her sister, and looked up to her with a curious humility that was in sharp contrast to her general hauteur, she yet seemed to dwarf and belittle her, and to leave her wan and bloodless. The sea and the wind had left their glow on Judith's cheeks and their light in the lustrous long dark eyes under the black straight brows. The oval of her face, the fine moulding of her mobile lips, the very wilfulness of her chin, seemed to relegate Letitia's blond featureless prettiness to the land of shadows. Here, surely, spite of Duncan the Royal Scot, the mind's construction might be read in the face.

Winter was idly employing himself in making futile comparisons, and listening with a mere outer ear to his companion when Judith came back to them.

"I am ready now," she said.

"Then you are not going to bring that woman?" demanded Letitia.

"No," said Judith, "she is going to stay for the night with a friend."

Marker had offered this solution with great affability, adding—with a smile that brought a dark flush to Judith's brow—that it would not be needful to inform my lady at Richmond of the arrangement.

"Well," asked Letitia, "what are we waiting for now? You haven't a footman, have you, Judith? or a page to shame me and despise my poor little home?"

There was apparently nothing more to wait for but the release of the travellers' luggage, and when they had secured this, Winter put the sisters into a hansom and wished them a silent good-bye. Letitia gave an address at West Kensington, and delayed their going a moment to impress the number of the street on Winter.

"You won't forget it?" she asked.

"You have secured that," he replied. "You may trust me to remember it."

She fell back in her seat and shook out her draperies with a sigh of relief.

"What a heavy, uninteresting man that is, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "You have literally to drag an answer out of him by main force. You must have had a time of it with him, Judy!"

"A very good time."

"Oh, well. You always had the queerest tastes." She dismissed the subject indifferently. "Now tell me all about Paris. I hope you don't pretend to be an illustration of its latest fashions!" She looked at her sister's dress with dissatisfied criticism.

"This is an old gown." Judith followed the glance. "Mother isn't very well," she said, with a little tremor in her full voice.

"Did you ever know mother to be very well?" said Letty, easily; "that's no news, my dear."

"It is the more reason why she should not be alone. You will go to her very soon, won't you, Letty?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think she'll get on nicely for a little while alone. I'll go, by-and-bye, when it is warmer, or else she shall come to me. I dare say that will be best. She can have the spare room. *She* won't want to bring a maid, I suppose?" There was a hint of jealous pique in the question.

"Poor mother? No," said Judith, quickly. "It is a burdensome honour I could very well dispense with."

"Oh, if I was going to be grand like you I could bear it, I think. You are a very lucky girl in everything, Judith, I can tell you."

Judith found this statement by no means convincing, but she refrained from reply; and when Letitia turned on her with a quick movement, and said, "Now, *don't* you think so?" she managed to evade the question. This was usually an easy matter where Mrs. Garston was concerned; for she plied about in the shallow stream of her thoughts, and finding no long anchorage anywhere, was without difficulty beguiled into a new channel. Judith could not treat her future so lightly as to suffer an argument over it while careering along Knightsbridge in a hansom-cab, where you have to scream to be heard at all, and where misunderstandings are fatally easy; so she gave herself up to catching what she could of her sister's shrill prattle.

It was all about her house, and she spoke of it with self-pitying shrugs and a kind of amazed amusement at her own long-suffering over its shortcomings that Judith was foolish enough to be touched by.

"It's the *littlest* place!" she said. "It holds me, for I'm such a scrap; but even poor Dick, who was small for a man, looked a perfect monster in our rooms, and I really don't know how *you* will manage!" She looked at her sister thoughtfully, as if she suffered a serious doubt on the matter.

Judith laughed with quite a merry note.

"If you think the ceilings or doorways are likely to suffer, you had better leave me outside. I dare say Marker's friend would take me in."

"Yes, you may laugh," said Letitia, with plaintive offence. "It is very amusing, I dare say, to you who are going to be rich. I don't find it at all funny."

This thrust sobered Judith in an instant.

"If ever I am rich, dear, be sure it will only be that you may be so too."

"Oh, I am very easily pleased!" cried Letty, with renewed briskness. "Anything does for me. I don't really care about money. My tastes are so simple. Now you, Judith, there's something about you"—she set her head on one side, and looked at her sister with quick, light glances—"I should say *you* would take very kindly to wealth. I expect you to develop into something quite splendid—a sort of Begum, you know, with diamonds and all that. You'll quite eclipse poor

little me." She leant forward suddenly, and airily kissed her sister's flushed cheek. "You'll let Cinderella come and look at you sometimes, won't you?"

Judith made no answer for a moment. Her love was wounded within her. Then she turned, and, with a playful motion, took Letty's round chin in her hand.

"Oh, Letty, Letty!" she murmured; but, though she smiled bravely, her dark eyes were full of tears.

They were now approaching West Kensington, that second cousin and humble dependent of the genteeler quarter, and Judith looked about her with growing interest. How many times had her imagination busied itself with pictures of Letty's home! How many letters had she addressed to this unknown region!

As she looked about her now her enthusiasm suffered a chill. Her Parisian standard refused to fit itself to London—London which, dearly as the dwellers in it love it, is confessedly the least lively of European cities. And to this visitor from the gayer capital it seemed as if a grey and sad uniformity had made its home in the western suburbs.

How still it was, how sombre, how severe! Did people ever come out of those melancholy houses to go to pantomimes and dances and merry-makings? Did children's laughter startle the echoes there? Was young love housed behind the shaded blinds? Did little familiar jests bring the smile to faces gathered round the family board? Or was the whole community given over to the gravities of science, to the study of the last philosophy?

After Paris, Judith found its decorous primness very depressing, and she suffered a new pang of pity for Letty, condemned to its rigours. Paris smiles in all its Boulevards, and wears a gay front, whatsoever dark secrets it may hide in its breast; with its outward show and seeming you cannot fall out.

"I knew you wouldn't like it," said Letty, with a pout, watching her sister's face. "Here we are. Don't *cry*, Judith! Did you ever see such a shabby little street? That's my poor little bandbox—that one in the middle of the row."

"It is quite the prettiest," said Judith, with returning cheerfulness, noticing the air of France that hinted itself in the window draperies and in the boxes of spring flowers. "You have such good taste."

"Poor people can't afford ugliness," said Letitia, plaintively, as if she were renouncing a luxury. "Come in, Judy. I wonder if the cabman can squeeze your box into the hall?"

The man, in reply to this challenge, swung the modest trunk on his shoulder with so vigorous a motion that Letitia screamed out, "Oh, do take care of my precious lamp!" and otherwise betrayed an anxiety over her possessions that was hardly in keeping with the slight value she had seemed to set on them.

And when Judith had time to glance about her she had reason to modify her pity. Letitia's nest was lined with a dainty luxuriousness that but ill bore out her emphatic claim to be regarded as a pauper, and as Judith looked round her at the

pictures, the bric-à-brac inviting attention on the walls, the Oriental draperies that so softly clothed the little house, she suffered an uncomfortable wonder as to how Dick Garston had managed to pay for it all—Garston the impecunious, who had exiled himself during most of his life to escape the too great importunity of his creditors.

If she had been a little less innocent she would have understood that Dick did not pay for it at all, but had contented himself with filing the bills, and feeling virtuous in the act.

Letty, who had thrown off her cloak and bonnet, as if glad to escape even such faint reminders of her loss, busied herself with arranging some flowers that had arrived in her absence. In her indoor dress she looked slim and girlish—much younger than her sister, though the glances she threw now and then at Judith were too sharp and keen to sustain one's primary impression of youthful innocence. The light, flaxen-lashed eyes, that could wear such a babyish and guileless wonder, and seemed to the masculine mind to take such adorably simple peeps at life, could yet see with unguessed acuteness all that they wished to see, and, for the matter of that, were a hundred times clearer and more discerning than her sister's. She lifted the basket, and crossed over, with a light quickness peculiar to her, to the hearthrug, where Judith was still occupied in a half-embarrassed examination of the room.

"Take a long breath," she said, thrusting the hyacinths and daffodils under her sister's face. "Delicious, isn't it? And such a pretty attention I call it."

"How sweet they are," Judith looked down at the fragrant heap of waxen bells. "Who sent them?"

"That I will tell you another time," said Letty, with a sort of excited triumph in her voice. "They are for me, though perhaps you think they should be yours?"

"Oh, no," said Judith, almost coldly. "Why should I think that? Who would be likely to send me flowers?"

"Oh, you will presently be able to buy up all Covent Garden if you like. You needn't grudge me my poor little handful. Now come upstairs, Judy. I know you are thinking what a little scrap of a house it is, and I *hope* you're expecting quite a little hole of a bedroom. When you've taken off your hat we'll see if we can find something to eat."

To hear her, one would imagine the larder to be in the condition of Mother Hubbard's cupboard, without even the problematical bone; but Judith was growing sceptical.

"It is all much more beautiful and comfortable than I expected," she said, allowing a grave protest to hint itself in her tone as she noticed new evidences of Letty's luxurious tastes. "If you think of what I've come from, Letty—of what poor mother's surroundings are now—"

"Oh, mother never had any taste," said Letty, as if that were the only thing lacking; "I dare say it is horrible now you haven't me." She turned upon the stair to speak the more emphatically. "You haven't much, yourself, my poor dear;

you'll have to *buy* all, yours. Now my two poor little hands"—she fluttered them out before her—"are useful, you must admit."

Judith was silenced, even if there remained an unrouted doubt. Was it only a lack of those dainty gifts Letty possessed that had made her own and her mother's life little more than a struggle for existence? Judith owned no deft dexterity of finger; she had none of that superficial sharpness and cleverness that made Letty so quick in her grasp of a new idea; Letty's ability in utilising scraps and assimilating hints amounted to genius. Judith was too ignorant on the question of furnishing to know how far this artistic adroitness would go towards lessening the bills; and yet, if it were all contrivance, taste, or skill, how was it Letty made such large and continuous demands on the slender family resources?

This was an uncomfortable conundrum to Judith's generous love, and she was glad to escape it by remembering with gratitude all the charming bonnets Letty had gaily plagiarised and tossed together for her mother and sister, all the airy devices she had used to bid a bold defiance to the poverty of their Parisian home. Yes, it was the barer and the poorer by her lost presence.

Letitia had preceded her sister into the bedroom assigned to guests, but midway in the room she paused and wheeled round with a dramatic abruptness.

"Why, *you've* got flowers too," she said, with undisguised asperity; "and actually, they're nicer than mine! I call that quite a want of taste. I do hate that wholesale way of doing things; it takes away all the gracefulness of the gift. I must scold that stupid boy."

"What boy?"

Judith advanced to the table where the flowers lay bedded in a soft wrapping of moss. Her tone had gathered a deeper displeasure when she added,

"I don't like mysteries, Letty, and I know of no one who has any right to send me these."

"Oh, it is the person who has the best right in the world!" said Letitia, recovering her good humour. "Don't look so fierce, Judith; it is only Harry's way of giving you a welcome."

"But I don't know him. Why should he send me flowers?"

"What an ungrateful Judith! You will know him soon. He is a cousin, and perhaps—who knows?"—she gave her sister a quick look—"he may some day be something more!"

"Letty, what do you mean?" Judith's voice was austere.

"How obtuse you are, my dear! Explanations are very tiresome things. You used to understand me more quickly. What do I mean by something more? What should I mean but a lover? Isn't that more than a cousin, and a great deal better, too?" she ended, with a laugh.

Judith did not laugh. She listened in a tumult of feeling it was hard to define, but her strongest emotion was perhaps a fierce revolt from this hint of a lover.

A lover! The word seemed to shrivel up under the scorn she poured upon it. Was he so ready

with his share of the bargain that he dared to think she would yield her consent before it was so much as asked—would submit to the common forms of wooing as if she had given her love into his keeping?

Letitia had ceased her gay explanation, and was looking at her sister sideways, half fascinated by the anger and pride that burned in her dark eyes, and faltering before it.

Judith presently became conscious of the look, and quelled the rush of her angry words, but her voice was still imperative enough to silence Letty.

"Take the flowers away, please," she said.

"Poor flowers! Harry meant it kindly," Letty protested, faintly; "only I think," she added, with a most naïve selfishness, "it would have been more graceful if, as a married woman, he had given the best to me."

"They are all yours. Do what you will with them; throw them away or give them away, but put them out of my sight."

And, for a wonder, Letitia obeyed. She carried the basket to her room.

"Silly Judy," she said to herself, "if that's her way of going on!"

She paused before a long mirror and took a quick critical survey of the effect. Her close-fitting morning costume, with the indescribable jauntiness she had succeeded in imparting to its sombre colour, suited her blond prettiness, and the basket of flowers she carried gave the last touch to the picture.

"I am sure," she said, smilingly, to the pleasing reflection in the glass, "poor Harry meant them for me, though he offered them on the altar of duty!"

CHAPTER VI.—LETTY STATES HER VIEWS

IT was night before the subject of the morning was again broached, and it was Letty who introduced it.

Letitia had the liveliest curiosity to know the complexion of Judith's thoughts with regard to the whole subject of her future, and she felt aggrieved that her sister would not voluntarily discuss it. Her silence was as complete as if she had lived all her life at Richmond, and had exhausted comment on the ways and acts of the old lady who lived there. Had Letty been the invited guest there would have been no withholding of confidence; she would have wondered, conjectured, planned, and schemed with insistence on a hearing; she would not even have recoiled before that hint of a lover that had roused Judith to fierce revolt; she would have laughed and blushed, bridled and coquetted with the position, protested against the absurdity of it with many pouts, and made it an excuse for the most exacting tyranny.

She was as entirely incapable of understanding the struggle with which Judith had yielded to what she felt to be a debasing compromise as she was of appreciating the love and self-renouncing sympathy that alone made this step possible. She could not help being blind to the deep places in

Judith's nature because her own shallow heart held nothing that could respond to them, and she had borne with a lively impatience Judith's sustained avoidance of all allusion to her future.

But when night came, and Judith remained unshaken in her determination to go to Richmond next day, Letitia refused to be silenced any longer. It was ridiculous of Judy to behave so, to wear as long a face as if she were going to her own funeral, rather than to ease and prosperity, and a possible husband!

It was at the hour of hair-brushing, supposed to be sacred to confidences, that Letitia sat down before the fortress of her sister's reserve. It used to be hair-curling a generation or two ago, in the days that knew Miss Fanny Squeers and Tilda, and found them discussing young Nickleby's intentions while they imprisoned their ringlets in yellow papers; but other times, other manners.

Judith had not begun to undress, and was sitting in apparently idle and unfruitful reverie when Letty came in. Mrs. Garston wore a dressing-gown of pale blue, which had perhaps been chosen to emphasise the silky blondness of her hair, and she carried an ivory-backed brush in her hand. She looked undeniably charming, and Judith's grave face relaxed as it met the vision.

"It's just like old times, isn't it?" said Letty, seating herself on the hearthrug and looking into the fire, which the spring chilliness had allowed—"just like the old times in poor, dear, horrid Paris, before I married Dick. Put on your dressing-gown, and let us have a cosy chat. You haven't got one? I'll lend you an old one." She ran into the next room to fetch it, chatting all the while with upraised tones. "It's red, by a happy chance. You must *never* wear blue, Judy."

"Do you think it matters?" said Judith, with a smile, coming forward to the circle of firelight, and laying her hand for a moment on Letitia's blond head.

"Oh, it *matters*," answered Letty. "You would look a fright in blue, and that doesn't do when you've a husband to consider, as I very soon discovered. Dick used to think everything I wore *perfect* before we were married, but it was a very different thing afterwards."

"I suppose you were—fond of Dick?" said Judith, abruptly. She had not herself been fond of Dick.

Letty looked up at her rather sharply.

"I didn't *hate* him," she said, with that odd staccatoed emphasis that gave her speech a certain piquancy. She paused, and then said, "Poor Dick!" and a moment later she laughed.

Judith did not echo the laugh. Perhaps, in the easy undress of the red robe she found it less difficult to relax mentally, perhaps she only succumbed to the inevitable.

When Letty wanted anything she always got it. Before her marriage, during those midnight confidences in the bare Parisian garret shared by the sisters, she had cared only to discuss her own small triumphs—the attentions of the Dick or Tom who happened to be supreme at the moment.

Now, it would appear, she wished to discuss Harry Severn, and therefore he must be dis-

cussed. But the subject was too hateful to Judith for her to approach it voluntarily.

"I don't see how the colour of a gown or a ribbon can make any difference in my life," she said, a little hastily. "For my own part"—she spoke with youthful tragedy—"I should like to wear black always."

"That would be rather monotonous, wouldn't it?" said the widow, who had found even the conventional amount of black decreed to her a tyranny. "And most uncomplimentary to your husband, if ever you marry. Black doesn't suit you at all, any more than blue. Red or yellow is *your* colour."

Judith smiled forlornly in spite of her trouble.

"Letty," she began again, more gently, "I suppose you found something in Dick that made you happy to be married to him, and happy in pleasing him?"

"I don't suppose I married him for nothing," said Letty, with a pout, but Judith was too much in earnest to notice the interruption.

"At least, you had known him a long time; you knew his best and his worst." (This was an innocent assumption which the facts, perhaps, did not bear out, but how could she know that?) "When you married you had nothing to find out about each other."

"Well?" said Letty, with a sharp note in her voice.

"Could you be happy—could you care to please a man whom you could not respect—a man who would consent to wed a woman he had never so much as seen, about whose qualities he would know nothing, simply because of the income that would come to him with her?"

"Well, you *have* seen each other," said Letitia, slipping away from the main issue with an inconsequence that she often found convenient. "Harry remembers you quite well."

"Have you discussed this with him?" Judith demanded.

"We have spoken of it as a possible family arrangement."

"There is no arrangement."

"I think you will find you have made a little mistake when you get down to Richmond. When Granny says a thing is to be, it generally is."

"My life is my own!" Judith spoke huskily; she felt as if prison walls were closing about her, and she saw no way of escape.

"Now, Judith," said Letitia, with that tone of firm cheerfulness one uses towards a wayward child, "I think you are behaving quite absurdly. It is silly to be so tragic; nobody wants to deprive you of your life. On the contrary, everybody is anxious to make it as bright and pleasant as possible. If I were not a very amiable little person I should be quite envious. Here is Granny, who never gave me sixpence-worth of anything in my life, willing to shower down benefits on you—nice dresses and carriages and pocket-money, and I don't know what besides, you lucky girl! As for poor Harry, I don't see why you should overwhelm him with your scorn. He doesn't propose to marry you to-morrow; all he asks is to be allowed to do his wooing, and, I can tell you, he

will do it very charmingly. Most girls would be pleased to have such a lover."

"A lover who buys his wife!"

"There, now, you are bitter again," said the widow, evenly; "and what is the use of it? You ought really to take a common-sense view of the situation. I suppose your lonely life has made you rather romantic, poor dear! and that is why you are so displeased at poor Harry. You speak as if he were to be the only one to benefit by the marriage—if it is to be a marriage—whereas you would gain quite as much as he. You are both poor now, and you would be mutually rich then, and that is what you hoped for, wasn't it, when you came to England? There is no difference at all between your motives, as far as I can see; but Harry is franker than you in acknowledging that he likes money."

Judith shrank under the thrust, and for a little while she was too wounded to reply. Did Letty understand her so little as this? Had they lived their lives together with all the while this dividing wall between them? That wall was very high now, and it seemed to be closing her in and stifling her. She suffered a passionate desire to be understood. She could endure and forbear, but she wanted a little sympathy, and there was none forthcoming. Letty spoke briskly of common sense, the mother at home looked at her with latent reproach, the grandmother settled her life without a reference to her wishes. Already she was bowing her head under the yoke; already she saw herself tied, bound, delivered over to their will. There was a terrible streak of bitterness in her vision of the future—a future in which she renounced her joys, her legitimate, womanly share of love, before she had entered on them. She saw herself, with a show of despairing acceptance, submitting to their urgency; deliberately stripping herself at the outset of the faith in another's greatness and goodness that can alone sustain married happiness. Such a husband as they would give her would never be greater than she; he must be baser even in her eyes, because he had not her strong impelling motive to urge him. There was a nightmare horror in the picture, from which she shrank in dread; resistance seemed so much harder here under Letty's roof than it had been in Paris.

Her passionate protest against Letty's charge had been voiceless, however, and already she had stilled the prompting to vindicate herself, and was quick to plead excuses for the sister who could not understand.

In her way Letty had loved her husband; at least, she had gained neither position nor fortune by marrying him, and she had no ugly accusing memories to help her to comprehend what an unloving and unloved woman might feel on the brink of a hateful union.

Letty, in sober truth, had married to escape the dulness of her girlhood, and to allow herself the indiscretions a matron may indulge in without compromising herself; but this was hardly a view of the truth that was likely to present itself to Judith's prejudiced love. She held her brush suspended, and was staring up at Judith, half

fascinated by the agitation of her looks. Strong emotion always woke a wonder in the young widow; even when Dick died—a sudden and painful death—her only tears had been for her misfortune in having a husband who quitted the world in so bustling a fashion as to make even the newspapers discuss his exit. She disliked any marked exhibition of feeling, and was apt to denounce it as silly.

"What *are* you looking so thundery for?" she said, with a touch of asperity. "I do wish you'd sit down and be comfortable."

In reply Judith dropped down on her knees on the hearthrug. She took Letty's disengaged hand in both her own, and held the cool little palm against her burning cheek.

"I'm not cross, dear," she said, struggling with a rising sob; "but, Letty, if ever I should consent to marry Harry Severn, don't think the worst of me."

"Of course not," said Letty, promptly. "As I said before, I think you're a very lucky girl to have the chance; but it would be more *honest* if you'd just own, like the rest of us, that you'd *like* to be rich. You can't be doing it for mother's sake, that would be too ridiculous! And as for me, I'm not *quite* such a goose as to think you're doing it for mine! So, what *are* you doing it for, except just to please yourself, and a very good reason too!"

"Ah," said Judith, with a sort of sad irony; "if it makes it more comfortable for you, Letty, let us put it like that. Let us say I am taking grandmother's bounty simply for my own pleasure."

"Of course you are! So I wouldn't be so hard on poor Harry if I were you." Letty released her hand and began to brush vigorously again. "*Don't* you want to hear anything about him—as a cousin, let us say?"

"Yes," said Judith, without interest, "you may tell me if you like." It seemed to her embittered mood that it mattered very little what manner of man he was; that it would be almost better she should find nothing in him to qualify her sense of his unworthiness.

Letty characteristically began her description with his outer man.

"He's little," she said, "and fair. I don't believe he is as tall as you. You'll be quite a contrast; he is lighter than I am." She lifted a heavy tress of her hair and held it between her and the firelight, as if for confirmation. "He has got a languid way with him. I don't believe he is any too strong." In strict privacy Letitia occasionally allowed herself to spice her conversation with an Americanism. "I take great care of him when he comes here. He *likes* coming here; he says Granny's company is too bracing for his constitution." She looked up with a laugh, which Judith did not seem to notice.

She was busy making a mental picture of the unknown cousin, a small, fair, weak man; she did not love the type, and had an ado to keep from dismissing it from her consciousness with scorn.

"And I suppose the inner man matches the outer?" she said with unconcealed bitterness, "and that, too, is small and sickly."

"He's clever enough, if that's what you mean," said Letty with an edge of triumph. "He took something wonderful at Oxford in the way of a class—whatever that may be—and he has read everything," she said with a comprehensive wave of her hands. "He has been a little difficult to fit with a career, but that doesn't matter now."

"I am to be his career, it would seem," said Judith, with melancholy bitterness.

"They wanted to make him a clergyman. You wouldn't have liked to marry a curate, would you, Judith?—a curate given over to millinery and 'views'? A husband oughtn't to have views—they interfere with domestic comfort."

"I'm glad he isn't a clergyman," said Judith, with reckless grimness. "I might have been compelled to respect him in that case."

"Well, that's just what I *couldn't* do," said Mrs. Garston, with unexpected shrewdness. "A clergyman is like a picture: you want to see him a little way off before you can admire him. It is hard enough to *listen* to the sermon without getting up and contradicting the preacher, but how could you listen at *all* if you had seen the sermon *made*?" She offered this conundrum with a lively vivacity that caused Judith to smile half against her will.

"In that case, you would have the revenge of private criticism," she said: "if you didn't like the sermon you could make it very uncomfortable for the preacher."

"Oh, Harry would have preached *beautiful* sermons," cried Letty, with the quick inconsequence of a mind of her order, "but all the women of his flock would have worshipped him with offerings of stoles and slippers, and *that* wouldn't be agreeable to Mrs. Harry! On the whole, my dear, it is just as well for you Harry has no career; he'll be able to devote himself the more to you."

"Will you come with me to-morrow to Richmond?" Judith asked, after a pause, offering no comment on her sister's last remark.

"Impossible!" said Letty. "Out of the question. You may just as well understand once for all, that I'm the poor Cinderella—the Cinderella *without* the glass slipper or the prince," she said with a charming, smiling pathos. "These things are for you. I'm to have nothing but ashes all my life, because I married Dick Garston."

"Do you mean that Grandmother wouldn't receive you?"

"I mean that. Dick and I once went down to Richmond. Dick said we ought to cajole the old lady (men will be irreverent)," she said in explanatory parenthesis. "We were prepared to go down on our knees and beg forgiveness and all the rest of it, but we never got further than the door. That horrid old Farthing met us there and actually wouldn't let us in. She declared it would throw Granny into a fever to see us—as if anything *could* hurt her! Dick used 'language,' as the poor people say." She laughed at the recollection. "I had to walk on the other side of the path all the way to the station, in case anybody should think I belonged to him!"

"And am I never to see you there?" asked Judith, a dismayed wistfulness creeping into her

voice. "Does it mean that I am to lose you, too, Letty?"

"Well, I don't know." Letitia spoke with an air of weighing the question, and wondering whether she might yield. "Of course I want to see you, though it's not very pleasant to go where one is not appreciated. But, Judith," she said, as if she was that moment animated by the wish, "you must not on *any* account try to reconcile me to Granny. I *don't* want her money. I don't mind being poor. I shall *never* envy you all your splendid good luck—never!" she cried, with the fortitude of a martyr.

"My good luck, as you call it, would bring me even less comfort if I failed to share it," said Judith, bending forward to kiss the fire-flushed cheek, and smiting herself inwardly for having cast even a shadow of doubt over this little sister's disinterestedness.

"And you'll come and see the little pauper in her little bandbox? It is very *mean* of you to go away so soon, just when I had got this room all so nice for you. When you have a home of your own, Judith, you'll always *hate* the people who come for *one* night, with clean sheets and everything, when you might just as well have stayed for a week and made it worth while sending them to the wash!"

This was such a new view of a guest's responsibilities that Judith laughed with genuine amusement, while Letty, convinced that she had said something clever, chimed in with her ready treble.

That honest laughter wholesomely cleared the air and brought to Judith recovered hope and freedom. The spell to which she had yielded seemed to vanish behind the door with Letty's blue draperies. The battle was by no means won, it was indeed still to begin, down yonder in the country house by the river, where there waited a foe one could not afford to despise. Judith foresaw a good many bruises that would ache in that encounter, and some wounds given and received that might never heal, but she felt her fighting courage rise once more within her, and she was brave to make a stand for her liberty.

"It would be wrong to yield," she said, "and no blessing could come to any one from such a consent."

With that comforting conviction to sustain her, and with a heart somewhat lightened of its load, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE HOME OF HIS FATHERS.

LAURENCE WINTER was born when nature was in a freakish mood, and thought it time to change the current of the family blood and set it to a brisker motion.

The Winters had lived from father to son on the same spot, if not from time immemorial, at least, long enough to have earned the right to consider themselves, and be considered by others, county people. They had lived the slow, leisurely, bovine existence of those days; never slower, more leisurely, possibly more bovine, than in certain

parts of Essex which seem to lie beyond touch of the general pulse and to be outside the beat of time; a land of wide skies and wide fields, with an ungrudging breadth of hedgerow; of clustered hamlets and quaint moated manors, undisturbed by so much as a murmur of the bustling world beyond.

People who live in these still attainable corners of leisurely old England, where even to-day the scream of the railway engine is unheard, some times at nightfall point out a rivalling saffron in the sky beyond the sunset quarter, and say, "There lies London." Little more than this poor reflection of its life and light did the Winters of the Moat care to know, as from generation to generation they hunted and farmed and fed fat beasts, attended quarter sessions, went to market and to church, prized the thin local sheet above the "Times," over which they fell comfortably asleep after a hearty dinner, and had a quicker ear for the gossip of the neighbourhood than for a fall of the Ministry.

A quiet life, an honest and sober, but a dull one. It was a tradition with them, and it was at one with their strong conservative bent, to choose a wife within the shire, a sensible unimaginative woman for the most part, who craved no wider social experiences than those her girlhood had known; who took a comfortable pride in her dairy, her poultry-yard, her linen-press, her garden; and was unexact even about spring shopping in London.

From such a pair as this Lawrence Winter sprang, born in the quiet, sleepy old Moat, as if to scandalise its decorous propriety by defying every one of its cherished laws and traditions; revenging himself for a dozen humdrum stay-at-home ancestors by developing from the first an unquenched spirit of adventure.

When he was old enough to toddle he ran away, was captured, and was perhaps even thrashed, after the wholesome manner of the time, and but waited till his affront was mended to run away again. His mother, grown desperate, sewed a legend on his jacket, so that all who ran might read in letters of a crooked boldness: "Send this boy home to the Moat." But he lightly rid himself of any risks from this edict by tossing the jacket over the nearest hedge.

He recalled the incident on the day when he went back to the Moat after years of absence; he was going home of his own accord this time, a boy no longer, but a mature man, with neither father nor mother any more to perplex or make glad. He laughed aloud as he recalled that futile device to stay his childish steps. The world of those days had been rimmed by a line of faint blue that, for lack of better, they called hills in those parts; behind that misty ridge the suns of many yesterdays were lying in a valley that must be all golden with their shining. His laughter sobered into a smile as he remembered that childish dream; he knew the old world's secrets now pretty well by heart; he had found no valley of lost sunsets, but he had surrendered many priceless illusions; he had kept little of his old self but the love of freedom to wander still.

It was as a wayfarer who tarries for a night that he came back, walking between the budding hedgerows, and pausing here and there to mark with his keen, practised eye a change—a difference of growth or decay in the familiar landscape.

He had chosen to walk from the station, some eight miles distant, rather than occupy the gig reserved for the steward's use or endure the state of the old family coach in which his mother had solemnly jogged over the country lanes. He tried as he sauntered to imagine himself leading the contented life of his forefathers, grown sleek of body and ponderous of mind, till he had almost come to "think mutton," and he whimsically amused himself with the fancy, picturing existence unsweetened by novelty or change; unilluminated by knowledge of the larger world of men and things.

But it would not do. He could not so strip himself, and the attempt only served to accentuate the passive, placid dulness of the landscape.

Before him now lay the Moat, grey and venerable; a little greyer than his memory of it, perhaps, and with an added foot or two of ivy growth. The vivid light showed the tender green of the young shoots among the glossy leaves; a lilac under the window of his old room had hung itself with white as if in welcome, and the delaying elms that lined the short drive were rosy-tipped with promise. A mighty cawing of the rooks, disturbed, perhaps, by some threat of invasion, was to him but another voice proclaiming the general hope of resurrection, of which he had growing evidence as he crossed the moat. A thousand green things were stirring in the old-fashioned borders of his mother's garden, thrusting up young shoots to the light, unsheathing tender secrets under the wooing of the April warmth. Winter yielded himself to the pleasant spell, and told himself that it was a peaceful spot, where a man might idle and dream awhile before adventuring himself anew upon the unknown.

He had characteristically given his housekeeper such short notice of his return, that the soul of that good woman was vexed with unfinished preparations, and these somewhat tempered her delight in having him home again.

She was a stout, motherly matron, whom he remembered as a red-cheeked girl, and his nurse and chief consoler in the old days of his rebellion, and he held out a very hearty hand of greeting.

"Well, Phoebe," he said, with a smile for her comely and comfortable proportions, "time has passed you by. You look blooming as ever, and scarcely a day older than when you comforted my woes with bread and jam."

"Oh, Mr. Edward, sir," cried Trimmer, using the old nursery name, "it's a joyful day to me that sees you safe home again, though the rooms are untidy-like, with the holland never off the furniture except at the monthly clean, and the dust as aggravating as if it was the middle of London. And as for that lad o' Trimmer's, he's that ram-pagious there's no telling where the mutton for your dinner will be by now—as like as not in the middle o' Luke's field while he's up after the rooks.

Things always happen contrairy when you want them to go straight."

Mrs. Trimmer did not look as if she allowed the "contrairiness" of life to disturb her serenity; it had not cut a single wrinkle in her round, plump cheek; and her attempt to disown the son who was the apple of her eye was but a poor sham.

Winter laughed at it.

"So Tom has turned out a pickle, has he? And I know who will spoil him as she spoiled somebody else. And how is Trimmer, Phoebe?"

"He's hearty, sir, thank you kindly. He went over on the cob to Greenlaies this morning afore your telegraph came, sir, or he wouldn't have been so wanting in respect as not to be here to welcome you home, Mr. Edward. And it's glad I am to see you under your own roof."

Mrs. Trimmer, in the fulness of her heart, extended her hand once more, after wiping it carefully on her white apron; but, in the middle of her delight, the kindly eyes that devoured her old nursing were wistful.

"You haven't paid me any compliments on my looks, Phoebe," he said, smilingly, as he leaned against the doorpost, in no haste to go within. "You find me an old man."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Trimmer, steering distressfully between truth and politeness, "I never had much opinion of foreign parts myself—not that I would wish to dictate to you, sir, but I never could agree with a naked country where your 'vittals' is uncertain, and you've got to live, as the birds o' the air, on what you can pick up here and there, and where the folks is a different coloured skin to yourself."

Winter laughed at this comprehensive view of "abroad," but Mrs. Trimmer had not sped all her arrows yet.

"Some families do turn white uncommon early," she said, looking with wistful dissatisfaction at the close-cropped head Winter had bared. "There was a second-cousin's cousin o' mine, sir, down i' my old home, whose head was as white as snow afore he was twenty, and he with a cheek as pink as a girl's, and never a whisker to it. But it was never the way with the Winters. Your honoured father, the o'd squire, he were brown to the day of his death."

"But I am no true Winter, you see, and I've a better right to my white head than your second-cousin's cousin, Phoebe, for I shall be forty-two my next birthday."

"Well, sir," said the housekeeper, diplomatically, "it's a sensible age for a woman, and you expect her to settle down and be past her lightness by then; but it's nothing for a man, as I told Trimmer when he came courtin'. We're ages to a week, Mr. Edward, an' we've turned fifty-six, both on us; but I always hold myself a deal older and more experienced-like than Trimmer."

"That's a very wholesome doctrine, Phoebe," said Winter, lightly, turning at last to go in, "and I don't doubt Trimmer subscribes to it. I've left my traps at Dunmow; you'd better send for them."

"Trimmer shall go himself, sir, the minute he comes back. There's the brown mare, as is frettin

herself to a fever in the stable, an' 'll take him there in no time. An' you'll take a bite, sir? There's hot bread and cheese, and the home-brewed you used to like. There's a fashion wi' some folk for turning the day upside down—drinking tea afore dinner. The kettle's boiling, and—"

"No, no," said Winter, waving off all these propositions; "nothing, my good Phoebe, nothing till Tom has done with the rooks and brings that mutton."

"And I'm sure, sir, I'm ashamed to own him," said Tom's mother, following her master with murmured apologies as he turned into the library.

When she had further pleaded forbearance for the disorder of the drawing-rooms, and he had hastily repudiated the idea of sitting there, she withdrew to her unfinished preparations, and he was left alone to piece the past and the present, if he were so minded.

The library was the room about which his pleasantest associations clustered. It was a low-ceiled, oak-panelled room, with narrow windows that looked out upon the placid, blue-grey water of the moat, from which the house took its name, and beyond to a wide stretch of green country dominated by a cheerful expanse of sky. A fire had been lighted, and Winter, fresh from a hot climate, found its warmth acceptable, though a casement was open to admit the fresh breeze which rarely fails to fan these uplands. Without, as far as he could see, as he paced the room, and within, all was his own; yet he experienced none of that zest and pride of possession that had made every stone, every blade of grass, dear to his father.

For a moment he felt as if it were, in a sort, an infidelity to the parents in their graves that he should feel himself an exile in the land of his birth, and that already, before his return was an hour old, he should be assailed with a thirst for the wilderness. So it had ever been from those early days when he toddled with baby steps to search out what lay behind the blue horizon line that, to his innocence, was the outmost rim of the world.

A man with this hunger and thirst for great mother nature in her primeval, untamed simplicity will always find the restraints of civilisation irksome to him. Already Winter had bared his throat of collar and tie, already his restlessness sought relief in a quick pacing up and down the room. Here, as a boy, he had devoured such quaint records of long-dead travellers as the bookshelves furnished, and had burned to follow in their steps and become like them a citizen of the world. At Cambridge, whither, in strict conformity to family usage, he was sent, he did not distinguish himself, but it never was a tradition with the Winters to be scholarly, and his mediocrity caused no pang at home.

Winter could hardly remember his father's presence in the library, and the collection of books it contained had been gathered there in the slow course of years rather as a recognised part of the furniture of a gentleman's house than to satisfy an appetite for information. His conscience, then,

could not reproach him with having caused any disappointment by his failure to reap classical honours, but as a mature man he could appreciate the pain his restless and unquiet nature and his rooted objection to a country life must have inflicted. His parents yielded, but they neither understood nor sympathised with his tastes, and they went to their graves suffering a dumb wonder that such a son should have been born to them.

On his return from Cambridge he had won a reluctant consent to satisfy his passion for travel, and beginning with the mild dissipation of the orthodox tour, he had gradually extended his wanderings till they embraced half the world.

From that date he had paid but one visit to England in the last years of his father's life, when he felt, with an unavailing keenness of self-reproach, that he could do little to repair the lost years. His mother was already dead, and he had less than ever any desire to settle down in a place that had lost its last links for him. A week after the old squire's funeral he set out again, impelled to carry his real griefs to the wilds, and leaving his property in the hands of his steward.

It was a fairly remunerative estate in the days when landlords were content with modest returns, and farmers had not as yet made discovery of their grievances; but his mother's fortune placed Winter beyond need of the income it brought in, and left him free to wander where he would.

While the afternoon wore on to evening, varied for him only by anxious visits from Mrs. Trimmer, who came in, bringing with her savoury suggestions of the belated mutton and other good things in preparation for dinner, he debated within himself how the doctrine of heredity could account for so abnormal a departure as his. He knew—for he had been told it often enough, and he had read it in their portraits—that never a Winter before him but had held his own county wide enough in its limits to satisfy his needs, and had bragged it the best lot for a man within the English seas. The remembrance of the portraits sent him to a corridor that, opening from the library, crossed the breadth of the house, and led to the dining and drawing rooms in the farther wing.

Here were gathered the likenesses of the former owners of the Moat, from the Van Dyck, who was picturesque in spite of his phlegm, to the late squire, who was phlegmatic without the picturesqueness. There were wives, too, and in some instances sons and daughters; it would seem as if the Winters had had a passion for perpetuating on canvas their honest lack of comeliness.

To the last of their line, as he walked slowly down the corridor in the waning light, it appeared as if this solemn company were gathered there to sit in judgment on him. Why had he not loved the soil as they had loved it? Why must he needs seek his largest interests among an alien people? While he was considering their faces, and reading in them a dull, resentful displeasure, Trimmer, new back from Greenlanes, entered the corridor and came up to his master.

Trimmer was a fresh-coloured, hale man, who

looked as if the Essex winds had compacted to keep him young and ruddy, and his smile was as hearty as his wife's, though his words were fewer.

"Glad to see you home again, sir, and I hope I see you well, Mr. Winter?"

"As well as may be, Trimmer. No need to ask you how you thrive: you carry the answer in your face."

There is but a corner for my picture to wind up the show, I see."

"There's room for your lady, too, sir," said Trimmer, with an apologetic cough for the liberty he took in mentioning the future Mrs. Winter.

"Perhaps it was the fact of their marrying wives that kept my progenitors from the vice of wandering," said Winter, addressing the question to him-



SOMETHING IN THE EXPRESSION REMINDED HIM OF JUDITH SEVERN.

"Dickson has brought your luggage over from the station, sir," said Trimmer, who thought it not manners to take notice of a personal compliment. "There were a message coming this way an' he sent the traps along o' it."

"Ah, did he?" said Lawrence, absently.

His glance had passed back to the portraits. He waved his hand towards them. "I am making the acquaintance of my family, you see. A long row, Trimmer," he said, "and I the last of them.

self, but speaking aloud after the manner of a man much given to solitude.

Trimmer, however, took it as an appeal to his wisdom. He looked at the portraits with his head on one side.

"A woman does make a deal o' odds in a man's life," he said at last with slow profundity. "When you're at home she's *there*, and when you goes abroad your pleasure's kind o' spoilt wi' thinking on her settin' an' frettin' on you till you get back,

an' like as not, when you do come, scoldin' you for comin' afore she's cleared up an' ready for you."

Winter laughed as he continued the scrutiny of the pictures.

"You have made the surrender since I saw you, Trimmer, so you ought to know."

"Well, sir"—there was a twinkle in Trimmer's eyes—"I won't go the length for to say I've lost my liberty; I'm as free as the old dun cow that I tethered i' the west pasture this morning."

Winter would doubtless have made some light rejoinder—for he had a pleasant, frank way with his dependants—but his words were checked by the sudden access of interest he felt in one of the pictures.

It was the face of a forgotten squire's wife, and was younger than the faces of the other matrons about her. The painting was badly executed by some artist unknown to fame, but it had a curious vitality, and it impressed you with a sense of reality. Just so the girl must have looked with a strange questioning wistfulness in her dark eyes, as if she demanded something of life it had not given her. He felt a kinship with this unknown ancestress, and a sympathy that had not been stirred in him by the other faces. Something in her expression, though the features differed wholly, reminded him hauntingly of Judith Severn, from whom he had but yesterday parted. Surely he had surprised just such a look on her face as they journeyed together.

Trimmer, dutifully waiting for orders, was startled by his master turning on him suddenly.

"Is there a horse fit to ride in the stable?" he asked. "Old Chevalier has gone the way of all horses, I suppose?"

"Ay, sir, old Chevalier's lying under the crab i' the near orchard, but there's the brown mare as fresh as a daisy, just eating her head off wi' impatience—"

"Saddle her now—at once," said Winter, with quick decision. "I shall go out for a canter before dark."

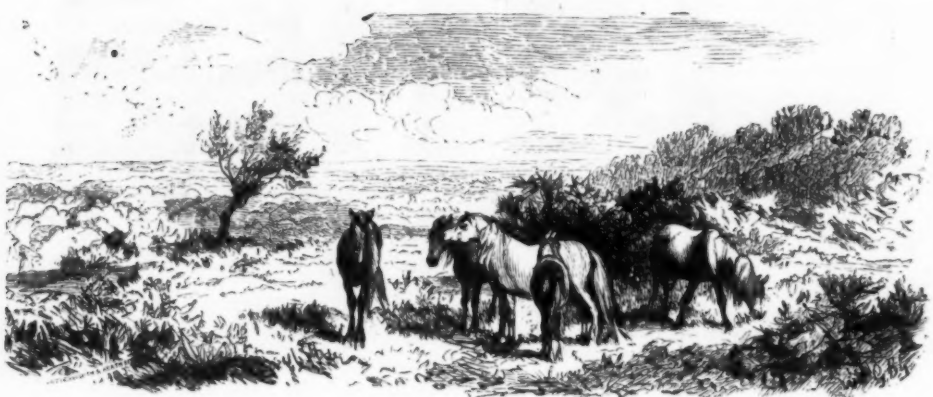
"Squire's same as when he were a lad," said Trimmer, announcing this startling decision to his wife. "You can never tell what maggot he'll take i' 's head any more than how the wind 'ull blow day after to-morrow."

"Dear, dear!" cried Phœbe, contemplating her preparations with dismay. "Ridin' at this hour, when the very birds o' the air goes home to their nests! That comes o' never sittin' down to a Christian meal. Like enough i' them foreign parts they think nothing of mutton done to a cinder."

"They eats it raw when they can get it," cried young Tom, willing to air his knowledge.

"You don't open your mouth." His mother turned on him with unwonted asperity. "If you had had *your* way the mutton would ha' been i' the middle o' Luke's field yet, and where would Mr. Edward's dinner ha' been *then*?"

This conundrum presented difficulties to Tom which he apparently could not overcome, for, after a moment's open-mouthed contemplation of it, he slunk out of the kitchen and followed his father to the stable.



THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. CANON CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

GLOUCESTER.



TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

FEW parts of England are more full of interest to one who searches for relics of the past than is the lower valley of the Severn and the downs of the Cotswold range, which make up the county which has Gloucester for its capital. In the earliest times that we can trace, the folks who lived in Britain saw the advantages of this reach of high-lying country, which looked on one side to the valley where flowed the Severn, fast broadening into the sea, and on the other side looked over the rich valley in which the Thames was beginning its course. There the Britons made their settlements, and thither the Romans followed them. This region, moreover, the Romans learned to look on as the most enjoyable in Britain; and no towns, save London, York, and Colchester, were so important as was Corinium (Cirencester), the capital of the Cotswolds. The present town does not cover one-third of the space which was occupied by the Roman town; and the remains of Roman work which are collected in its Museum show that its Roman inhabitants were rich and cultivated. Nowhere can the traces of Roman life be more clearly seen than in Cirencester and its neighbourhood. Four great roads centred in it, and connected it with Glevum (Gloucester), on one side, and with Aquæ Solis (Bath), already a fashionable watering-place, on

the other. Along these roads were country houses and farms, of which Woodchester can still give us some idea. There, in a little village, south of Stroud, can be traced the ground-plan of a mansion which covered nearly four hundred square feet. Its buildings were arranged round two courts, and remains of its rich tessellated pavements bear witness to the completeness of its adornment.

When the Romans withdrew, the dwellers in their towns enjoyed greater peace than fell to the lot of the rest of the Britons. But the West Saxons came and conquered in the south till they pressed upward from Wiltshire, in 577, and on the little hill of Deorham (Dyrham) fought the battle in which the Britons were defeated, and the Severn valley was opened to the new comers. There they settled and took the name of Hwiccas, so that the old Hwiccian land contained the modern shires of Gloucester, Worcester, and the southern part of Warwick.

The Hwiccas, however, rose against their king, Ceawlin, when he was defeated by the Britons at Faddiley, in his attempt to carry his conquering arms as far as Chester. After this rising, the power of the West Saxons was for a time broken, and the Hwiccas were separated from the rest of their kinsfolk. They were too few to remain, and

fell before the rising power of the Mercians on the north, and before 650 the land of the Hwiccas formed part of the Mercian kingdom. When Archbishop Theodore was engaged in ordering the affairs of the Church, he saw that Mercia was too large for one bishop to superintend. So, in 673, he set over the Hwiccas a bishop who built his church at Worcester, and until the Reformation Gloucester formed part of the diocese of Worcester. The land of the Hwiccas long held together in its ecclesiastical organisation, though for its civil organisation the land which gathered round the town of Gloucester was divided from that which gathered round the town of Worcester.

The reason of this was the fall of the Mercian power before Wessex, under Egbert, which was rapidly followed by the invasion of the Danes, who settled in the eastern part of Mercia, but only pillaged its western part. The result of their ravages, however, was the weakening of old local sentiment and the wiping out of old distinctions. The Mercian kingdom, as a whole, was dismembered; even the Hwiccas were divided into two parts.

During this period, however, the town of Gloucester was slowly recovering some of the importance which it had in Roman times. The fisheries of the Severn were valuable, and population gathered in the town, where was established in time a Benedictine monastery. Still Gloucester could not rank with Worcester in early times, though its importance rapidly increased; and in the reign of Edward the Confessor we find it a

place whither the king summoned his Wise Men to counsel. Moreover, in many parts of the shire rose monasteries, as at Tewkesbury and Winchcombe; while the church of Deerhurst near Tewkesbury still keeps some of the most important remains of Saxon architecture which have come down to us. Further, it was natural that the estuary of the Severn should have a port, and a spot was chosen on the Avon, which grew into the great city of Bristol. It was not, however, till the times of the Danes that Bristol came into being; for it was the settlement of the Danes in Ireland which first caused commercial intercourse between the two islands. In its beginnings the Irish trade was of an evil sort, for the Bristol ships carried to Ireland cargoes of slaves, who were sold by the Danes in different parts of Europe. These slaves were prisoners taken in war against the Welsh, or men whose freedom had been forfeited to the law, or sometimes we cannot doubt that they were kidnapped. It was in vain that the Church forbade this infamous traffic. The holy Bishop Wulfstan of Worcester took up his abode in Bristol, and employed all the influence of Christian teaching to check it. While he remained, men listened and were ashamed; after he was gone, they fell back into their evil ways.

Gloucestershire seems to have submitted willingly to William the Conqueror, and Gloucester grew in importance under him and his sons. Its position, commanding the Severn valley, made it a centre for the Norman barons who were engaged



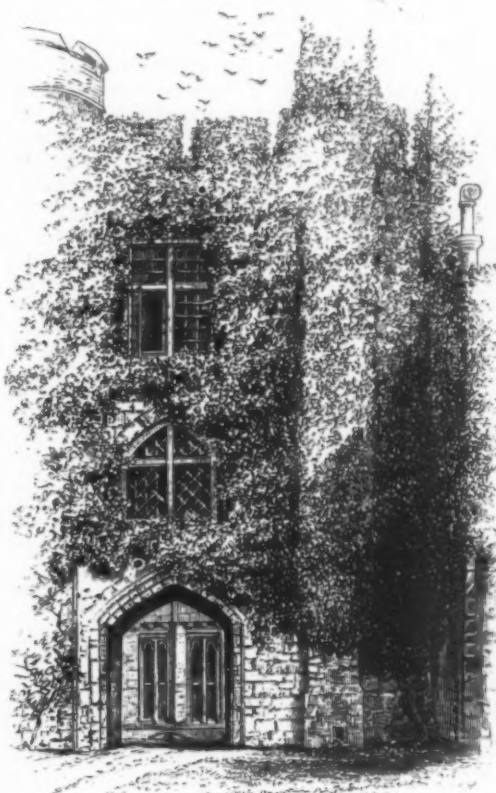
TOMB OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY, IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

in making settlements in South Wales. A castle was built, and Gloucester counted as one of the three places in England where the king held royal state on the great festivals of the Church, wearing his crown at Gloucester on Christmas, and at Winchester and Westminster at Easter and Pentecost. It was at Gloucester that William Rufus was seized with sickness in 1093, and lay at the point of death. Wishing to make amends before he died for his evil deed in keeping vacant the Archbishopric of Canterbury and seizing its revenues, he sent for Anselm, abbot of the Norman monastery of Bec, who was in England on a visit, and named him archbishop. Anselm vainly refused the office. The lords who stood by seized the old man, forced a pastoral staff into his reluctant hands, and, with shouts of joy, bore him off, with tears streaming down his cheeks, to the abbey church, that they might give thanks for having an archbishop.

Gloucestershire was so closely associated with the political life of England that Henry I conferred upon his natural son, Robert, the earldom of Gloucester. Robert rebuilt the castle of Bristol, and was one of the most powerful of English lords. On Henry I's death Robert espoused the cause of his sister Matilda against Stephen; and, as a consequence, Gloucestershire bore the brunt of the civil war that followed. Milo, the governor of Gloucester Castle, was equally vigorous with Robert in upholding Matilda's cause; and to Gloucester Matilda fled for refuge when all seemed to go against her in 1141. Gloucester and Bristol alike suffered siege; though it may be doubted if, after all, Gloucestershire had more misery to record than the rest of England. It was a time of anarchy, in which those who were inactive had as much to endure as those who were foremost in the struggle.

The civilisation of Gloucestershire was chiefly baronial. The county was dependent on its earl, and the Earl of Hereford, who held much land within its bounds. Next to these in importance were the Lords of Berkeley, whose castle, dating in part from the twelfth century, still stands as a rare instance of a baronial fortress which has been adapted to the needs of modern life, and is still inhabited. But, besides the barons, the monks were also busy. It was from the monasteries on the borders of the counties of Worcester and Gloucester that the first signs of the monastic revival of the eleventh century had gone forth. From Evesham and Winchcombe went the three brethren who did not so much for monasticism in Northern England. As they read the pages of Bede's history they grieved that the places where he had lived and taught should lie in the ruins to which the heathen Dane had reduced them. So, putting all their worldly goods on the back of a donkey, they went forth on a pilgrimage which had for its object the rebuilding of the monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth. What was thus given was also received. The abbeys of Gloucestershire flourished and waxed great, especially that of Gloucester, which grew with the importance of the town till the Abbot of Gloucester ranked as one of the chief political personages in England.

King Henry I founded a house of Austin canons at Cirencester; and Roger, Earl of Hereford, set up the Cistercians at Hanley, on the spot where his brother had been killed by an arrow while hunting. Curious also is the history of the priory of New Llanthony, which stands on what is now a



BERKELEY CASTLE.

suburb of Gloucester. Its site was given by Milo, Earl of Hereford, as a place of refuge to the monks of Llanthony in the vale of Ewais, at a time when the lawless peasantry were constantly plundering their possessions, so that it was difficult to be sure of food. The place of refuge proved more attractive than the original settlement, and the greater part of the brethren moved away from their old home till, in the fifteenth century, the priory of New Llanthony was united to the abbey of Gloucester, which undertook to maintain a prior and four others in the old seat of the order in Wales.

Gloucestershire took part in the renewal of prosperity which came with the accession of Henry II, and Bristol in particular received an accession to its commerce. Already it was famous for its trade in soap; but the marriage of Henry II with Eleanor of Guienne brought England into closer connection with Gascony, and introduced a taste for Gascon wines, which increased Bristol's carrying trade. Bristol showed all the signs of commercial growth, chief amongst which was the

presence of a colony of Jews, who were the objects of popular hatred in a time when usury was regarded as making profit out of the misfortunes of another, but who were protected by the King as a source of revenue to the Crown. The Jews of Bristol were among the wealthiest in England, and when King John was in need of money he applied to them for a loan. His application took the form of demands from individuals, and the chief of the Jews resisted the demands as excessive. By John's orders he was imprisoned, and every day that he refused to pay had one of his teeth torn out of his jaw. For eight days the unhappy man held out; on the ninth he could endure no longer, and paid what the king asked. His fellows, terrified by this example, submitted in their turn.

John's death left England plunged in civil war; and those of the barons who were in favour of preserving the existing dynasty assembled hastily at Gloucester for the coronation of the young king, Henry III. He was but a child of nine years old, and the royal crown could not be brought from Westminster for the ceremony. A plain circlet of gold was prepared, and the Bishop of Worcester set it on the boy's head. The cause of Henry III prevailed owing to the wisdom and prudence of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who acted as his representative. When he grew up and governed for himself, Henry III loved Gloucester, and often took up his abode there. For some years it was his necessary headquarters in a war against the son of his early friend, William Marshall, who rebelled against the feeble king, and gave him much trouble on the Welsh Marches. But there were worse troubles in store for a king who promised and was too feeble to keep his word; who swore to the provisions of the Great Charter of England's liberties, and then held not to his oath. His barons long endured his doings, for they had no leader till a man of alien birth, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, set an example of constitutional resistance. In this he was followed by Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who shared with Earl Simon the leadership of the baronial party, which strove to mend the misgovernment of Henry III. But Earl Richard withdrew from the task before it was finished, and Earl Simon left England till Richard's death, in 1262. The young Earl of Gloucester joined Simon heart and soul, and fought at Lewes; but he, too, like his father, quarrelled with Simon, and by his quarrel broke up the baronial party. Gloucester, which was garrisoned for Earl Simon, was taken by Edward, the king's son, who, by the help of the Earl of Gloucester, escaped from his captivity. The loss of Gloucester made it impossible for Simon to put down the rising against him, and led to his fall in the battle of Evesham.

The dealings of Edward I with Gloucestershire mark the progress of those reforms by which he slowly accepted the principles of the English Constitution, and expressed them in his administrative work. At Gloucester he held a parliament in 1278, which passed a statute for inquiring into the powers exercised by the great lords within

their lands. Moreover, he increased the importance of Bristol by committing to its ships the care of the Irish Channel. Bristol had grown to be a considerable place, with a vigorous civil life. It passed through all the phases which mark the growth of municipal government, and was engaged in disputes about its rights of toll with the lords of Berkeley. Its government had become oligarchical, and was in the hands of fourteen of the chief merchants, who had engrossed all the power. A toll imposed on fish led to a dispute, and royal commissioners were sent, in 1314, to decide the quarrel. Their conduct did not give satisfaction, and the townsfolk rose against them. Such an affront could not be overlooked. Bristol was besieged by the royal forces, and on its capture was reduced to order.

Edward II was more given to his amusements than to the business of state, and his reign was a long series of disasters. Deserted at last by all, he was taken prisoner and brought to Berkeley Castle, where he was put to death with horrible cruelty. Then his corpse was exposed to the view of the burghers of Bristol, that all men might be sure that the deposed king was really dead.

The fifteenth century saw Gloucestershire generally in a very prosperous condition, owing to the natural advantages of its soil. The high-lying land of the Cotswolds was well fitted for pasturing, and no trade in England was more profitable than the wool trade, which went on developing throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Trade in the modern sense has now left the once thriving towns which nestle on the edge of the Cotswolds, but the traces of ancient prosperity still lend them a singular interest. At Fairford is a fine Perpendicular Church, rebuilt in 1500 by a wealthy merchant, John Tame, that it might contain the stained glass which he had brought back from his trading voyages to the Netherlands. The twenty-eight windows which he then set up remain amongst the finest examples of stained glass in England. In like manner the little town of Chipping Camden contains in its splendid church the brasses which mark the tombs of its great merchants of the fifteenth century. It is strange to read in that quiet spot of William Grevel, who died in 1407, and was "*flos mercatorum lanarum totius Angliæ*" (the flower of wool merchants in all England).

Scarcely less prosperous, though in another way, was the region which lay on the other bank of the Severn, the Forest of Dean. There the Romans had worked iron, and their work was resumed as times became more settled. The Forest district was under laws of its own, and depended directly on the king, who maintained a whole army of officials to guard the royal rights. The steward of the Forest had his castle at St. Briavel, overlooking the windings of the Wye. Grants were made of the right to erect a forge, sometimes stationary, sometimes movable, and the dues to be paid to the king were regulated. A mining population sprang up, with manners and customs of its own, who were known as the Free-miners of the Forest. They dug the iron and smelted it with fires of the

wood of forest-trees; then they carried the produce of their toil to the Severn, whence it went by water to the port of Bristol.

The central part of Gloucestershire, the valley of the Severn, was renowned for its corn and its fruit, its cheese and its cider. The shire was renowned through England for its fertility, and was envied for its facilities of transport. The

Men engaged in commerce wish for order and strong government. So it was that in the Wars of the Roses the burghers of Bristol favoured the House of York, and helped to bring about the accession of Edward iv. When an attempt was made to renew the war it was the attachment of Gloucester to the Yorkist cause which barred the passage of the Severn and cut off Queen



CIRENCESTER.

merchants of Bristol flourished. Chiefest among them stood William Canynges, who had nine merchantmen afloat at once, and employed 800 seamen. He gave his townsmen a share of all he gained by building the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which is still the chief ornament of Bristol. As he grew old he withdrew from business, and retired to the collegiate church at Westbury-on-Trym, which had been founded by his friend, Bishop Carpenter, of Worcester. There he donned the frock of a priest, and died in 1474, at the age of some seventy-six.

Margaret from her friends in Wales. So it was that Edward iv came upon the queen's forces at Tewkesbury, and there, in the meadow between the abbey and the river, was fought the bloodiest battle that was ever fought on English soil, the battle that decided the fortunes of the House of Lancaster. The young son of Henry vi was taken in the fray, and when Edward asked him what brought him to England, answered, "To preserve my father's crown and my own inheritance." Edward brutally struck the defenceless

lad in the face with his gauntlet, and the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester dispatched him with their swords. It was a barbarous ending of the male line of the Lancastrian House.

The great change which passed over England in the sixteenth century caused less discontent in Gloucester than in most parts of England; for Gloucestershire was a centre of the prosperous middle class who were the chief gainers by the spoiling of the Church. Its abbey was mostly swept away; Winchcombe, for instance, has entirely disappeared, because a new church had been built for the parishioners shortly before the Dissolution, and no one had an interest in preserving the magnificent church of the monastery. At Tewkesbury the burghers bought the abbey church for their parish, and Tewkesbury abbey church remains as a rare example of the continuous labours of a great monastery in perfecting its buildings. Gloucestershire, moreover, affords an example of the original intentions of Henry VIII. when the dissolution of the monasteries was begun. The great abbey church of Gloucester was made the seat of a bishop, and a new diocese was framed for the shire, which was severed from the see of Worcester. Further, the church of the house of Augustinian canons at Bristol was made the seat of another bishopric, which took in the counties of Bristol and Dorset. It is a striking testimony to the importance of this part of England in that age, that two of the six sees which were then erected should have fallen to its share. Its promise of increasing importance was not fulfilled. Trade has migrated to the northern counties, and in 1836 the dioceses of Gloucester and Bristol were united under one bishop.

In the period of religious strife, Gloucestershire, as the home of the middle class, was strongly Protestant; and in the reign of Mary, Bishop Hooper was sent to Gloucester to be burned, that his death might be a warning to the stubborn folk. But the persecutions of Mary's reign were speedily at an end. In the growth of English seamanship, which marked the reign of Elizabeth, Bristol bore its share. Already Sebastian Cabot had sailed from Bristol on his famous voyage to the west, in which he discovered Newfoundland, and Bristol long kept its connection with the Newfoundland fishing trade. Further, the trade with the West Indies at first passed exclusively through Bristol, which so became the centre of the manufactures connected with sugar and tobacco.

It was the mercantile classes whom Charles I especially offended, and in the Great Rebellion Gloucestershire, unlike its neighbour Worcestershire, held for the Parliament. Bristol was aggrieved by the imposition of ship-money, and by a royal grant of a monopoly to a London society of soap-makers. It was a stronghold of Puritans, and in this was followed by Gloucester, where Laud began his career as dean, and irritated the citizens by his high-handed way of working reforms in the services of the cathedral. The loss of the command of the Severn meant the severing of the king's communication with the west, so, in 1643, Bristol was besieged by Prince Rupert, and

was taken after assault with great slaughter on both sides. Its loss was a great blow to the Parliament, and when Charles I besieged Gloucester also, it was felt that a desperate effort must be made for its relief. The Earl of Essex marched westwards with troops drawn largely from the apprentices of London, and by forced marches reached Gloucester in time to save it from surrender, and the royalist army was compelled to withdraw. After this the garrisons of Bristol and Gloucester were left to watch one another till in 1645 Prince Rupert was driven to surrender Bristol to Fairfax and Cromwell. Though this surrender was inevitable, it was a deadly blow to the hopes of Charles, who showed his resentment by dismissing Rupert from his service.

Gloucestershire suffered severely in the Civil War. Bristol was fired in three places before it was surrendered, and all the suburbs of Gloucester were burned down during the siege.

After the Restoration, Charles II ordered Gloucester to be dismantled and its castle destroyed. But to the chief port of England, as Bristol was, prosperity rapidly returned. At the end of the seventeenth century Pepys was surprised by its size and its splendour. He measured its size by the fact that when he looked about him he saw nothing but houses. Its splendour was confined to its churches, for its streets were so narrow that they were scarcely accessible to coaches or waggons, and all the traffic was carried on trucks drawn by dogs. The merchants of Bristol, in their eagerness to grow rich, did not much heed the source from which their wealth came; and trade with the West Indies revived the old habit of kidnapping men and sending them away to slavery. This was so notorious that the cruel Judge Jeffreys, in his "Bloody Assize" of 1685, did one act that was creditable. He ordered the Mayor of Bristol to leave the bench where he was sitting and take his place in the dock; there he poured forth upon the astonished magistrate a torrent of coarse eloquence, in which he denounced the iniquity of the Bristol traffic in the bodies of men. It is noticeable how the old associations lingered; when the movement for the abolition of the slave trade was set afloat, Bristol was the centre of the most determined opposition to that act of national morality.

The end of the eighteenth century saw the comparative decline in the greatness of Gloucestershire as the centre of English commerce and industry. The woollen manufacture migrated northward to Yorkshire. The Forest of Dean lost its monopoly of iron working; indeed, by the middle of the seventeenth century, the trees of the forest had almost all been cut down and used for fuel to the smelting furnaces. The discovery that iron could be better smelted by coal caused a complete change in the conditions of the iron trade, and the Bristol coalfield was small compared with those of Wales. The general direction of trade shifted northwards, and the old towns of Gloucestershire, which once resounded with the click of the shuttles of the handloom—towns of which Stroud may stand as an example—have now sunk into insignificance before the great

collection of factories which form the towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Bristol is no longer the chief seaport for English commerce; yet its population is ten times what it was in its most palmy days, and the size of its docks, and the number of vessels which enter them, far exceed the measure of what was necessary for the trade of all England at the end of the seventeenth century. Gloucestershire has actually increased in all its trade and manufactures during the last century and a half; it has only comparatively declined. This fact gives it its special interest among the shires of England. None tells so well the history of the continuous growth

and progress of England's industries. Gloucestershire keeps the records of England's normal growth, and enables us to judge what England would have been without the great invention of machinery and means of transport which have given a new turn to modern industrial and social life.

There are those who nowadays, as they ramble along the Cotswold hills and drop down upon the stately old towns that fringe their base, linger over the memories of the lesser England of the past, and wonder if things are always great in proportion to their size, or if life is always useful in proportion to its bustle.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

WHEN Mrs. Boyd returned from Arkansas, I, having myself spent a very uneventful summer at home, with only the slight excitement of a month at Margate, was most anxious to hear an account of her adventures. That she had had adventures out there on those wild plains of course I felt certain. It would be manifestly preposterous to go to Arkansas for three months, and come back without an adventure. So, on the first day when Mrs. Boyd was to be "at home" after her return, I went to see her; and I found, already assembled in her cosy drawing-room, several other friends impelled there, like myself, by curiosity to hear what she had to say, as well as by a desire to welcome her back.

"I was just asking Mrs. Boyd what she thought the most singular thing in America," said Miss Bascombe, by way of putting me *au courant* with the conversation after my greeting was over with our hostess.

"And I," replied Mrs. Boyd, "was just going to say I really did not know what was the one most curious thing in America, where most things seem curious, being different from here, you know. I suppose it is their strange whining speech which most strikes one at the outset. It is strong in New York, certainly, but when you get out West it is simply amazing. But then they thought my speech as curious as I did theirs. A good woman in Arkansas said I talked 'mighty crabbed like.' But a man who travelled in the next seat to me, across Southern Illinois, after talking with me for a long time, said, 'Wal, now, you dew talk purty to'leble square for an English-woman. You h'aint said Hingland nor Hameriky onst since you sot there as I knows on!'" Mrs. Boyd put on so droll a twang, and gave her words such a curious, downward jerk in speaking, that we all laughed, and felt we had a pretty fair idea of how the Illinois people talk at all events.

"Everybody is very friendly," continued Mrs. Boyd, "no matter what may be their station in life, nor what you may suppose to be yours. I remember in Cincinnati, where I stopped for a couple of days, the porter who got out my box

for me saw it had some London and Liverpool labels on it, whereupon he said, with a pleasant smile, 'Wal, how's Europe gettin' on, anyhow?' Fancy a Cannon Street porter making such a remark to a passenger! But it was quite simply said, without the faintest idea of impertinence. In fact it is almost impossible to say that anybody is impertinent where you are all so absolutely on an equality."

Now all this was interesting enough, no doubt, but what I wanted to hear about was something more startling. I could not really give up all at once the idea of an adventure in the Wild West, so I said, "But didn't anything wonderful happen to you, Mrs. Boyd?"

"No, I can't say there did," replied the lady, slightly surprised, I could see, by my question.

Then, rallying my geography with an effort, I asked, "Weren't you carried off by the Indians, or swept away by a flood?"

"No, I was many hundred miles away from the Indian Reservation, and did not see a single Red man," replied Mrs. Boyd; "and as for floods—well, my dear, I could tell you the ridiculous straits we were put to for want of water, but I can't even imagine a flood on those parched and dried-up plains."

"Well," said I, in an aggrieved voice, "I think you might have come back with at least one adventure after being away for three months."

"An adventure!" exclaimed Mrs. Boyd, in astonishment, and then a flash of recollection passed over her countenance, and she continued, "Oh, yes, I did have one; I had an adventure with a highwayman."

"Oh!" cried all the ladies, in a delighted chorus.

"See there, now!" said Miss Bascombe, as if appropriating to herself the credit of the impending narrative.

"I knew it!" said I, with triumph, conscious that to me was due the glory of unearthing the tale.

"I'll tell it to you, if you like," said Mrs. Boyd.

"Oh, pray do; we are dying to hear about it!"

said Miss Bascombe. "A highwayman above all! How delicious!"

"Was he handsome?" asked one of the ladies, foolishly, as if that had anything to say to it.

"Wait," said Mrs. Boyd, who assumed a grave expression of countenance, which we felt to be due to the recollection of the danger she had run. We also looked serious, as in politeness bound, and sat in eager expectation of her story.

"One day we were all invited to spend the whole afternoon at a neighbour's house. We were to go early for dinner at half-past twelve, stay until tea at five, and then drive home in the evening. The neighbour lived twelve miles away, but as there was to be a moon we anticipated no difficulty in driving home over the prairie. You see, as a rule, people are not out after dark in those wild regions; they get up very early, work hard all day, and are quite ready to go to bed soon after sunset. Anyway, there is no twilight; the sun sets, and it is dark almost immediately. When the day came, Emily (my sister, you know, with whom I was staying) wasn't able to go because the baby was not at all well, and she could not leave him for so long a time. So my brother-in-law and I set off alone, promising to come home early. I enjoyed the drive over the prairie very much, and we got to our destination about mid-day. Then we had dinner, a regular out-West dinner, all on the table together, everything very good and very plentiful. We dined in the kitchen, of course, and after dinner I helped Mrs. Hewstead to wash up the dishes, and then we went out and sat on the north side of the house in the shade and gossiped, while the men went and inspected some steam-ploughs and corn-planters, and what not. Then at five o'clock we had supper. Dear me! when I think of that five-o'clock tea, and then look at this table, I certainly realise there is a world of difference between England and Arkansas."

"Why," said Miss Bascombe, "don't they have tea in America?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Boyd, "we had tea and coffee, any number of cakes and pies, and the coloured man brought up a wheelbarrow full of water-melons and piled them on the floor, and we ate them all!"

"Dear me," I remarked, "what a very extraordinary repast. I think you must have felt rather uncomfortable after such a gorge."

"Oh dear, no," returned Mrs. Boyd, smiling, "one can eat simply an unlimited quantity of water-melons on these thirsty plains. The water is always sickeningly warm in the summer time, so that any substitute for it is eagerly welcomed."

Mrs. Boyd, lost in the recollections of the appetising water-melons, was clearly forgetting the great point of her story, so I ventured to suggest it by remarking: "And the highwayman?"

"I am coming to that directly," said Mrs. Boyd. "Well, we started home just before sundown; and as it was very hot, we could not drive fast. Indeed, the horses were in a sheet of lather almost immediately, and the air seemed fairly thick with the heat-rays, and absolutely breath-

less. Just as we got to the bluff overlooking the Big Sugar Creek, the sun sank below the horizon.

"I wish we were on the other side of the creek, I know," said my brother-in-law.

"Why so?" said I; "this part of the country is perfectly safe, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is pretty safe now, but there are always some rough customers about the bush, and there have been one or two shootings on the Big Sugar. Orlando Morse saw a man on horseback one night just after he had crossed the ford, waiting for him by the side of the road under the trees. But Orlando is an old frontier-man, so he is pretty quick with his trigger. He fired twice at the man, after challenging; whereupon the scoundrel vanished rapidly, and Orlando got safe home."

"I felt very uncomfortable at this, as you may imagine; still, as I knew my brother-in-law had a very poor opinion of the nerves of Englishwomen, I made an effort to say, as lightly as I could: 'What a very extraordinary country, to be sure! And do you always shoot anybody you may happen to see standing by the roadside of a summer's evening?'

"Oh no," laughed Louis, "we're not quite so savage as that. But you may fire at any suspicious body or thing, after due challenge, if the answer is not satisfactory. That's the rule of the road."

"After that I began to peer about in the gloom, rather anxiously trying to see if I could discover any suspicious body or thing, but I could make out nothing on account of the darkness, made more complete by the surrounding trees. Besides, we were going down hill very fast; we were, in fact, descending the steep bank of the first creek; then there was a bit of level in the wooded valley, then another stream, the South Fork it was called, then another steep climb, and we would once more be on the high and open prairie."

"Now, then, hold on tight," said my brother-in-law, as he clutched the reins in both hands, braced his feet against the dashboard, and leaned far back in his seat. The horses seemed literally to disappear beneath our feet; the waggon went down head foremost with a lunge, there was a sudden jerk and great splashing and snorting, followed by a complete cessation of noise from the wheels, and a gentle swaying to and fro of the waggon. We were crossing the ford with the water breast high on the horses.

"I'm always glad when that ford is behind me," said Louis, to me, when we were again driving on quietly through the valley.

"Why?" said I; "for there's another ford in front of us still."

"Oh, the South Fork is nothing, but the Big Sugar is treacherous. I've known it rise twenty feet in two hours, and once I was water-bound on the other side for eleven days, unable to ford it. Emily would have gone out of her mind with anxiety, for the country was very disturbed at the time, only one of our neighbours, who saw me camping there, rode down to the house, and told her where I was, but, all the same—Hold! what's that?"

"I didn't scream; I couldn't, for my heart stopped beating with terror.

"Take the reins," said Louis, in a quick whisper.

"I took hold of them as firmly as I could, but a pair of kittens could have run away with us, my hands trembled so. Louis got out his revolver; I heard click, click, click, in his hand; and then in the faint light I saw the gleam of steel.

"Halt! Who goes there?" called Louis, in a voice of thunder. I never heard his soldier-voice before, for ordinarily he speaks in a melodious baritone; and I then quite understood what Emily meant when she told me how his voice was heard above the din of battle, cheering his men on for the last charge at Gettysburg. I strained my eyes to see what it was, and there in front of us, not fifteen yards away, on the side of the road, I saw a man seated on horseback standing motionless, his right arm stretching forward, aiming straight towards us. Two livid tongues of flame darted from beside me—two quick reports of pistol-shots rang on the night air, then all was still. I felt the horses quiver, for the motion was communicated to me by the reins I held in my hands, but they were admirably-trained animals, and did not move to the right or the left, only the younger one, a bay filly, snorted loudly. Louis sat silent and motionless, his revolver still pointing at the highwayman. I scarcely breathed, but in all my life I never thought with such lightning rapidity. My whole household over here was distinct before me, with my husband and the children, and what they would do on getting the cablegram saying 'waylaid and murdered.' I thought of a myriad things. I remember, amongst others, that it worried me to think that an over-charge of five shillings from Perkins for fowl, which my husband had just written to ask about, would now be paid because I could never explain that the pair of chickens had been returned. All this time—only a moment or two, you know—I was expecting instant death, while Louis and the horses remained motionless.

"The smoke from the revolver slowly cleared away; a bat, startled by the noise, flapped against my face, and we saw the highwayman seated on his horse standing immovable where he was, his right arm stretching out towards us with the same deadly aim.

"If that man is mortal, he should have dropped," said Louis, softly. "Both bullets struck him fair and square."

We waited a moment longer. The figure remained as before.

"I must reconnoitre," said Louis; "I don't understand his tactics," and, to my dismay, he prepared to get out of the waggon.

"Are you going away?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Yes; sit still—the horses won't stir. I'm going to open fire at close quarters."

"I thought Louis's attempt at jocularity most ill-timed, but I said nothing. It seemed to me an immense time that he was gone, but he declares it was not more than a minute and a quarter. Then I heard him laugh quietly to himself.

"All right, come on," he said to me. "Gee, whoa, haw, get up, girly," he said to the horses, and those sagacious beasts immediately walked straight towards the spot whence his voice came, without paying the least attention to me, who was holding the reins so tight, as I thought.

"Well, Milly, I suppose you'll never stop laughing," was the first thing he said to me when the horses came to a standstill, with their noses almost in his beard.

"I never felt less like laughing," I replied, hardly daring to believe that the peril was past and that I was still alive.

"Our highwayman is an old stump, don't you see?" exclaimed Louis. I looked again and saw that what he said was true; a gnarled tree stump, some twisted branches, a deceiving white vapour, and, perhaps too, our own vivid imaginations, these were the elements which had given birth to our highwayman.

"I never was more taken in," said Louis, as he resumed his seat beside me. "It was the dead image of a man on horseback holding out a pistol. I'll come down here to-morrow and examine the place, to find out how I could have been so silly, but in the daylight, of course, it will look quite different. I shan't ever dare to tell the story, however, for they'll laugh at me from the Red River to the Mississippi, and say I'm getting to be an old fool, and ought to have somebody to look after me!"

I saw that Louis was ashamed of the mistake he had made, but I was so thankful to be safe that I paid little heed to what he said. The next day he rode down to the Big Sugar Creek, sure enough, to identify the slain, as he said. When he came back, a couple of hours later, he was in high good-humour.

"I shall not be afraid to tell the story against myself now," he said. "What do you think I found in the stump?"

"What did you find?" asked I, full of interest in this, the only highwayman I ever met.

"Sixteen bullet-holes! You see there have been other fools as great as myself, but they were ashamed of their folly, and kept it dark. I shall tell mine abroad and have the last laugh at all events."

ADELA E. ORPEN.

REMINISCENCES OF A REIGNING PRINCE.¹

ANOTHER autobiography, and a long one! This time it is the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the elder brother of the late Prince Consort. The first instalment of it consists of a large volume extending to 616 pages. The period covered by it, dating from the birth of its author and subject, is from 1818 to 1850. Many public events are reviewed in the course of the narrative, and the reader is brought into contact with many men of the highest eminence in various walks of life, as well as sovereigns and statesmen. Political journals and reviews will doubtless have much to say about the book. What we propose to do in this article is not to tread on the ground which may be regarded as peculiarly theirs, but to trace the more personal career and relationships of the Duke from his childhood up to the time when he succeeded his father and entered on the government of the Duchies of Coburg and Gotha as a sovereign prince.

He was born on the 21st of June, 1818, a little more than a year before his brother, Prince Albert. At his baptism he received the names Ernest, August, Karl, Johannes, Leopold, Alexander, Edward. The officials and towns of Coburg-Saalfeld sent a gift of 12,455 Rhenish florins on the occasion, the interest of which was to accumulate for him until he attained his majority.

"I cannot think," he says, "without emotion of this offering of faithful burghers, which was a considerable one at that time, after so many years of war."

He early lost his mother, who was the only daughter of Duke August of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg. His father took a second wife, Princess Marie of Württemberg, by whom he had no children, and who lived till 1860, forming a centre of union for the various branches of the widely ramified Coburg family. The strong family feeling that pervaded the connection may have given rise, the Duke thinks, to the widely-prevalent opinion that the Coburgs had a domestic policy of their own. It was really nothing but the good feeling of the members of the family towards each other, which is often lacking in princely houses.

Between the two brothers, Ernest and Albert, a peculiarly close and intimate fellowship subsisted from the very beginning. They shared all each other's joys and sorrows. Even after their separation they confided to each other all their thoughts and plans.

"So much so," says Ernest the Second, "that an example of such a close intimacy between two brothers is rare even in burgher circles."

"We were not by nature similarly endowed, either physically or mentally. My brother was from his earliest

childhood the greater favourite. His physical development did not keep pace with the growth of his mental powers. He had need of protection and of the support of one who was physically stronger than himself. As long as we were together he willingly depended on me for the help which he required, but this did not, however, prevent him from carrying out his own decided will."

The education of the young Princes was not left to their tutor exclusively; their father took an active and direct share in it. He delighted to be with them and to have them about him. Though not learned, he was well informed on many subjects. While requiring them to be diligent and persevering in their studies, he was withal indulgent, and granted them everything that they desired. They were allowed to hunt, fish, ride, and drive. He would listen to no complaint of bodily discomfort, but sought to make them hardy. He was sparing alike in praise and blame, influencing them more by his character than his words, and reproving them, when it was necessary, with a glance. He implanted in them a love of nature and art, and of the æsthetic in everything. They, on their part, took an interest in all their father's occupations; in building, in beautifying the neighbourhood, etc. Into many measures of government and affairs of State also they involuntarily gained an insight as boys. Patriarch-like, their father had no secrets from them. No wonder that his sons not only loved him, but regarded him "as the ideal of excellence, and felt for him a respect bordering on fear."

As they advanced in their education, their tutor, Florschütz, associated with himself Professor Hafenstein, and a well known and able man called Griess. The young Princes were taught Latin, mathematics, and more than was usual at that time in Germany of natural history, chemistry, and physics. They were not taught Greek, but read many translations and imitations of classical literature, and studied history and modern languages.

The religious ideas and character of the Princes were deeply influenced and moulded by the eminent semi-rationalistic theologian, Bretschneider, at that time resident in Gotha as Superintendent Lutheran Pastor. Bretschneider's teaching was widely received by the upper and educated classes of the day. He was a friend of the ducal family.

On the occasion of his confirmation King Leopold of Belgium wrote to his nephew a letter, from which the following is an extract. The interest which the King ever took in his nephews, and the influence he exerted over them, is well known to every one. On the 11th of August, 1835, he wrote from Ostend to Prince Ernest. After referring to the important event which had occurred, he said:

"The fairest object in life is to do as much good as possi-

¹ "Aus meinem Leben und aus meiner Zeit von Ernst II." Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg Gotha, Erster Band. I erlin, Verlag von Wilhelm Herz. 1887.

ble. Christianity, rightly understood, requires us, every moment of our lives, without ostentation, with benevolence, and humility towards God and man, to act on the destinies of others. He only is a Christian who practises the doctrines of his beautiful and mild religion in his life. To do this perfectly is exceedingly difficult by reason of the manifold infirmities of human nature. Much, however, can and ought to be done. Let this, my son, be your aim. Above all, be strictly just towards every one, whoever he may be. The Christian should be more: he should be forbearing, deliberate, before he acts in relation to others, and judge whether they do not deserve forbearance. For a man in a public position two things are very important—that he be true and upright. If we keep this always before our eyes we shall secure the esteem of others. Culture is general nowadays, and hence it is not easy without great effort to excel in intelligence and culture. Upright, true characters, that are always the same, and are always to be depended upon, are, nevertheless, very rare, when put to the test. The man who is good, just, and true, secures a high position for himself among his fellow-men by these qualities, and that peace of soul which is so important amid the storms of life, and without which a man is miserable even in the midst of the greatest success. As the eldest son, keep yourself from egotism. It is the interest of many people to foster this most unlovely quality in a young Prince, and afterwards to work it as a productive mine."

It was not usual in those days, as it has become since, for the sons in reigning families to study at Universities. It was decided, therefore, that the proposal of King Leopold should be acceded to, that Princes Ernest and Albert should proceed to Brussels, where they would have the advantage of instruction from distinguished teachers and of gaining experience of life in the great world. Duke Ernest, in his autobiography, assigns as his reason for giving a detailed account of this period of their life, his desire to diffuse a better knowledge of Prince Albert and his education than can be obtained from the books that have been published about him. The Princes paid a visit to Holland, England, and France first. Any ideas that King Leopold may have had at this time with reference to the marriage of one of his nephews with the heiress to the English throne were regarded with disfavour by William IV, who wished to bring about the marriage of Princess Victoria with Prince Alexander of Holland. When he heard of the journey of the Coburg Princes he arranged a visit of Prince Alexander and his brother, the Prince of Orange, the present King of the Netherlands, to Windsor. The first meeting, therefore, of Prince Albert and Princess Victoria did not result in the establishment of any intimacy. The whole attention of the Coburg Princes was devoted to seeing London. They had no attendant, and lived in their aunt's house at Kensington, where it was the rule not to speak German. They felt the need and desire, therefore, to become masters of English. They were once invited to Windsor, where the King paid them no special attention.

"The King," says the Duke, "was at that time physically weak, and I remember that he slept much during the great dinner. He gave the impression of a genuine sailor, insignificant in other respects."

The Princes received many invitations from ministers and other eminent personages. Their visit thus proved to be a preparation for their subsequent more enduring relations to England.

Among the people they met were Disraeli and the Duke of Wellington. Concerning the first, the Duke Ernest says:

"At that time he gave the impression of a vain Jewish youth of pronounced Radical opinions. . . . He carried his left arm in a black sling, of which his enemies made game, saying that he did it only to make himself look interesting, that he had never met with any accident which made it necessary. He seemed to belong to the class of men who resolve to play a great part, and who afterwards succeed in doing so."

On the whole, the brothers seem to have found English society depressing. On the contrary, they were charmed with the reception given them at the French Court, and with their visit to Paris. Touching Louis Philippe, Ernest the Second says:

"He was perfectly master of the German language, and could even speak the dialects of different German countries. I remember particularly the zeal and pleasure with which he showed us, on the spot, the plans for the great Museum at Versailles. His fondness for narrating, explaining, and instructing, had something very amiable, ingenuous, and stimulating about it; and in subsequent years I was indebted to this feature in the character of the experienced man of the world for much information about matters of secrecy."

"The family life of the whole Court had something citizen-like and so attractive about it that it made the most agreeable impression on my brother and myself."

The idea was entertained at the time, unknown to Prince Ernest, of bringing about a marriage between himself and Princess Clementine of Orleans, who subsequently married Prince August of Coburg. When the subject was broached to Prince Ernest, some months after this visit to Paris, by King Leopold, he entertained the suggestion favourably. The project fell through because it was regarded as unseemly that a member of the French Royal Family should become a Protestant; and, further, it was intimated that, in the event of the marriage taking place, the King would claim that the daughters, at least, who might be born, should be brought up in their mother's faith.

In June, 1836, Princes Ernest and Albert reached Brussels. They had their own establishment there, and occupied a small villa with a garden attached to it, situated in the Boulevard de l'Observation. Here they were able to receive a large number of native and foreign visitors—*savants* and politicians. A select circle gathered round them by the express wish of the King.

The most eminent of the teachers provided for the Princes was Quételet, with whom they kept up a life-long connection, who was equally respected by astronomers, philosophers, and political teachers—

"who was a king in the domain of theoretical knowledge, and at the same time possessed large experience in the practical affairs of State administration."

Quételet directed the attention of his pupils to mathematics and statistics, in order to lay a preliminary foundation for the further study of the political sciences. At that time the application of the calculus of probability to questions of political economy made a great impression on the

Princes, as it did on all the world, and Quételet's influence on Prince Albert in this respect was decisive in relation to all his views of public affairs.

"He retained," writes his brother, "during his life the statistical, mechanical view of social and political questions, and in more than one of his speeches and works in later years I have been reminded of the reflections of Quételet and the lectures which he delivered in Brussels."

The universal spirit of Quételet, his truly liberal mode of thought, and his amiable manner in imparting instruction, specially excited the admiration of Prince Ernest. Quételet introduced the Princes to all the men of note in Brussels. Among the Englishmen whose acquaintance they made was Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton, then Secretary to the Legation in Brussels, and just beginning his diplomatic career. Lord Byron's playfellow, Mr. Drury, himself a poet and a highly-interesting lecturer on English literature, was their English teacher. Their military education was not neglected. Their sagacious uncle, King Leopold, placed no restriction on their intercourse with all sorts of people, not even with the exiled *carbonari* who had been discharged from Italian prisons, who were living a life of quiet expectation in Brussels.

"I have," writes Ernest the Second, "a lively remembrance of these dreaded conspirators, who were spoken of with horror at so many Courts, and yet were so human, and in intercourse appeared quite modest or suffering, like the poet, whose verses, as people used to say, 'did more damage to Austria than an army. Besides the Marchese Arconati, the learned Count Arrivabene and Verger, Silvio Pellico naturally excited our interest most. He came to Brussels during our residence there on a short visit to Arrivabene, who was the centre of the Carbonari."

"It is hardly possible now to conceive the significance at that time of this unrestrained intercourse of two German Princes, and what an impression such an education and training as King Leopold provided for us in his capital made in Germany."

"Assuredly the diplomatic corps in Brussels had to write many despatches about the King's nephews! But, as may be well understood, we had not the slightest suspicion that there was anything that could be disapproved in the matter. Yet it was not long before we became aware of the suspicion which our residence in Brussels had excited in many families in Germany,—that it had produced the worst possible impressions there."

They met with a very cold reception on more than one occasion from other German Princes. Prince Albert was very indignant at this treatment. That kind of stiffness provoked him exceedingly, and he would give the rein to his talent for turning the weaknesses of others into the ridiculous.

Towards the close of their residence in Brussels the Princes came to the conclusion that nothing could compensate for the lack of the training of a German University. They asked their uncle to plead with their father to grant them permission to visit one. At last it was decided that they should reside for three semesters (sessions, or terms) at Bonn, whither they proceeded, after paying a visit to the Prussian Court at Berlin, in April 1837. One of their first visits in Bonn was to the poet of the "Wars of Liberation," Ernest Moritz Arndt,

who was not then doing duty as a professor, but was the centre of attraction to all liberal-minded and patriotic men. The old man received them with great warmth, and wrote two verses in their honour.

They attended nearly the whole of the lectures in the Juridical Faculty fitted to prepare them for the service of the State. They also attended lectures on philosophy, history, literature, and the history of art. They studied anatomy and the natural sciences, as amateurs, and took lessons in music. Among the professors with whom they formed special friendships was Fichte, the son of the great philosopher. Towards Perthes, the son of the Hamburg bookseller, the founder of the great publishing house in Gotha, they were naturally drawn as a compatriot. The one, however, who outshone all others was A. W. Schlegel. In his house they enjoyed the rare pleasure of hearing his lectures on Shakespeare.

During the vacations the Princes made excursions together. In autumn, 1837, they went to Switzerland, through part of which they walked. Crossing the Simplon, they visited Milan and the Italian lakes, reaching Venice on the 12th of October. At the end of the following University term the time for the parting of the brothers came, when the serious work of life called them to pursue their separate paths.

Their separation caused them much pain, but they vowed to maintain the same faithful friendship as heretofore, and they kept their pledge till death separated them.

Prince Ernest entered the Saxon army, and was stationed at Dresden. In King Frederic August he found a fatherly friend. The tone of the Court was moral and cultivated. The interest of the King in botany, and his talent for landscape drawing, gave a great charm to his society. Prince John¹ was by no means inferior to the King in intellectual respects; he was a student of history, and ecclesiastical in his tastes and sympathies. He took active part in the political and legislative movements of his time, and found time also for unremitting devotion to his learned studies. While Prince Ernest was resident in Dresden Prince John¹ was busy with the completion of his translation of "The Divine Comedy," and his Commentary upon it, for the press. He often gave readings from the poem, and explained the difficult passages and the whole design of the great work of Dante, before select audiences.

The Queen Marie and Princess Johanna threw a charm over the whole Court. The writings of the King's sister, the Princess Amelia, were among the best literary productions of the time. Her appearance was very unprepossessing, but intellectually her works were equal to those of the best French authoresses. The recent publication of her diaries will prevent her being forgotten.

Prince Ernest had an establishment of his own in Dresden, and was able to receive, not only the officers of his regiment but people of the most various positions and circles in life. Fond of art,

¹ He succeeded to the throne in 1834.

he found abundant opportunity of gratifying his taste in Dresden.

On the 21st of June, 1839, he attained his majority. The event was duly and suitably celebrated in Gotha. In order to connect the destinies of the two brothers at this point, Prince Albert was declared to be of age at the same date by a special statute. The story of the betrothal and marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert is familiar to every one, and it is needless to repeat it here, even as it is described by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who accompanied his brother to England on the occasion, and remained there nearly three months after the wedding. A comparison which he institutes, however, between Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth will be interesting to the English reader. He says—

"She shares with the great and admired monarch of the sixteenth century a number of personal and some political attributes of character. Her extensive linguistic attainments enabled her to become as familiar with the whole range of European culture as the friend and patroness of Protestantism was with the entire culture of the day in which she lived. Full of interest in, and a close observer of the activity and welfare of the people, like Elizabeth, she took hold of the reins of Government with a firm hand, which seemed to estrange her, as it did her great predecessor, from the old governing families. Had not such parallels something academic in them, the comparison between the two Queens might be pursued further; but, having regard to the impression which persons close at hand make, attempts of the kind appear to be not only inadequate, but also almost childish. As, however, Victoria makes skilful use of her pen, as she combines the cold reflection of a man with the feminine need of keeping a diary, as she possesses in a high degree the attribute of a great monarch, a faithful memory for old friends and servants, for valuable relations (*Beziehungen*) and men, and lastly, as she has formed a truly royal conception of the difficult duties she has to perform in life, the comparison which has been hazarded may lay claim to have some justification. From the side of disposition only a difference appears between the two Queens of England, with respect to which the latter one has the advantage. The strong family feeling that actuates Queen Victoria, her unreserved devotion to the circle of her relatives, children, and grandchildren, and her desire—which, one may say, ever increases with the years—to think and care for her family even in the least things—in this feature of character our Queen appears to be further removed from the lonely daughter of Henry the Eighth. This strong family feeling was not, however, inherited from her ancestors, but was the result of a happy life, the consequence of her marriage with my brother. The warm heart for a happiness which she afterwards found was the glorious endowment of nature, but fifty years ago the feeling for these relationships was naturally undeveloped—it had not sprung up."

On bidding adieu to his brother in London, Prince Ernest made a journey to Portugal and visited his royal relatives at Lisbon. He communicated his impressions of the scenery and society in a long and interesting letter to Prince Albert and the Queen. From Portugal he went with his party to Spain.

On the way from Malaga to Granada they met with a somewhat romantic adventure. Setting out one evening from the inn where they had rested, their way led between high rocks and steep mountains. The peculiar yellow lustre of the Spanish mountains came out in entrancing hues as the moon rose behind vast masses of rock, and the whole neighbourhood appeared in the softest light.

They were going forward in silence till the day dawned. Suddenly, at a bend in the path, ten or twelve adventurous horsemen, whose occupation was not dubious, sprang forward.

"One of the band," says the Duke, "in highly picturesque costume, with perfect knightly bearing, took his place in front of the *guarda camina*—in other words, we had to trust ourselves to the protection of this gentleman, to whom a sum of money was to be paid. Some of the people understood and spoke a little English, and a long conversation ensued, during which we had the opportunity of recognising our host of the previous evening, who had encouraged us to continue our journey. When everything was settled the leader announced himself as Santa Maria, as we afterwards learned, one of the most notorious robbers, and in the most friendly manner we exchanged our pistols. The band remained with us for two days, during which we crossed the pathless Sierra. They rode as a vanguard and rearguard, and we were more or less their voluntary prisoners till we arrived at the gates of Granada."

Half starved and worn out with fatigue, they reached the capital of the Moors, from whence they returned to Malaga. From Malaga they went by sea to Barcelona. At this last place the Prince was a witness of the last scene of one of the most remarkable events of modern Spanish history.

The Regency of Queen Christina seemed to have escaped the dangers to which it was exposed by the departure of Don Carlos into French territory in September, 1839, only to be more energetically assailed by the Progressist parties. During a journey of the Queen Regent, in June 1840, the rising under Espartero took place, which came to an end in Barcelona.

At the time of Prince Ernest's arrival in Barcelona the city was in a state of siege. It had been proclaimed to be so by Espartero. The Queen was shut up in the castle, which was surrounded by a mass of troops night and day. The former ministers had fled. The usual reception was not accorded to the Prince—to his great relief—but a few hours after his arrival the Master of Ceremonies came to the hotel where he had put up to pay his respects to him in the name of the Queen, and to apologise for his unwonted reception. The civic authorities and the English consul had previously waited upon him in order to conduct him to a specially prepared palace. It belonged to some grandee who had fled, and contained scarcely any chairs or tables. A good dinner, however, restored their balance, and night, notwithstanding myriads of vermin, brought the fatigue which the party had endured for the six previous nights to an end.

"On the following morning," continued the Prince in a letter to Prince Albert and the Queen, "the Master of Ceremonies made his appearance again, and announced that the Queen wished to see me at five o'clock. During the forenoon the great Duke of Vittoria (*Espartero*), covered from head to foot with gold lace, came, accompanied by his general staff, thirty in number, and the whole body of generals, also by the entire civil magistracy in great force. At three o'clock we entered a frightful carriage to drive to the Court. The whole *personnel* of the Court consisted of that unfortunate Master of the Ceremonies, who conducted me in fear and trembling to the Queen Regent. She received me before her door, attended by the young Queen, who was a minor, and her sister. I did not see any lady or

gentleman, nor even a servant. The house seemed to be worse arranged than mine, and the Queen Regent herself seemed to be meanly clad. She is an extremely beautiful and attractive woman, amiable and condescending in the highest degree, and I can boast that she conversed with me as if I were an old friend. The events of the day were naturally the only topics of conversation, and she described her present position with bursting heart; and, with tears in her eyes, concluded with the words, 'I am the most unhappy woman in the world.' I could not conceal from her the sad state of the provinces, and observed with joy that she was informed about everything, but deeply grieved to be without the means of helping. After a conversation which lasted nearly an hour, she dismissed me again, and we paid our visit to Espartero. He is a little, ill-looking man, without any manners, awkward and embarrassed, and he speaks very broken French. Nevertheless, I had a long conversation with him, and got a pretty clear picture of the army and the present position of affairs. Four days ago the war came completely to an end, and divisions of troops, wounded and prisoners, are to be seen passing by every day. All the troops that I have seen have a fine military appearance, and seem to be well disciplined. The town itself swarms with soldiers."

On the second of August a parade of 6,000 troops took place in honour of Prince Ernest. After they had ridden past, Espartero turned to the Prince and requested him to go to the Queen to induce her to come on to the balcony of her prison to see the troops defile past. By the influence, Espartero added, which the Prince possessed over the Queen at the moment more than any one else, it would not be difficult for him to do this important service in the interests of the peace of the country. The Prince succeeded in this mission, and stood by her side on the balcony.

"In this event," he writes, "a kind of reconciliation between the Queen and Espartero was witnessed; and, while much had previously been said of the unruly spirit that had begun to rise among the Guards against Espartero, an understanding was now regarded as possible. Espartero led the troops with the usual marks of honour; and the Queen proved, by her appearance on the balcony, that she maintained her rights in relation to the Duke and the army. The victorious army and their rebel general rendered a kind of homage to the monarchical principle. I did not cherish the hope that the relationship which seemed to have been entered into would be of much value, or of long duration, so I could feel no astonishment at the further course of events. The regency of the Radical general assumed at least legal forms."

After six months' absence Prince Ernest returned to his military duties at Dresden. Soon afterwards he went into camp near Nuremberg with a number of Saxon officers. He was there from the 1st till the 15th of September, during which time he had much intercourse with King Louis of Bavaria and his family. One hot afternoon, after a royal dinner in the castle, the King asked him, as he was about to take his leave, "Where in all the world will you kill this evening?" Prince Ernest was obliged to confess that, for want of anything better to do, he intended to go to the Monkey Theatre. The King was delighted with the idea, and exclaimed, "I shall go with you;" and in spite of the Prince's protests, he persisted in his resolve. In a short time the Monarch and the Prince took their places among the sutlers, non-commissioned officers, and crowd of people in the booth before the gate. The monkeys performed their part amid tumultuous applause, and, when

they were receiving their reward from the public in the shape of bread and apples, a movement took place among the people as the burgomaster suddenly appeared in the booth in his official costume, and began to give patriotic expression to his joy at the presence of the popular King. While he was speaking the spectators on every hand broke out into loud expressions of approval. Whereupon the King jumped on to a bench, and said, in his well-known loud voice, "Whom does it concern, me or the monkeys?" Forthwith all dispersed. Years after the King often asked the Prince when they met whether he wished to take him to the Monkey Theatre again?

Different suggestions and proposals were made with a view to bringing about the marriage of Prince Ernest, but they came to nothing. An understanding at last had been come to between his father and Prince William of Prussia that he (Prince Ernest) and Princess Marie (daughter of Prince William) should keep themselves free for a time with a view to their ultimate union. The understanding was not kept on the Prussian side, and on the evening of the day that Prince Ernest heard of the betrothal of Princess Marie to the Crown Prince of Bavaria, it happened that he met in his hotel Prince Fürstenberg, the brother-in-law of the Grand Duke of Baden, and uncle of his future wife. He explained to Prince Fürstenberg that he wished to marry, and asked him his opinion with respect to an offer of marriage to his niece, whom he had met. Prince Fürstenberg assured him that he would be joyfully received at the Court of Baden, and that he could make no happier choice.

On his return to Dresden he took the Queen into his confidence, and she entered most sympathetically into his feelings and plans. She promised to inquire at the Court of Baden. For some time the Queen did not again refer to the subject, but on the 28th of December she told the Prince that if he visited Carlsruhe he would be well received. His father, whose birthday on the 2nd of January he went to keep at Gotha, did not think the matter sufficiently advanced, and that it had not been rightly gone about. Prince Ernest, however, remained firm, and went to Carlsruhe.

He was well received by the Grand Duke, but, from the whole course of the conversation, was convinced that his host was ignorant of his true intentions, or purposely avoided any reference to them. The same thing happened with the Grand Duchess. He was greatly perplexed, and began to doubt whether Queen Marie of Saxony had not made some mistake. Delaying no longer, he told the Grand Duchess what his desire was. He was assured that it would please them very much, but that the chief thing was the decision of the Princess herself. Everything was now cleared up. When alone with the Princess he told her bluntly why he had come to Carlsruhe.

"Either," said he, "say that you agree with my purpose, and then I shall remain, and we shall come to know each other more intimately; or say the word which perhaps your parents considerably kept back. Then I shall leave the house with the conviction that no one will know anything further of what has occurred here."

The reply of the Princess was that nothing could please her better than to find one who spoke out so directly to her in such a free and honest manner, that better acquaintance often led to disappointments, and that trust and confidence were best. She then said that they might at once acknowledge their engagement.

Their marriage took place on the 3rd of May, 1842. In July they paid visits to Brussels and England. With Queen Victoria the newly married Princess formed a lasting friendship of an unusually close kind.

Some months after Prince and Princess Ernest returned from a visit they paid to Paris in 1843, the sudden death of their father, the reigning Duke, on the 29th of January, 1844, just after his sixty-first birthday, took place. Prince Ernest succeeded his father, and still occupies the position into which he then entered, subject only to those limitations of power which the establishment of the present German Empire imposed on all the minor Kings and reigning Princes of Germany who entered into it after the downfall of the Second French Empire.

JOHN KELLY.

Forbidding the Banus.



THE collier's cottage was bright with the blaze
Of a big roaring fire, the broad hobs between;
And a shadowy kettle, enlarged by its rays,
Now danced to the ceiling, now fell on the screen.

To and fro, 'twixt the dresser and table so white,
Moved a motherly woman, on cooking intent;
For her husband—a sinker—was working all night,
And his supper all hot to the pit must be sent.

By the hearth, his mouth wat'ring with vainest desire,
Her boy Ned watched the steak as it sputtered and hissed:
He seemed bent on absorbing as much of the fire
As he could, ere his walk through the chill wintry mist.

The three younger children were snug in their bed:
Having duly implored the Evangelists' aid,
And repeated "Our Father," each trustful young head,
In undisturbed sleep on the pillow was laid.

On the settle, or "squob," sat the eldest son Ben,
A fine strapping collier of twenty-three years:
Beside him his sweetheart, a lassie called Jane,
And a terrier, named "Lightnin'," with sharp, pointed ears.

Jane was living at service below on "The Green,"
And had been to her mother's—a neighbour hard by,
And, of course, called at Ben's, where she now, as we've seen,
Awaited his escort towards home by-and-bye.

She and Ben it was plain had between them some joke,
For they whispered and laughed, as Dad's supper was placed,
And she blushed like a rose, when at length Ben outspoke—
"Yo'd better be learnin' to cook to my taste."

A loud sounding slap from her plump little hand,
Caused Lightnin' to start up with sharp, grinning jaws;
But the business he seemed to at once understand,
And he lay down again with his head on his paws.

And now father's supper was ready at last.

In the basin went first the potatoes, and then
On that mealy cushion the hot steak was placed,
Then a big hunch of bread—a square meal for some men.

The whole in a dark blue checked kerchief was tied,
And with it, in the basket, a bottle of tea.
Then the lad started off at a good swinging stride,
And whistling for courage, lest ghosts he might see.

The three then sat down to their frugal repast.
A bit of the steak had been "cabbaged" for Ben,
But he firmly maintained they must each have a taste;
So they did, just to please this most wilful of men.

There was much earnest talk now about "ways and means,"
For the young folks were shortly their fates to unite:
They'd been asked at church once, and, though yet in her teens,
Jane was anxious at start to have everything right.

They didn't waste time in discussing the *suite*,
Or the make of piano. Their station in life
Had its standard of what for a cottage was meet,
And such things never troubled a collier's wife.

The list of essentials was not very long:
A bright chest of drawers was respectable style;
While an eight-day case clock, for a couple so young,
Would have been village talk for a pretty long while.

"I do hope we shall manage," said Jane, with a sigh.
"I oft wonder at times—for yo' know where I be
They don't stand for nothin'—If aught takes their eye
They have it; an' that ain't good trainin' for me.

"No; I don't think I'm wasteful, an' lately I've tried
To do just as if 'twas Ben's cash that I spent.
But there seems a small hundred o' things to provide,
Besides merely clothin', an' feedin', an' rent."

"Why, bless yer! my wench, yo' never need fear:
Ben's gets bin above what his feyther fust had
When we two got wed, an' for nigh thirty 'ear,
We'n make both ends mee', barrin' strikes as we'n had.

"Then, yo' know, Ben's a chap as don't fule wi' his brass.
He's gied up his pigeons this many a day,
An' as for his drinkin', he rare has a glass,
Soo what theer's to scare yer I'm sure I ca' say."

"Why, mother," said Ben, "yo'r opinion agrees
Wi' ode Happy Jack's. He gies we chaps rare rubs.
He says we're neer hurt but by one o' four 'p's':
Ayther pigeons, or puppies, or pawnshops, or pubs."

"Aye, Ben, an' he's right, for it's spoortin' an' drink
As mak's soo to differ a good an' bad whoam;
An' as yo' can keep clear on 'em both, why I think
Jane needn't be nervous o' troubles to come."

As she finished, the old "sheephead clock" rang out nine,
Jane started up, saying, "Oh, Ben, I must go,
Or I may get locked out, an' that would be a fine
Beginnin' for young married people, you know."

So, followed by Lightnin', they left for "The Green,"
Arm-in-arm, and close whispering. What had they to
say?

"T'would seem nonsense to us if repeated, I ween,
But to them prose was poetry all the long way.

"Sweet nothings!" we say; and there's nothing so sweet
As this same old, old story, for each ever new;
And in noble or peasant, in courtyard or street,
It calls forth all that's holy, and noble, and true.

As the dew on the hedgerows, by morning's first ray,
Is transformed into diamonds and opals so rare,
So our words and our actions in love's golden day,
By its glory transfigured are noble and fair.

They had reached where Jane lived, and they stood at the
door,
For the last words of parting, so loth to be said,
When they heard just beyond them a dull, heavy roar,
And a light from a pit-shaft rose sudden and red.

"Did yo' see that flash, Jane? Hold the dog! I mun go.
That's wheer feyther's at work wi' Bill Jackson. Good
night!"

One hurried embrace, and then Ben, muttering low—
"Good God! Oh, ha' mercy!" had dashed out of sight.

Jane stood, but the darkness no second flash lit,
And sadly foreboding, she opened the door.
Meanwhile Ben, scared and breathless, arrived at the pit,
Where he joined the first party the shaft to explore.

They guessed that a blasting charge, too early fired,
Had caused the explosion. So far they were right.
But alas! the gunpowder's whole stock, it transpired,
Had somehow gone off, killing both men outright.

As the sinkers that night had been working alone,
The cause of explosion could only be guessed;
The experience and caution of both men were known;
So a verdict of "Accident" closed the inquest.

The funeral took place the next Sunday at three,
And club-members, workmates, and neighbours were
there:

Besides village gossips assembled to see,
And discuss what the bearers and mourners may wear.

No need to describe the distress and dismay
That darkened the home, of breadwinner bereft:
The wife moved about in a dazed, aimless way,
And to Ben all the fun'ral arrangements were left.

Surely he had his full load of trouble and care,
Besides the bereavement and natural pain;
He knew he'd the family burden to bear,
And, keenest of all, it meant giving up Jane.

She'd been at the house several times of a night,
To help them in aught, but they'd ne'er been alone:
For he'd had so many affairs to put right,
That he seemed not to have any time of his own.

The fun'ral was over, the children in bed,
("Our Father in heaven" sounded strangely I ween,)
A neighbour was sitting with mother and Ned,
So that Ben might accompany Jane to "The Green."

They both were preoccupied, moody, and sad,
As they jogged on together, and little they spoke,
Till they reached Jane's snug kitchen (on Sundays she had
The room to herself), when abruptly Ben spoke:

"I've wanted to say summat, Jane, all along;
But I've felt such a coward. Yo' see feyther's dead;
Theer's the youngsters an' mother; an' Ned, he's soo
young—"
Said Jane, "Why, of course, Ben, don't bother your
head.

"Our duty's as plain as a pikestaff to me:
You've to look to your home; I've to tarry on here."
"God bless yer!" said Ben; "what a brave wench yo' be!
But yo'm makin' light on it to cheer me, I fear."

"Well," said Jane, with a blush on her honest, bright face,
"I canna deny it—at least not to you.
It seemed hard at the first, but I've got a good place,
An' we'll wait brighter days, Ben, an' keep brave an' true.

"I've arranged with the missus to stay, as you've heard,
An' I've done summat else:—I hope you won't mind:
Your trouble daint give me the chance of a word;
I last night told the vicar we'd altered our mind!"

Can you wonder Ben pressed the dear girl to his heart,
And went home with new courage his burdens to bear,
Or that mother resignedly bent to her part,
And Ned, like a man, said he'd "tackle his share"?

Let us hope the brave pair needn't wait very long.
Ben has taken his father's old rank in the pit:
Even Ned gets good pay, for he's willing and strong;
And to Jane's hoarded savings each week adds a bit.

Nor will their hard trials bring evil alone;
They'll teach lessons of forethought, economy, thrift;
And hearts that by troubles are welded in one
Will not find it easy to sever and drift.

"TOM BROWN."



VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE GIRLS?

I WISHED to read over Janet Gray's letter before I had any talk with Alexander about the future of the girls of a household. For Janet Gray's occupation is finding occupation for women. She lives in one of our biggest cities, and she spends her life attending an office where they come to seek her advice on the subject, and in the evening she edits a magazine for giving such advice, in a more impersonal and larger style, to the class instead of the individual.

Janet Gray has wealth and leisure; she was a senior girl when I was a young teacher, and our friendship dates from those days. I love and admire her very much, and I am sure she likes me. But we never agree. We differ, we discuss, yet I feel our real harmony is that we are both pursuing the same ends, though by diverse ways, while some other people, with whom one seems to run in harness, will suddenly kick over the traces and make off in an opposite direction.

Janet's letters are generally very short. She supplements them with her magazine, her reports, and sundry little pamphlets. It is the last budget of these which I want, much more than her little MS. enclosed, which only says:

"Dear Lucy,—I know you will pardon my long silence for the work's sake, for I am sure your heart is with us, despite your frequent naughty sneers. Oh, if you could only see, as I do, the great army of our sisters filing past day by day, who cannot help themselves, and whom nobody cares to help! One has just left me whose father was a man in good position—secretary to a public company. She is a member of a family of six women, who now earn eighteen shillings per week by plying their needles at white seam all day long. A brother pays their rent, and so they live!

People should bring up their daughters to earn their bread as they do their sons, for even the richest and best placed do not know what may happen. What I see and hear daily actually fills me with morbid fears for my own future if fortune should fail myself. I have proved, surely, that I can be a good secretary. Yet perhaps the secretarial 'paying' standard is as much above the 'honorary' one as it is in art and music. And there is not a large demand for paid secretaries. Yet a truce to this nonsense—only I hate preaching what I am not absolutely prepared to practise; it is as ridiculous as lawyers making other people's wills and leaving their own affairs in confusion. Look through my little papers, Lucy, and give me the benefit of your ideas. I hope Dr. Crawford is one of the few men who take an enlightened view of the needs and rights of our sex. There are scarcely any who will ever give us a thought, except in the old nonsensical grooves, which lie in flat contradiction to the hard facts of life.

"Yours, ever,

"JANET GRAY."

So, now I took the little sheaf of "printed matter" down to the parlour, determined to give the papers a closer attention than they had received on the busy day when they came in.

I must say I found them rather depressing.

One paper said candidly that no lady need hope for "maintenance" from any work in the way of transcribing, translating, illuminating, embroidering, etc., which she did in her own home. If she was very skilful and industrious, and fortunate in procuring employment, she might "add considerably to her income." That last clause reminded me of a conversation I once heard in a country store. There had been some public discussion about the wrongs and grievances of agricultural labourers, and it was continued in private between the schoolmaster and the mistress of the shop.

He was pleading the heavy toil and low pay of the country people, perhaps using these too much in extenuation of their own shiftless helplessness. On this she dwelt strongly, citing instances she knew where certain families had done well and prospered in circumstances which seemed to her precisely similar to those under which other households had gradually sunk into the slough of the Union. "The difference is all in perseverance," she said, with sharp feminine emphasis; "perseverance and cleanliness." "Excellent qualities by which to make the most of what you have," said the schoolmaster, "but what will they do for an absolutely empty cupboard?" Whereupon the lady, womanlike, re-asserted her opinion, and closed the debate by remarking, "Though I'm sure it's nothing to do with we!"

Next, some of these pamphlets called attention to those advertisements which seem to go on for ever, flourishing most in seasons of depression, by offering possibilities of earning from half-a-crown to half-a-guinea per day on the investment of a few shillings in "materials" or "instructions." Ladies were warned rather to keep the shillings which they had than to accept baits such as these. Not that all of them are flagrantly dishonest, they are often simply misleading. Perhaps the work suggested would bring in the sums named if there was any demand for it. But evidently the warnings concerning these advertisements cannot be greatly heeded, since each must bring in many answers, or it would not be constantly repeated.

I found also well-digested schemes for securing medical education for women, and thorough training in sundry arts not requiring very special gift or "vocation," such as wood engraving, telegraphy, or painting on glass. I learned further that a few ladies were getting remunerative employment as type-writers, and that several young women had found employment as compositors in a printing-office.

This seemed a little more cheering, yet I reflected that the "training" in medicine and the arts would be costly, and would fall upon the very families who are already little able to afford such training for their boys. Girls may have equal rights with boys—yes, certainly; but the fact remains that, if you give your boy a profession or a trade, you are reasonably sure that he will pursue it; while, in nine cases out of ten, your daughter will leave it as soon as she is fit to practise it, and, in her kitchen and nursery, will soon forget all about it. And, in truth, you cannot help hoping it will be so!

The "correspondence" in Janet's magazine was the dreariest part of the whole business. Here "the poor sisters who cannot help themselves, and whom nobody cares to help," made themselves painfully manifest. One lady writes that she knows "fifty superior governesses who have all been seeking re-engagements for the last six months!" Another correspondent suggests that ladies might undertake mending and darning for families; "bachelors would probably be glad to pay any lady well;" and two shillings per day of eight hours, "with travelling expenses," is named as "the honorarium." Somebody writes

to recommend the calling of "Cicerone," saying, "How many ladies, ignorant of London, would thankfully pay a sum of money to have a reliable, active, and competent lady, who 'knows town well,' and would therefore be able to check the cabman's charges; who would know where to look in the daily papers for the announcements of public meetings, theatres, or other amusements, who 'would be up to a dodge or two' as to getting 'unheard-of bargains,' and who knows 'just the very place' for every want, from the 'patent save trouble,' warranted to do all the work of the house, to the 'sweetest thing in bonnets,' or the 'loudest' fashion of ladies' over-all;" adding, "Many ladies would, we feel sure, save the ten shillings per day which would pay a lady well to receive for such work, especially if she could speak sufficient French to be able to assist foreigners who take London as part of the grand tour."

I felt my head beginning to turn round! If I persevered in these disheartening studies, I should be almost hypochondriacal when Alexander came home. So I applied myself to my needlework. But my thoughts were haunted by the vision that last hint had conjured up. In my mind's eye I saw a poor, worn-out, middle-aged lady,—for surely nobody would recommend any girl to go running about with strangers. I saw her beating down cabmen, and harassed by the consciousness that her employers suspected her of enjoying handsome commissions over and above her fee. I saw her toiling up to the golden ball on the top of St. Paul's. I entered into her doubts as to whether—in a very slack time—she might venture to accompany a party of American gentlemen who were anxious to secure her services. I beheld her in her poor neglected room, ruefully surveying her dragged skirts and worn-out boots,—I peeped into her account-books, and found that her earnings were not, as her optimistic adviser would probably calculate, about one hundred and fifty pounds per year, but far less than a third of that sum, and that the amounts spent on foot-gear and dress were woefully out of proportion to those expended on food and lodging. I could have almost cried over that poor lady; her very weariness seemed to get into my limbs. I hope nobody ever took that wild counsel. I do not suppose anybody did. I trust it made nobody miserable but me. It was such an unconscious revelation of so much!

However, on looking further into this sad "correspondence," I discovered sundry consolations. I found somebody writing from Melbourne, that a single lady, living in a beautiful cottage, had vainly advertised for a "working house-keeper," to whom she had offered £40 per annum. And a lady in this country, who answered a servant's advertisement for a situation, found that ninety-five people had already applied for the good woman's services!

And I remembered, from my own experience, that a friend of mine in Australia has had four cooks in eight weeks, because none of them would rest content in a "suburban" house. Another friend, in a provincial town of Great Britain, has

had twenty cooks pass through her kitchen in one year. And a married, childless pair I know, who are scrupulously considerate of their servants' comfort, and allowed every privilege and consideration, with a £20 wage, advertised vainly (they asked two years' good character) until they secured a solitary applicant, who proved a capable servant of kindly disposition, but an incurable drunkard, whom no efforts could reform. Even this very last "term," as we call our hiring-time in the North, has brought me its quota of sad domestic stories—of girls accepting situations and running off from them without a day's service—of two servants in quiet families of three, declaring that the work was "too much for them," that they "did not expect to wash the stairs," or "the kitchen towels," as the case might be.

"Is it not strange, Alexander," I said, narrating to him my studies and my reminiscences, "that, on the one hand, we have hundreds of girls struggling for a situation in a telegraph-office or for a little copying, while hundreds of homes are left at the mercy of the roughest and lowest menials, who demand high wages for work they cannot perform, and gradually lower the tone of all domesticity?"

"Is it not stranger still," he returned, "that the double mystery is often going on in the same house, and 'the young ladies' tramp forth in quest of some trivial 'genteel employment,' leaving their own comfortable kitchen in the occupation of a strange girl, who may be neither clean nor honest? I will tell you what I think, Lucy, and that is that Miss Gray and other excellent ladies may beat about the bush as much as they like, and strike out many new tracks, yet in the end, the elevation of domestic work to its true position will be found to be the solution of this knotty problem of 'the employment of women.'"

"Yet the lady-help scheme which was started so enthusiastically some years ago seemed to come to nothing," I mused.

"Of course it did," returned Alexander, promptly. "So would any medical scheme which would only attend patients at convenient hours, or any nursing scheme which would only take up interesting cases, or any teaching scheme which would only undertake clever children. The 'lady-help' was to get the cream of domestic service, and leave its skimmed milk for somebody else. There was injustice and consequent rebellion in the very idea! Besides, it gave countenance to an evil principle—a principle which spreads disloyalty and disintegration and decay wherever it works—the principle that any work which must be done at all is too 'menial' to be done by certain people. Women who enter domestic service, imagining that it means dusting china and spreading dinner-tables, are as valueless there as those who rush into nursing in the belief that it means reading hymns and smoothing pillows. When I was house-surgeon I once came upon a 'probationer' standing in a pantry sobbing bitterly. 'Was she overtired,' I asked, 'or home-sick?' or had anything made her nervous?' 'N-no," she whimpered; 'but I never thought that nursing meant

I should have to touch people's sore legs!' No woman—nor man either—should enter any vocation unprepared to do whatsoever the hand findeth to do there."

"But," I said, slowly, "I suppose it would be felt a waste of power to put an educated woman to the cleaning of pots and pans and the polishing of grates."

"Certainly, if she was to continue at such work all her life," replied Alexander. "The drudgery of every calling should be part of the training for it. Nobody can do the top part of any work well who has never done the part underneath. They cannot know how it should be done, nor keep their subordinates up to the mark at once justly and generously. I am not even inclined to join in deprecating the extremely severe disciplinary work imposed on nurses training at the great Deaconess' Institution at Kaiserwerth. There are special instances in which it has seemed unnecessary, and to bear hardly on individuals. But rules must be made for generalities, and not for exceptional cases. Hard and unpleasant work at the outset does this, at least—it turns back those who lack determination and courage, and proves where physical strength is too small for the strain sure to come upon those who are responsible for the health and well-being of others."

"I really cannot see why domestic service should not be entered on as a vocation, in a spirit as high and with aims as beneficent as nursing itself," I observed.

"I remember what sick nursing was in the days of my boyhood," said Alexander; "and we see the new status that has been found for it. Now I ever hold steadfastly that any work of prevention must be higher than any work of cure; so I often wonder when the Florence Nightingale of the kitchen will appear."

"Perhaps many of us can do a little to prepare the way for her," I remarked. "I fancy that any woman of position or wealth who will, at a pinch, carry home a basket or a parcel, or occasionally 'answer' her own door-bell, may be a philanthropist of the highest order, bestowing that 'moral help' which enables others to help themselves. For it has been wisely said that the tyranny of custom is strong, and that it is a power that the weak of the world cannot break. Let me read you this passage from one of Jean Ingelow's delightful books. Her hero says:

"Being in a confidential humour, I talked over some of the troubles of human life with a pleasant, careworn gentlewoman who lived in one of my houses, and she admitted that there was nothing in the house she could not do with pleasure, but she must have a servant, else 'who was to answer the door?'"

"It would be bad for your health to answer it yourself?"

"She scorned the question. 'No; but sometimes people come to call.'"

"So you pay about forty-five pounds a year, the difference between comfort and poverty, chiefly that these callers may have a maid-of-all-work to answer the door for them instead of a gentlewoman."

"That is no exaggeration," I added, closing the book; "I have known dear, good women, heads of households wherein every shilling represented a need, who yet felt bound to hire a char-

woman to perform this very duty on their single servant's 'afternoon out.'

"If domestic service, *i.e.*, the care of the comfort and health of households, can be raised to its proper position, one of the great difficulties concerning women's work would be solved for ever," observed my husband, thoughtfully. "Training for this could be got in a girl's own home, and would be no expense, but an economy. And her subsequent exercise of it, in her father's house or elsewhere, would be her very best preparation for all the possibilities of a woman's life, instead of being entirely out of harmony with them, as are so many suggested 'employments.' I have always maintained that the average woman will never be safe from miserable dependence until she knows herself able readily to earn her bread by work congenial to her whole womanly nature, and that therefore the prime 'woman's right' is that due recognition and consideration be given to those walks in life where she can do this."

"Alas! we have such curious standards among us," I said; "and one of the oddest is that work is 'genteel' chiefly in proportion as it is 'light' and useless. So girls run from pillar to post among shifting fashions, trying to earn a few shillings by this 'fancy work' or by that, and thinking scorn of the useful cooking and cleaning by which they could keep a community wholesome in mind, body, and estate."

"For certain exceptional women, with exceptional gifts, peculiarities, or opportunities," said Alexander, "exceptional careers will always open, and should certainly be closed by no artificial barriers. Among the ancients there were a few women who successfully practised such medicine and surgery as were then known. At the time of the great French Revolution, Madame Vigée Le Brun was a popular and highly-paid portrait-painter. Anne and Jane Taylor, those good geniuses of the nursery, learned wood engraving from their father, and supported themselves for years by the art. I have known more than one law-stationer's daughter who copied in as diligent and expert a fashion as any of her father's clerks. Many watchmakers train their daughters in their own skill. Indeed, my advice to any father would be, 'If you have a business which a woman can possibly follow, train your daughter in it, because you can do this without separating her from womanly, household life; so if she marries she is none the worse off, and if she does not she is provided for life with maintenance, occupation, and interests.' It would be perfectly wise for girls to learn arts wherein future employment was thus secured to them, which it would be unwise for them to cultivate with no prospects beyond those of hirelings at the mercy of caprice, or perhaps driven at last, by dire necessity, to overthrow social order by underselling male labour."

"I once came across a pretty idyl of business life," I narrated, for I seem often able to provide illustrations for my husband's wisdom. "I heard of a wholesale stationer in the heart of London, who drove in to business from his suburban home every morning, with his two daughters. He had no son, and he was determined to leave the girls

capable of succeeding to his large income. On the other hand, I recollect a case which verifies the latter clause of your argument. A friend of mine chanced to be very peculiarly placed. She had an almost absolute certainty of an independent income in the course of a few years' time; but, to secure this, it was necessary that, till that period, she should have intervals of leisure and much freedom of action, and yet be able to maintain herself. After sundry struggles she hit upon a way to do all this. Between the desired intervals of leisure she had to endure long stretches of labour, even to the extent of two or three consecutive nights without sleep, to say nothing of other trying demands on strength and nerve. She proved equal to the occasion, succeeded, and finally attained her desired goal. The sight of her career stimulated other girls to enter it, without her reasons for doing so, and despite her advice, for she knew, as nobody else could, the price she had paid for her triumph, and which they would have to pay without the triumph, or even its sustaining hope. Very fortunately for all of them, their first efforts proved not only difficult, but impossible. For utter defeat at the outset was really less disastrous to them than any partial success would have been."

"It always seems to me," said Alexander, "that we have not got the most, but the least, out of a girl, if we set her to tend machines, count coupons, keep ledgers, or even teach 'subjects,' if detached from moral or emotional training. I think God knew that His world wanted womanliness, or He would not have made women. To me, the most satisfactory career for a woman was sketched by the Apostle Paul, in his picture of the aged saint, whom the church was counselled to honour and succour. 'Well reported of for good works, having brought up children, lodged strangers, washed the saints' feet, relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work.' All that infers that she shall have been a good housewife, a keeper at home, and of warm and tender sympathies."

"Certainly, if I had a daughter," said I, "I should be very sorry to bring her up to look for lifelong independence in any merely mechanical or mental pursuit, or in any work which a bad or hard woman could do as satisfactorily."

"Indeed, I think this last consideration may strike at the root of a great many of the fearful pains and penalties that now beset what is called 'female labour,'" answered my husband. "It may, I imagine, furnish a principle to guide those who would direct woman's future. We see constantly how the decent mill-girl or factory hand, depending on her honest industry, has to compete with contemporaries who make such work but the ally or adjunct of vice, and who, able to spend more than their wage on their mere finery, readily consent to a fitful acceptance of a pittance on which the good girl cannot keep body and soul together. Now, there are few people in the world who would be content to accept a servant, a nurse, or a teacher, of bad moral character, in consideration of her accepting a lower salary. If good ones are to be had at any price they will find places."

The importance of the moral element in these callings protects its value."

"I shall write to Janet," I decided, "and tell her that while I do not presume to say that in 'the present necessity' she is doing anything but a good work in helping women to any employment they can find in the meantime, yet we both think (women value a man's opinion so much, Allick!) that the well-wishers of woman would do well to seek for her, not so much new spheres of action, as greater justice and honour in those spheres which she has already filled from the beginning of the world."

"And please try to make her understand," said Alexander, "that while I wish educated women would begin to study the duty and the beauty of domestic service as it should be, I am quite aware of the many weak points of domestic service as it is. What has made it so unpopular with women of the industrial classes, that they are ready to face all sorts of hardship and privation rather than enter it? All these matters must be thought out before there can be any change for the better."

I think I must find opportunity for a talk with Mrs. Underwood, of Westering Farm, who was in service herself before she married the farmer.

SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ON the 20th of April, 1792, the National Assembly of France voted for war with the Emperor of Austria. It was a solemn moment, for it was the opening of a struggle which was to last for thirty years; a struggle in which France, single-handed, would have to contend against the armies of Europe. If reason had been alone consulted, there seemed no hope of success. For though six hundred volunteers offered to march to the frontier, they could not be sent without muskets, shoes, and bread, all three of which essential things were lacking. Worse still, the only men in France accustomed to lead armies were in league with the enemy; and not only the officers, but one important branch of the service—the cavalry—could not be trusted. Yet the National Assembly decided upon war, for submission to the Austrian ultimatum meant the extinction of liberty, and returning again, not to the old yoke, but to one infinitely worse. For the victim of every form of tyranny to be free he needs an energy born of and sustained by faith. And the word that evokes that energy will ever be memorable. Such a word was the Marseillaise, and this is why Frenchmen love it beyond all songs in their language.

Six hundred thousand young men hurrying in all parts of France to the chief town in their district in order to enroll themselves as volunteers! When has there ever been such a movement?

Strasburg, in that month of April, 1792, was in a condition typical of most of the great towns throughout France. Its streets, its squares, were filled with people of all ages, but chiefly with young men. The bells were tolling, and mothers and sisters were hurrying to the churches, for the dread boom of cannon was heard at intervals. But the new hope, the new faith, rendered the young full of joy, and *fêtes* and banquets, singing, embracing, and hand-shaking were the order of the day.

The Mayor of Strasburg entered with all his heart into the popular feeling, and on the day after the vote for war he entertained some officers at his house. Among them came a young man

from Franche Comté, named Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, the son of a barrister connected with the Provincial Parliament, well educated, and already known as a poet and a musician, this young man of twenty-three represented the ardent and generous impulses that distinguished the youth around him. Mayor Dietrich's nieces, and some other Alsatian ladies who were present, added to the enthusiasm of the gathering. The wish was uttered that some poet might be inspired to express in a national song the intense feeling which at the moment made France a people. The host turned to Rouget de l'Isle and urged him to try to do this, and the company present joined in the appeal.

There is more than one account of the circumstances which attended this request, but a note is preserved in the Bibliothèque National at Paris written by M. Delabarre, a friend of Rouget de l'Isle's, which is said to give the facts as narrated on the poet's own authority:

"M. Dietrich appealed to him to compose both words and music of the song required; all concurred in the request, and about an hour before midnight he returned home, and finding his violin on his bed, he took it up, and full of the idea of that which he was requested to do, he began playing upon the upper strings for a fugue for the air. Believing himself to have found it, he immediately composed the words, trusting entirely to memory, and not committing anything to paper, he went to bed. The next morning, rising at six, he fortunately recollected both music and words. He took it himself to M. Dietrich, to whom he submitted it, and who was not a little astonished at his very prompt inspiration. He was in his garden, and after a cursory perusal of the song, he said, 'Let us go into the drawing-room, that I may try your air on the piano.' He was struck with its beauty, aroused his wife, who was still in bed, and directed that each of the guests of the night before should be bidden to breakfast, as he had something of importance to communicate to them. All came, believing that he had already received news of blows struck in the war, from Generals Luckner and Lafayette. He would not satisfy their curiosity on the point until they had breakfasted. Then he sang the hymn heartily, and it produced immediate admiration."

According to Michelet's version, some one had said that "Allons," should be the key-note of the hymn; and now, as the poet entered the room, he came singing the strophe:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie!"

The friends listened with ever-increasing emotion; it seemed, both words and music, as a flash of light from heaven; it expressed, in a way characteristic of a true inspiration, the feeling of every heart. France had not only realised her unity, but found the gift of speech.

This is the moment the painter, Isidore Pils (1813-1875), has chosen for the picture which we reproduce on another page. It is one of his earliest works. He was himself a young man when he did it, touched, doubtless, by the revolutionary fervour of 1848, as the picture first appeared in the following year. It has long hung in the Luxembourg Gallery, purchased not only for its art, but for its lesson as to the source of national unity.

The song, once sung, passed like wildfire from mouth to mouth, and in two months was all over France. The poet called it "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine," and he sent it the same day to General Luckner, who was at the head of this portion of the French troops. It was immediately printed on a half-sheet in oblong 4to, and those who could not obtain a copy made one for themselves. The orchestras at the theatres gave it, and the band of the National Guard played it on the following Sunday.

Who composed the music? Undoubtedly, as we have said, music and verse were of one and the same inspiration. Germany has claimed the music as taken from a mass by Holtzmann, but research has been unable to find the mass in question, or that such a composer ever lived. The point is settled by the fact that in the original impression, dedicated to Luckner, and published at Strasburg in 1792, the music is there, and that contemporaries who knew Rouget de l'Isle say that it was he himself who composed it. It would be difficult to find a national ode filled with a patriotic fervour more intense, but the music is undoubtedly superior to the words, and I venture to say the most inspiring the modern world possesses.

The Austrian emperor had made three demands. Submission to the first two would have reduced France to a fief of the empire. The third was still more odious, for it meant a return to the old order of things.

The answer came in this Hymn of the Army of the Rhine, with its chorus:

"Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons! marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!"

And battalions were formed, and the people did march. At first, through treachery and divided counsels, to defeat and even to panic. Meanwhile, the foe launched another thunderbolt. Paris and all the great cities of France were to be given up to fire and sword if they did not at once obey the behests of the invaders. Rouget de l'Isle's hymn was proud, defiant, but there was in it an undertone of humanity, a note of brotherhood even with the enemy. It comes out in the fifth stanza, and especially in the line,

"Epargnez ces tristes victimes."

But now these heroic strains, generous in the midst of their invective, become full of fury; and, as they think of the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, the singers lash themselves into a frenzy of rage.

In June, 1792, it was sung to the volunteers departing from Marseilles, and to each soldier was given a copy. Three days after the manifesto was issued, the famous "Six Hundred, who knew how to die," entered Paris, singing what had now become the hymn of the Revolution. Henceforth it was called the "Hymn of the Marseillaise," and then simply the "Marseillaise." It did at once terrible and effective work; for to its strains the Tuileries were taken, and the French monarchy overthrown. Valmy and Jemappes followed, and the invasion collapsed. What the ode did in battle may be seen by a demand of one of the Republican generals: "Send me a thousand men and a copy of the Marseillaise."

Many strophes were added during the Revolution to the original six written by Rouget de l'Isle, until it sometimes extended to as many as eighteen or twenty, but none endured except that added on the occasion of the Fête of the 14th October, 1792. This, called the Strophe of the Children, commencing:

"Nous entrerons dans la carrière,"

was written by Louis Dubois—at least, he claimed in 1848 to have been its author, and his claim appears to be admitted.

Rouget de l'Isle, though a constant writer, had no more such inspirations; he passed a chequered life. Refusing to recognise the decree of the Assembly deposing the king, he was dismissed from the army, but after two months' wandering in Alsace he offered himself as a volunteer, and the general in command soon reinstated him in his position. Again, however, he fell under suspicion, and only emerged from confinement in the prison of St. Germain-en-Laye at the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Terror. He was wounded in the affair at Quiberon, and after being named with honour by the National Convention, he was appointed the accredited agent of France to the Batavian Republic. Poverty, however, always dogged his footsteps, and he was obliged to sell his patrimonial estate. He continued more or less in straitened circumstances until the Revolution of 1830, when Louis Philippe, as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, gave the author of the battle hymn of the Revolution the magnificent pension of 1,500 francs, £60. Beranger, who wrote many popular songs, but none equally inspiring to the "Marseillaise," obtained for Rouget de l'Isle, now getting on in years, two more pensions of 1,000 francs each, and on this modest annuity he retired to Choisy le Roi, dying there in 1836. Although his career in such stormy times can hardly be called eventful, Rouget de l'Isle's name will only be forgotten on the day men cease to love liberty.

R. HEATH.



ROUGET DE L'ISLE, COMPOSER OF THE MARSEILLAISE, SINGING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME TO HIS FRIENDS.

From the Painting by Tibor Alton Auguste Pils.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

IN a recent paper we considered how to take care of ourselves, and to avoid those things that would tend to cut our lives prematurely short. Having thus done justice to the present generation, which after all must pass away, in spite of all precautions, in a few more years, we will now turn our thoughts entirely to the next generation, our boys and girls, who are to succeed us, and who we hope will be wiser and stronger in every way than their parents.

No one now doubts the great importance of this subject, and latterly its various sides, mental and physical, have come to be more evenly balanced. As regards boys, the contest between mental and physical development is rather inclining again to the former, though not without due regard to the latter; while with girls there are encouraging indications everywhere that physical culture is for the first time in modern days beginning to be felt more and more of a vital necessity. Speaking generally, we may broadly assert that the truth is becoming yearly more accepted, that underlying all spiritual, mental, and moral development, and therefore, in this sense, of absolutely primary importance, lies the good health and due growth of the bodies of our boys and girls.

We may be thankful that this broad and sound view of the relations of body and mind is so widely recognised, so that though we do see here and there some characteristics of the man of the future in our children, the full-blown specimen has not yet arrived. He is described as follows: He is very short, he has an enormous head, without teeth or hair, he is short-sighted, and invariably wears spectacles, he is deaf, and uses an ear-trumpet; his body is small, and one shoulder is

higher, and one leg longer, than the other—at any rate if a Cockney—due, according to a recent lecturer, to walking through successive generations on the sloping pavements of London streets.

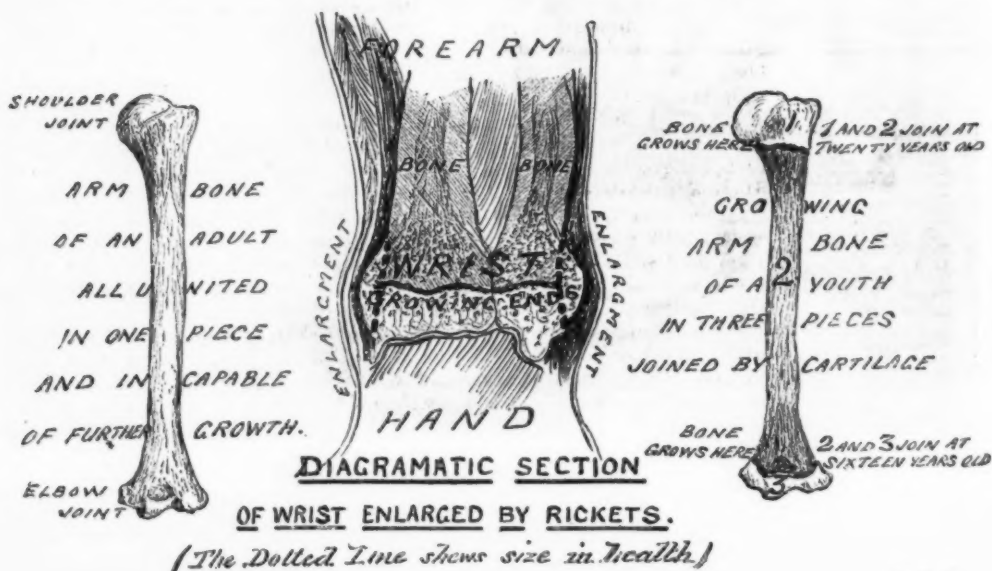
So far from our children developing into this imaginary being, it has been computed, from the measurement of hundreds of mummies, and from the old suits of armour in the Tower, and other sources, that the human race has increased in stature at the rate of about one-and-a-quarter inches each thousand years; while, as regards physical strength, the records in rowing, swimming, jumping, running, and walking are being surpassed continually, all of which is very favourable and comforting, in spite of croakers.

Enough of error, however, still exists in the parental ideas of the care and development of brain and body to render a few thoughts on the subject of possible use.

INFANTS.

Three-fourths of all deaths amongst babies arise from improper feeding, and are therefore clearly preventible. No child should have any food containing starch or flour under six months, as it is up to that time destitute of the organ which can alone digest it.

After six months a large number of English children develop a disease peculiarly disastrous in after life, known as rickets, arising from a too prolonged diet of starch or flour foods to the exclusion of meat. To understand the nature of this common and easily-prevented disease, we must understand something of the growth of bone. This sketch shows us an arm-bone in an



adult, and the same in a child. The first, it will be seen, is in one piece, the second in three, the whole growth in length taking place where these join. When this growth is complete the three parts unite and form the one adult bone. This takes place in the arm at about twenty years of age, and in the legs at twenty-five.

The disease known as rickets consists in a greatly-increased growth of bone at the points where 1 and 2 and 2 and 3 join, but a decrease in its quality, it being soft and spongy, owing to an excess of starch food which is supposed to produce an irritating acid, while at the same time there is an absence of lime salts. The result is that in all the bones, at the growing ends, there is a marked thickening, that can be felt like a little bracelet round the child's wrists (as here illustrated) and ankles, or like a row of buttons down the ends of the ribs on each side of the breast-bone. The bones are also liable to bend and the child to become bow-legged or knock-knee'd.

With some parents there is a great superstition against a meat diet, and hence the disease arises, reminding one of the parallel case of the old maid and her dogs. One pet she had died from swallowing a bone, the next, therefore, was allowed no bones at all, and this dog consequently got rickets and lost all its teeth. One of the best materials for making teeth and all bone is phosphate of lime. When they are backward or soft, a little of this powder put in the nursery sugar-basin is an admirable medicine, and is perfectly safe and harmless.

GROWTH OF CHILDREN.

The importance of the right growth and development of children is immense. On it largely depend the lives of the future men, and it determines largely their capacity, and hence their place in the world. This growth may be helped or hindered in many ways. The following table shows this:

ARRANGED FROM DR. ROBERTS' TABLES.

Age.	Height and Weight of					
	BOYS.				GIRLS.	
	Working Classes.		Upper Classes.		All Classes.	
	Inches.	Lbs.	Inches.	Lbs.	Inches.	Lbs.
5	41	30	—	—	41	40
6	43	34	—	—	43	44
7	45	37	—	—	45	45
8	47	39	—	—	47	52
9	49	42	—	—	49	56
10	50	46	53	67	51	60
11	51	49	54	73	52	66
12	53	54	56	80	55	76
13	55	58	58	88	58	88
14	58	64	61	98	60	96
15	60	74	63	110	61	104
16	63	106	66	126	64	110
17	64	116	68	140	66	118
18	65	122	68	146	66	114
19	66	128	68	150	—	—
20	66	132	69	152	—	—

The rule of growth is that a child should in-

crease 2 lb. in weight for every inch in height between three and four feet, and 2½ lb. for every inch between four and five feet. Any child more than 7 lb. below the weight here given should be examined medically.

A remarkable fact that comes out from these tables is that the boys at the public schools and young men at the Universities, and entering the public service, here called the upper classes, average about three inches taller, and from 6 lb. to 20 lb. heavier than boys in the Board Schools and young apprentices and workmen. Two causes may be assigned for this: first, heredity, the one springing from taller parents; and, secondly, favourable surroundings. Deficient and improper food, town air, laborious work at early ages, all stunt the growth. Every one knows how a change from close town to free country life, with plenty of exercise, stimulates growth. I have seen three and a half inches thus produced in four months where all means in town had signally failed before. A good rule for predicting future height is that if five feet is passed between ten and eleven years of age the child will be tall; if between thirteen and fourteen, of medium stature; if not till fifteen, he will be short.

Increase of weight is also largely due to climate. I remember an exceedingly slim and elegant young lady coming to the north of London from the west of Ireland. In a few weeks there was trouble with the dresses, and this continued, for the girl soon got so stout as to quite lose her elegant figure. Her friends were in despair. Banting was tried, but still she grew apace. Circumstances at this time required her return to Connaught, and in two months' time, when she had got thoroughly soaked again in that humid climate, she wrote in triumph that the odious fat had all disappeared and her beautiful figure returned. Again she came to London, and as she gradually dried renewed troubles with the dresses began, and at last the question became urgent whether she would be dry and stout in London or damp and elegant in Ireland. It is needless to say she at once chose the latter, and has not been to town since.

CHILDREN'S HYGIENE.

A few general hints on children's health may be useful. Three things are of paramount importance. Free breathing, abundant food, warm clothing. Sound sleep is essential. While in the nursery children require an hour in midday, which is much more refreshing if they are undressed for it. Even if they will not sleep they should be taught to lie still in bed, no toys or anything being given them. This rests them nearly as well. Older children under ten should have eleven hours sleep, under thirteen ten and a half, and under fifteen nine and a half. This continues as long as they are growing. Afterwards eight hours, as a rule, is enough. The first hour's sleep is the deepest and best. Children require most sleep in the holidays, the reason being that exercise rests the tired brain, whereas sleep refreshes the tired body. Particular notice should be taken if a child gets suddenly very

drowsy or wakeful, as it is often a sign of early brain trouble.

The spring is the most active time for all growth of brain and body; hence nervous diseases are more frequent. It is found that the nails grow one-third slower in winter than summer. Summer examinations are far more trying for the brain than winter ones. All brain-work is best done in the winter. At any time, however, it must at once be stopped at the beginning of any nervous symptoms. No policy can be more foolish or suicidal than to neglect the danger signals nature throws out to correct our ignorance for the sake of passing some examination. *On no account* must we sacrifice the bodily health of growing children for anything in the world.

No child ought to touch stimulants; they are peculiarly bad for developing organs. Smoking is not a good habit at any time, but it is far more pernicious under twenty than over.

Every child should have his skin kept perfectly clean, even if his clothes are dirty; too often the reverse is the practice. A bath at 98 is the best cleanser. Most children can stand a cold bath as well, if it is just in and out again, and a warm glow ensues. Long exposure is, however, bad, such as over-indulgence in swimming-baths and in sea-bathing. Dangerous congestion of internal organs is the not uncommon result.

EXERCISE.

Few of us are aware of the supreme importance of exercise, not only for the body, but still more for the brain. No child can produce a healthy and well-developed brain by resting its head on its elbows and poring over its history or geography by the hour. We must clearly understand that the brain has the direction of every movement of the body, as well as being a storehouse for general knowledge. Practice and use is more essential for growing nerve-centres than thoughts and theories. Every movement of arm, leg, tongue, or eye is the result of an active double nerve current to and from the brain, and there is no better way of securing a practical and intelligent mind than by thus developing the brain by exercising and educating every part of the body to its proper use. Every child is improved in mental power by learning some skilled handicraft, whereas mere mechanical work deteriorates the brain. I have been much struck with the great lack of general intelligence in the factory lads and lasses in the North, who spend years with their eyes fixed on a machine piecing a thread or filling a box in precisely the same way every minute of their time, compared with other children of the same age. The study of the violin is an excellent means of educating the brain as well as of producing a perfect arm and wrist; beauty of form depending on muscular development, whereas mere fat is shapeless. The fashionable white hand of the young lady of society is about as well developed as the Chinese lady's foot. Nothing but active use can produce the outlines of true beauty so dear to the sculptor's eye. Exercise, moreover, is of great use in strengthening the blood-

vessels, and in aiding the heart and circulation, only, like all good things, it is sometimes overdone; and I know several young ladies, and young men also, who are injured for life by excessive walks and climbs.

All forms of exercise are good for men and most for women. For the latter, however, tri-cycling is the worst, and rowing undoubtedly the best. Tennis is a truly admirable game for the brain and body of both sexes.

THE SPINE IN CHILDREN.

The spine is the link between the body and the brain. It is a long hollow column supporting the heart and preserving its contents from all shocks, and at the same time transmitting down its centre nerve currents to any part of the body. Let us for a moment consider its relation and structure.

Its form is a double curve, as shown in the left of the drawing. The brain, as shown on the right, absolutely floats on a water-bed within the skull; the head is then supported by a double spring, formed by the curved spine below; the spine ends in an inverted keystone, or wedge, which is slung by strong bands between the two hip-bones that support the leg, as in sketch. The legs themselves each rest on the beautiful arch of the foot, in which, as you see, the front pier is made to spring, being composed of twenty separate bones, while the other pier is quite solid behind, being formed of only one bone, the heel; the enormous value of this arrangement can be practically shown by the shock to the brain if we jump off a chair and alight on our heels. When we walk, or run, or jump on our toes, as we naturally do, the shock to the brain is first broken by the elasticity of this front pier of the arch of the foot; then, passing up the legs, it is broken by the truly wonderful arrangement of the next arch, the spine, which forms the keystone, being *slung* instead of being wedged between the hip-bones; then it is further broken by the curves of the backbone; and lastly, all remains of the shock are dissipated by the water-bed. Were it not for these elaborate precautions we could not exist.

This short description will show the important part played by the spine, and when to this it is added that while in adult life it is composed of about twenty-six pieces, in childhood it contains about one hundred and eighty, it will at once be seen what care is required for its proper development. To support it and give it its due curves and strength no fewer than one hundred and fifty muscles surround it, each one of which requires constant exercise and use. A true story will illustrate this.

Some twenty years ago two mothers had each a child. In a short time the hundred and fifty muscles of their backs began to sprout, and try and consolidate the numerous pieces of the spine. Just at this period the mother of one child apparently suddenly went mad, and had a rigid case made in which she placed her child, effectually stopping the action of most of the hundred and fifty, and the formation of the proper curves of the spinal spring. The other mother did nothing.

To-day these two mothers are probably reading this very paper, for the one was, after all, not really mad, nor has she yet been imprisoned for her crime; and the two children are grown up, the one with a crooked spine, a flat, flabby back, and an ill-developed brain; the other with a noble carriage, an erect head, and well-developed muscles. Can it be then, it is asked, that such a crime is left unpunished? It can, and even you will cease to feel any interest in the story, when I tell you that one child was a girl and the other a boy.

It is, indeed, a cruel wrong to put a growing girl into corsets. The whole attraction and pose and the entire beauty of the statue of the Venus de Milo, is the wonderful pose and carriage of the head, the simple result of the free development of the spinal muscles. Better far cramp a foot, or even flatten the head, than thus to ruin and weaken the central pillar of the body by substituting artificial support for healthy muscle. Muscle depends on use for its development. Let a man this day bandage his arm to his chest for two months, and let a woman exercise hers daily, and at

and even too much riding, between twelve and eighteen, unless the saddle be reversible.

But we will suppose the mischief is done. The shoulder is growing out, there is a stoop, the back aches, and the spine is curved the wrong way. Are we now to perpetuate the mischief caused by corsets by a system of reclining boards or mechanical supports? No, a thousand times, no. We must, on the contrary, exercise every day for months each of the poor, neglected back muscles (which are still there) to do their lost duty, and by this means alone, intelligently carried out, the figure and health will be regained.

A LITTLE ANATOMY.

It may be worth our while, before leaving this point, to see what the disease really was, and by what means the cure is effected. It will be seen by the diagrammatic drawing herewith of two (out of the twenty-six) vertebrae, belonging to a girl of sixteen years of age, that each is composed of six pieces instead of one, and that the upper and

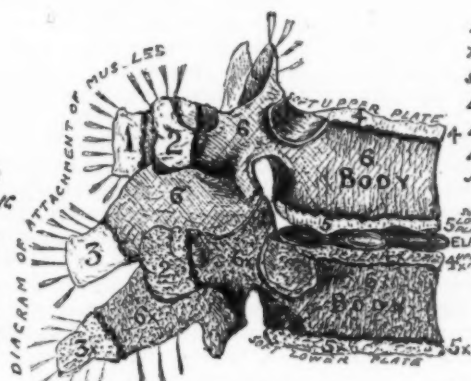
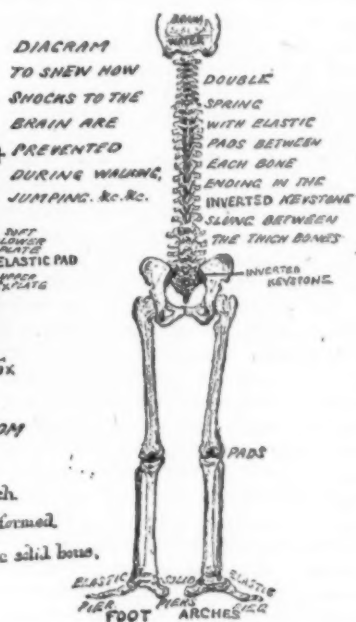


DIAGRAM OF TWO VERTEBRÆ FROM THE MIDDLE OF A CHILD'S SPINE.

They are separated by an elastic pad, & each is in SIX parts; the upper & lower plates being formed of soft cartilage. After 25 each vertebra is one solid bone.



A. T. S.

the end of that time she will be by far the most muscular. I say nothing of other ills of the corset, and they are many. I speak solely of weak spines, resulting in curvature and other deformities. Let every mother who cares in the least for her daughter's health and figure, dress her in fine woollen combination garments with nothing in the shape of steel or bone to confine the play of the dorsal muscles. Let her have plenty of outdoor exercise and sports; and if the mother is very particular as to figure, let her girls be made to carry a small pail of water on their heads up and down the garden; and in all cases let her sternly forbid elbow-study, leg-crossing, easy-chair-lounging,

lower pieces marked 4 and 5, separated by an elastic pad, are of soft cartilage or gristle, the whole column consisting of some thirty hard discs, and some ninety soft. Let my reader try this experiment: take thirty draughtsmen and make a column of them, putting between each one three discs of putty or dough. By then pressing downwards on one or other side of the top draughtsman he will succeed in giving a permanent curve to the column to the opposite side, owing to the yielding nature of the intervening discs. Now a girl's spine is just such a structure, and the vigorous exercise of all the muscles on each side is necessary to keep the pile straight, and at once to counteract any

undue pressure on one side or the other. If, however, the growth and use of these muscles be first forcibly prevented by the corset, and by want of sufficient exercise, and if, secondly, the habit be acquired of any one-sided attitude, so as to press unequally on the column, this, being deprived of its muscular support, imperceptibly acquires the deformities which are afterwards so hard to correct. The way of curing them is evidently to restore to the muscles, and especially to those of the side opposite to the curve, their lost vigour. But enough of the body; we will now close this paper with a few words about the child's mind.

MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

We cannot grasp the fact too firmly that the child is one, though containing many parts. Body and brain are inseparably connected by very many ties, and the mind (speaking theoretically) cannot express itself otherwise than through the brain, and in accordance with the health and development of this part of the body. Though we cannot hold too clearly the distinction between mind and matter, we often forget that our brain is the latter, and *not* the former. The connection between a stunted body and bad moral tendencies is thus clearly established, and the important bearing of due (not over) physical development on mind-culture made evident.

All intelligent education must be based on a clear conception of the force of heredity, and the fact grasped once for all that a child is practically an epitome of its parents. I would add potentially, though not actually—that is to say, the mental, moral, and physical *tendencies* are there rather than the characteristics. Many words are not needed to prove so obvious a truth. The Jewish race stand as a conspicuous witness in mind and body to its force, and in every single family where descent can be traced is it clearly shown.

The fact being thus granted—and not, mark, as regards the number of fingers, the shape of the nose, and the colour of hair or eyes only, but also as regards the whole structure and character of the brain, and the most subtle qualities of mind—we reach this important fact—that *no child's brain is virgin soil*. Startling as it may be, the whole tendencies of the future man or woman lie dormant there unknown and unsuspected by itself, but if the parents be intelligent, fairly foreseen by them.

The practical result of this is that we must not only sow but cultivate, by developing all good, and checking and killing all evil, especially guarding against all probable evil tendencies, whether consumption (bodily), indecision (mental), or lying (moral). Observe on what an intelligent footing this at once places the training of children.

Another point is worth noting. Thoughts and habits travel by certain nerve routes, and the same thoughts and habits always by the same routes. These get in time actually well trodden, like a footpath, and a nerve current will flow more readily along them than through an unaccustomed channel. To prove it, try and write, or use a knife or spoon, with the left hand.

A physiological reason why habits are so easy to check at first, so difficult afterwards, is thus shown. Never, then, let a child acquire bad habits, however trivial. An immense amount of life education may be done between two and six years of age with far less difficulty than afterwards.

Premature development should never be encouraged, but rather repressed. It is bad to see blossom and fruit before its due season.

The best schools for education are home and country. Far, far more education is accomplished there than in the best academies. The latter, indeed, are more framed to train the mind for certain careers or professions than generally to educate and develop the powers of the man.

The study of men, their words and ways, can never equal that of nature and her secrets. Both are, indeed, truly necessary, and it would be ill to depreciate either. It is not doing so, however, to say that in this case the last is first.

As regards sowing, let one thing be ensured—not quantity, but quality. Let the seed be of the best, whether little or much, and sow only truth. Perpetuate no prejudices that you have been taught, but let God's truth for this world and the next, in its clearest aspects, be the only seed you sow.

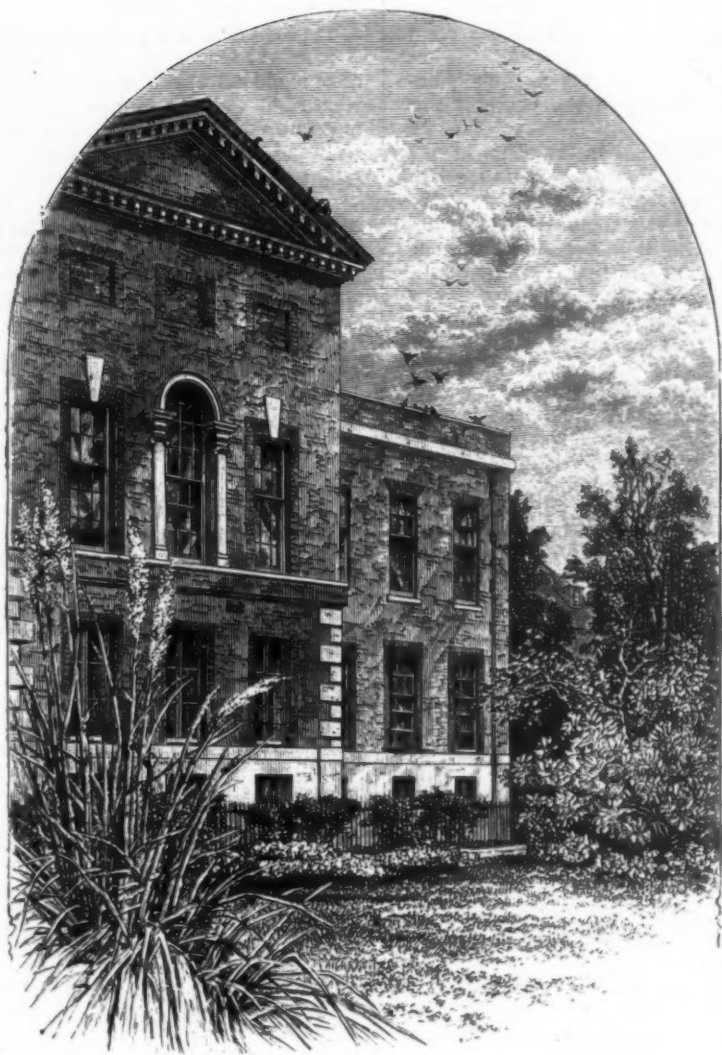
And, finally, do not overdo it even with the best of seed and schools. Overwork leads to congestion of the brain and all its miserable results. Better by far, then, be a day labourer in robust health than a senior wrangler with a hollow cough and dyspepsia. There is, however, no need to be either.

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD.



THE QUEEN'S HOMES.

KENSINGTON PALACE.



THE QUEEN WAS BORN IN THE ROOM ON THE MIDDLE FLOOR OF THE WING.

THERE is an old and trite saying that a friend in need is a friend indeed. When the Rev. Laurence Sterne passed over into France, and had arrived as far as Paris on his famous journey (whereof we have an account in the English Classics), it suddenly occurred to him that England was at war with France, and that he was without a passport. The master of his hotel was in great tribulation; Monsieur's passport had been particularly asked for by the lieutenant of police. Was Monsieur really without one? Indeed, he was. Then *certainly*, Monsieur would find himself on the morrow in

the Bastille or the Chatelet. It happened that Monsieur had been lately fingering a set of Shakespeare at a bookseller's on the Quai de Conti, which set was to be got bound and duly returned to the Count de B——, at Versailles. "And does the Count read Shakespeare?" inquired Monsieur. "C'est un esprit fort," replied the bookseller; "he loves English books; and, what was more to his honour, he loves the English too." In the affair of the passport Monsieur happily bethought him of the Count de B——. To his hotel, then, he presently went. The set of Shakespeare lay upon the table, and

the Count was occupied in turning the leaves over. Monsieur had ventured to call without introduction, knowing that he had a friend in Monsigneur's apartment, who he trusted would perform that service. 'Twas his countryman, the great Shakespeare, to whom Monsieur referred, pointing to the volumes near him. "Et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami," bravely spoke up Monsieur, apostrophising the spirit of the great man; "de me faire cet honneur-là." Thus Monsieur and the Count became personally acquainted, and the difficulty of the passport was overcome.

A short time ago we stood in the office of the Lord Chamberlain at St. James's Palace to solicit a favour and found ourselves in a quandary. We wished to write a series of papers on the Queen's Homes, but as a condition precedent we had to see them. "Supposing that permission be granted," was the question proposed to us, "what will you find in them to write about?" We were fairly puzzled for a reply. Architecture and the decorative arts are of special rather than of general interest, and are subjects for the expert rather than for the novice; and in the matter of the old masters and the moderns we can lay claim to no greater knowledge than the average of our fellows. It seemed clear that if we were to engage in this business in the hope of writing a series which might be entertaining to the general reader, we should have first of all to enlist the good offices of some friend. We should have to look about for a friend who would give us a hint or two; and trust to our own ingenuity for the rest. If we went to the earliest of the Queen's Homes at Kensington, there could be no doubt that we should receive every courtesy and attention from the person to whom we were deputed; but we could hardly expect that he or she would do more than show us such rooms as were to be seen, and the mere sight of these would afford but slender foundation for a readable article. It was quite certain we could not ask the Lord Chamberlain's help and show our appreciation of any favour granted by playing the part of Paul Pry. So we begged leave to consider the point, made our bow, and passed out, with courteous liberty accorded us to call again.

To whom should we apply in our difficulty? Having cogitated the matter for a while, we made our way to a friend's library and took from its shelves an old friend—Leigh Hunt.

If any one could guide us it was he. Indeed, he should know this very palace of Kensington; and forthwith we opened "The Old Court Suburb" of his familiar writing. He would be our friend in this matter without doubt. If only we could follow his method and his avoidance of ungracious remark, our work would progress smoothly, and ourselves stand acquitted of too-impertinent curiosity. He would not expect ceremony, and we might confer with him as with our familiar friend. And in whatever he might be deficient, we would have recourse to one or two others; trusting of course to our own knowledge of things and events of later time, and by these means we might spare the time and patience

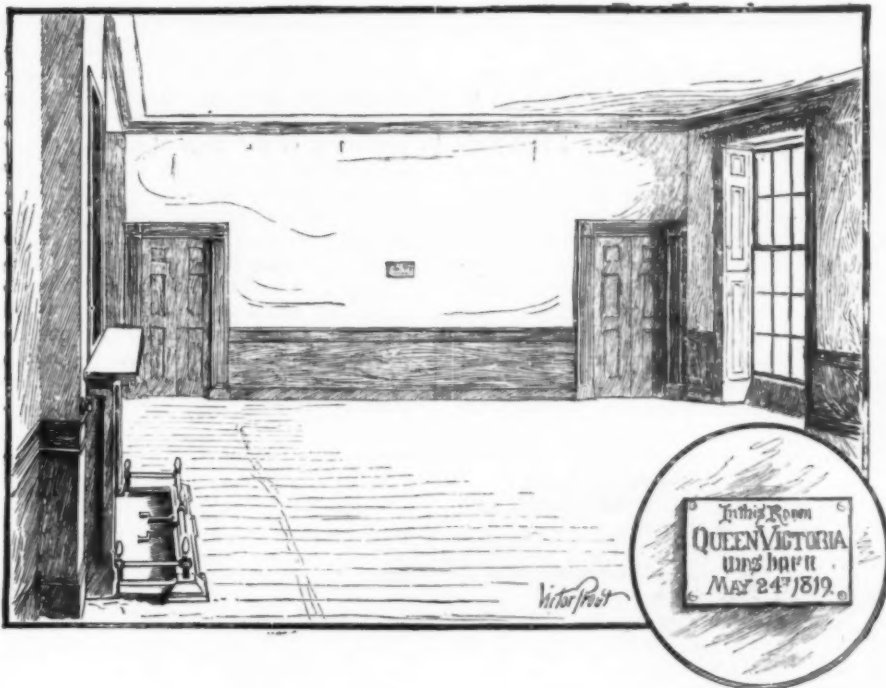
of the officials at the palace. When, therefore, we later called at the Lord Chamberlain's office we were ready with our reply. We made our bow and lay our finger, so to say, on the title-page of Leigh Hunt's pleasant volume aforesaid. We asked leave that it might stand our honourable sponsor and interpreter in the business we had come upon. We would limit our writing as nearly as possible to the historical and such-like interesting associations of the Queen's Homes, whereby we might at once avoid all appearance of intrusiveness. For what right had we to solicit permission to describe any one's Home, the place of all others sacred from public scrutiny. We would endeavour faithfully to describe whatever it might be permitted us to see; but once for all we disclaimed any intention of tattling and gossiping in print of matters which did not concern us, or of eaves-dropping on the backstairs. Such is the aim we propose to ourselves in this and the following papers.

Judged by modern notions of what a palace should be, that of Kensington is anything but palatial. It has little outward attractiveness, and, truth to tell, is rather a dreary place within and without, if we except from this criticism the adjacent gardens. An unpretending red-brick building, irregular in form, though not so to the eye, with old-fashioned lofty windows on the two principal floors, and lower windows on the ground floor, it might serve as a good example of an old-time nobleman's mansion. Such, indeed, it was in the reign of Charles the Second, being at that period of its history in occupation of the Finches, Earls of Nottingham. The most imposing parts (if aught about it can be termed imposing) are those which stand to the east and south. The main entrance lies on the west side, fronting on Palace Gardens, within view of the house which Thackeray built for himself, and where he lived for a time, and died. A gateway opens on a small, rectangular, roughly-paved courtyard, probably now in the same state as it was in the reign of the Georges, on either side of which are the apartments of persons now in residence. The south wing is at present in occupation of the Queen's daughter, the Princess Louise, and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne. Facing you as you enter is the great door of the palace itself.

We once heard a distinguished novelist say that she "detested descriptive papers in magazines," and we do not propose to inflict such a paper on the reader now. Let him take it for granted that we saw all that is to be seen, and spare us the labour of writing, and himself of reading, a mere dry "guide-book" description of the principal apartments. These were at one time in occupation of her Majesty the Queen and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, but long before their day of George the Second and Queen Caroline, of George the First (who left his queen locked up in Germany), and of his predecessor, Queen Anne, and earlier still of King William the Third and Queen Mary. And as to the contents of these royal apartments to-day, why, we could not write anything on this subject if we wished. They are empty—empty, bare, dreary,

and comfortless; no carpets, no curtains, no furniture of any kind (except, by the way, in the Council Chamber, and that only lying there for the convenience of a previous royal occupant), nothing but bare walls and bare boards. Stay! Our pen is running a little too freely. The hall

was a headless horse of recent date—a "jee-jee" from Mr. Cremer's establishment, probably. "Ah!" said the lady who was kind enough to be our guide, "that doll's house was the Queen's when she was a child. I recollect when the Princess Louise came here one day with the



is a noble hall, and the principal staircase leading from it is worthy of remark. We noticed certain relics of departed splendour in the shape of some three or four dismounted gilded statues, which once stood in marbled niches; and the ceilings of three of the larger rooms are painted in the manner of Verrio and Laguerre; but by whom (or for whom) done, we had no means of finding out. An old book at our elbow mentions a Mr. Kent as having painted some parts of the interior. We confess to but slight knowledge of Mr. Kent's fame. For the rest, the royal apartments at Kensington Palace are about as attractive to the eye as the apartments of any other mansion from which the late owners have taken their departure, leaving nothing behind but a few stray bits of dismantled furniture and bare, not to say dirty, walls.

There was one room not barred by shutters, and into which the sun shone gladly that bleak, wild morning of March when we sought the housekeeper's apartments at Kensington Palace to present our letter of credential from the Lord Chamberlain's office. It was a room on the upper floor (facing the east, if we remember aright), which had served as a nursery. In one corner stood an old doll's house; next it was the model of a frigate (the tradition of the Palace is that it belonged to William IV); and within view

Princess Alice's children, hearing her call to them, 'Come here, my dears; come and see grandmamma's doll's house.' We committed the sacrilege of opening the door of that Lilliputian establishment. The coal-scuttle was there, and the fire-irons, and the little paper clock, and the parrot in a cage, and the cups and saucers, and the tables and chairs, and the little bed, and the kettle stood upon the hob; and bolt upright, like the hardy tin soldier of Andersen's tale, stood the little pink-and-white doll herself, in pink and white muslin. Let us turn away, my friend, and be thankful with unselfish thankfulness that the Queen's childhood was permitted to be as the childhood of other children. Swiftly with her womanhood came her full share of sorrows. As with people of lesser degree, so with kings and queens—childhood is generally the happiest period of their life, as it is freest from care. In Kensington Palace the Queen's babyhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood were passed. In this palace she was born. In one of the untenanted rooms on the principal floor, with three windows looking eastward over Kensington Gardens—a room now hung with a dingy wall-paper of a green hue, dotted with golden fleurs-de-lis by no means attractive to the eye—is a gilt plate placed over the mantelpiece, showing this inscription:—

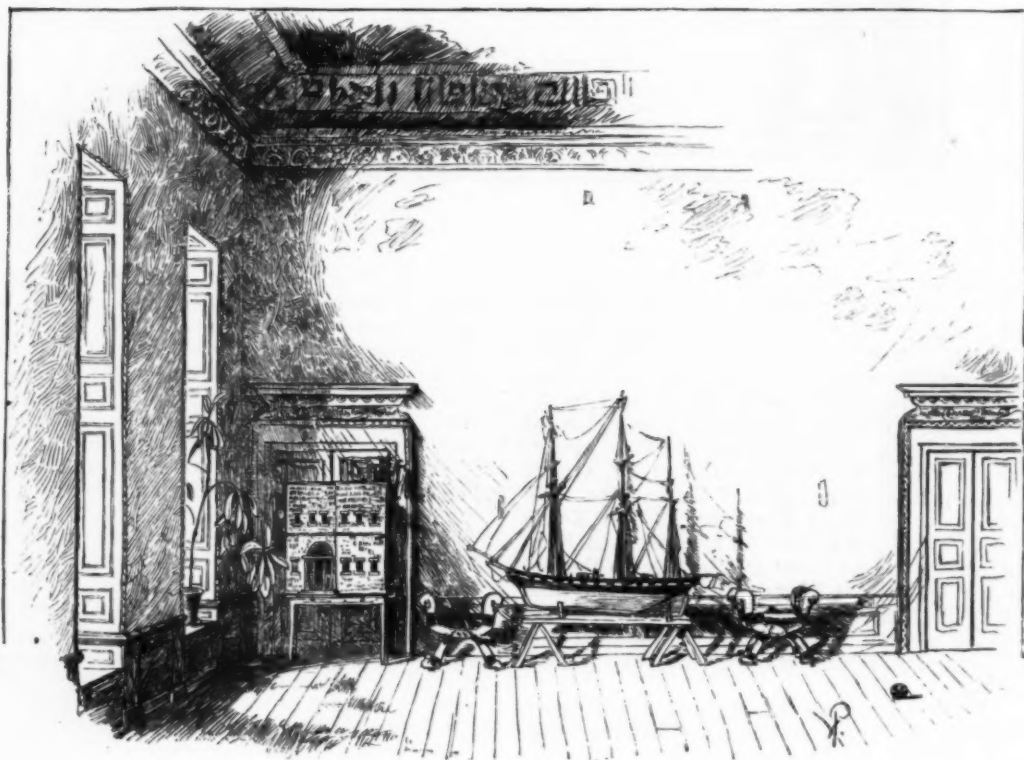
IN THIS ROOM
QUEEN VICTORIA
WAS BORN
MAY 24, 1819.

It is matter for regret that similar records have not been placed in other of the apartments of Kensington Palace; for, as we shall have reason presently to show, some of them are beset with historical interest. Indeed, at the risk of being thought ungracious in respect of a favour most courteously bestowed—and for which we here again beg leave respectfully to tender our thanks—we venture to think that the palace at Kensington is as deserving of careful preservation and oversight as that of Hampton Court. To students of history it is deeply interesting as one of the most important existing memorials of the Court life of the eighteenth century.

Owing to changes which have been made from

for example, which in King William's reign was set apart to a particular purpose. Such information is, no doubt, among the dusty archives of the Lord Chamberlain's department; but it was not within our power to obtain it. The housekeeper was so obliging as to go through every room with us, small and great, above and below, and pointed out the Queen's Bedroom, the Picture Gallery, the Saloon Drawing-room, the Blue Drawing-room, the Dining-room, the Star Chamber, the Council Chamber, and the rest; but not one of these designations fits with a list of the principal apartments now before us. This was drawn up at the beginning of the present century, and describes the many pictures in the Presence Chamber, the Privy Chamber, the Queen's Gallery, his Majesty's Gallery, the Prussian Closet, the Green Closet, the Cube Room, and so on. It is curious that the writer makes no mention of the paintings on the ceilings; the pictures once hanging on the walls have long since been removed, we believe, to Hampton Court and other of the palaces.

The council chamber (now so-called) is, on the whole, the most interesting of the State Apartments. It was here the Queen held her first



NURSERY RELICS.

time to time in the use and occupation of the many apartments, it is almost hopeless now to attempt to designate them by name with any certainty that a particular room in which we happen to be, and which we try to describe, is the room,

council. A long, low-ceilinged room, supported by stout pillars, eight on either side and two at either end, dimly lighted, as it seemed to us—perhaps the half-opened shutters produced this impression—and plainly decorated in white-and-

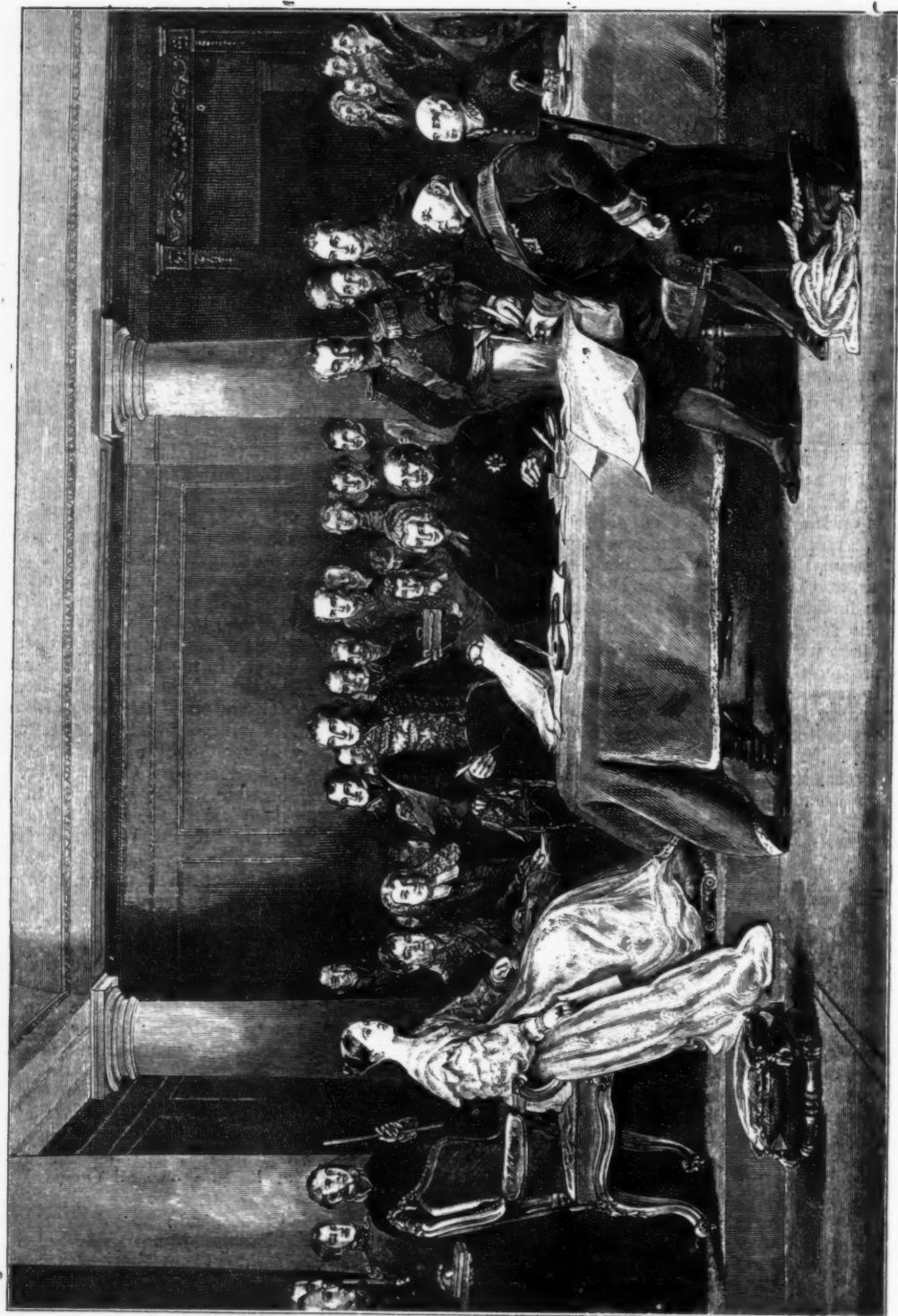
gold, a few pieces of furniture of Indian make set about—relics, we believe, of the recent occupation of the Duchess of Teck—it did not impress us with any show of stately splendour. But we stood looking about and around it with more than eager curiosity, striving in the mind to people it with those great personages of state, long since dead, who there assembled on the memorable morning of June 20th, 1837. The scene is familiar to all who have seen the engraved picture from that painted by Wilkie. The door which fronted us was thrown open, and the young Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who had advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of embarrassment. "She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, rose from her chair, and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. . . . She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession."

Such is the entry in the diary of Mr. C. E. Greville, who was Clerk of the Council on the occasion. We tried in vain to identify the room where the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chamberlain earlier had audience of the Queen to notify her of the death of William the Fourth—where she received them at five o'clock of that June morning "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Archbishop, we are told, delivered a short and impressive extempore address suitable to the occasion, with prayer for her Majesty's well-being. What a contrast to the description given by Thackeray of Sir Robert Walpole's announcement of George the First's death to his successor, George the Second, at Richmond Lodge! "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George the First, died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant." With many oaths for being disturbed in his after-dinner sleep, his Majesty roared out—it is only fair to say he hated Sir Robert—"Dat is one big lie!" and so received the news of his accession.

Down in the servants' hall of the palace our eye caught sight of some half-dozen quaint-looking chairs covered in red leather, bearing the monogram "G. R." These chairs had formed part of the furniture of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton when George the Fourth occupied it. They served to recall some recollections of that period also to be found in Thackeray—we need not stay to write them down. We have heard it said by one who was in the household service of George the Fourth that the better side of his character has never been fairly stated. Truly his worst side was never more ruthlessly dissected than by the famous author of "The Four Georges" aforesaid.

Kensington was made a royal residence by William the Third. He purchased the mansion of the Earl of Nottingham of that time, descendant of Heneage Finch, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles the First. We need trace its history no farther back, though there is a tradition that hereabout, on the site of the Finches' mansion, was a country nursery for the children of Henry the Eighth. However that may be, the third William was the first king who resided at Kensington. In his day it was as much a country village as any village of Devonshire. The French envoy at the Hague, writing in the early years of King William's reign a gossip letter to a friend, remarks on the constant absence of the King at Hampton Court, and the dissatisfaction this caused in London. When town was full and Parliament was sitting, the palace at Whitehall was empty. In the days of the Stuarts this had been the centre of the life and gaiety of the capital—the daily resort of the King's friends and ministers. In William's reign they had to make their way in winter over bad roads, in summer by water, to Hampton Court. Halifax ventured to remonstrate. "Do you wish to see me dead?" peevishly asked the King, when his minister introduced the subject. William detested Whitehall, as it was alike unsuited to his malady and his temper. A man bred in camps, to whom the battle-field was a playground, whose inclinations were all for sport and outdoor life, who showed more of the country gentleman in his habits and disposition than the prince, the etiquette and ceremony of the Court were to him irksome and oppressive. He preferred to be away in the country with his friends Schomberg, Bentinck, and Auverquerque, and in their company to occupy himself with hunting and gardening. But the business of the State had to be attended to; and the result of Halifax's remonstrance was a compromise. A country residence nearer London was sought; and thus the King went to reside at Kensington, and Queen Mary with him.

Kensington Gardens, now so-called, formed part of the royal domain. If not so secluded as the grounds of Hampton Court, those of Kensington were in the King's time not open to the public, nor so extensive as they are now. Indeed, the gardens of the palace originally comprised little more than the ground squaring with the north side towards the Bayswater Road. King William enlarged both house and grounds. To



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THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.

After the Painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

the latter he added twenty-six acres. His successor, Queen Anne, added thirty acres; and Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, went a long way further, and added three hundred. The house, which according to Leigh Hunt had

the day of his death. The Duchess long survived him, and one of the recollections of our boyhood was seeing a royal carriage arrive at the dingy palace entrance, bearing her Majesty on a visit to the aged widow of the Duke of Sussex.



THE STAIRCASE.

been growing all this time, was finally brought to its present size and appearance by the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who added or rebuilt the rooms with their still fresh-looking brickwork that form the angle on the north-west. The Duke of Sussex here resided with the wife to whom he was morganatically married, the Duchess of Inverness (occupying himself principally with book-collecting and scientific pursuits; his library was one of the most valuable ever got together), till

If we look for a relic of King William's time we shall probably find the best, as far as the interior is concerned, in the hall and staircase. These have been well preserved, so far as we could judge, in their original state. Looking over the balcony at top, one may almost picture to himself the fallow-faced, asthmatic King—"the great man in a little, crazy body"—clad in scarlet frock and riding-boots, making his way upstairs by aid of the balustrade and the arm of a friend. Macaulay

has drawn his portrait: "Slender and feeble in frame, lofty and ample of forehead, a nose curved like an eagle's beak, a keen eye, a thoughtful and sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and care." That is the portrait drawn by Macaulay. Dress the personage so depicted in a hat cocked all round and trimmed with feathers, a monstrous wig, with curls falling over the shoulders, a straight, square-cut, scarlet, and gold-embroidered coat and waistcoat of equal length, a broad cross-belt of buff fringed with gold, carrying a sword, a long neckcloth of Flanders point-lace, white breeches, and long jack-boots—and you have a tolerable likeness of King William. You may see a better in the House of Commons corridor, in the fresco-painting representing his Majesty and Queen Mary receiving the crown from Parliament in the banqueting-house, Whitehall. Leigh Hunt gives a list of some of the famous men who visited King William at Kensington, among them the semi-barbarian, Peter the Great. He says they had several predilections in common, among which were unpolished manners, a dislike, in consequence, of being seen in society, and a love of Dutch habits, particularly gin and brandy drinking. The Czar favoured the latter, and put pepper into it to make it more stimulating; the King indulged in the less potent Hollands. He was by nature a silent man, and the Czar was too frequently silent of compulsion. The reminiscence is not an edifying one of these two famous princes hobnobbing over the bottle in the dining-room of Kensington Palace.

Perhaps the most moving reminiscence of the place is the death of Queen Mary; she was attacked with smallpox of the most malignant type. When she was told the nature of her illness she gave orders that all her ladies, tiring-women and waiting-women, menial servants also, who had not had smallpox, should leave the palace; and after arranging her papers calmly awaited her fate. The King was heart-broken. He remained near her bedside night and day, sleeping on a little camp-bed (his nightly resting-place in many a hard-fought campaign) in the Queen's ante-chamber. When all was over King William had a succession of fits so alarming that his own life was despaired of. Bishop Burnet, who was in attendance, relates how the King was in deepest distress, and refused to be comforted. "She had no fault," he said; "none. You knew her well, but you could not know—nobody but myself knew—her goodness." The King did not long survive his wife. He too died at Kensington Palace, and when his poor emaciated body was laid out for burial they found next his skin a small piece of black silk riband which contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary. This passage is to our mind one of the most pathetic in Lord Macaulay's history.

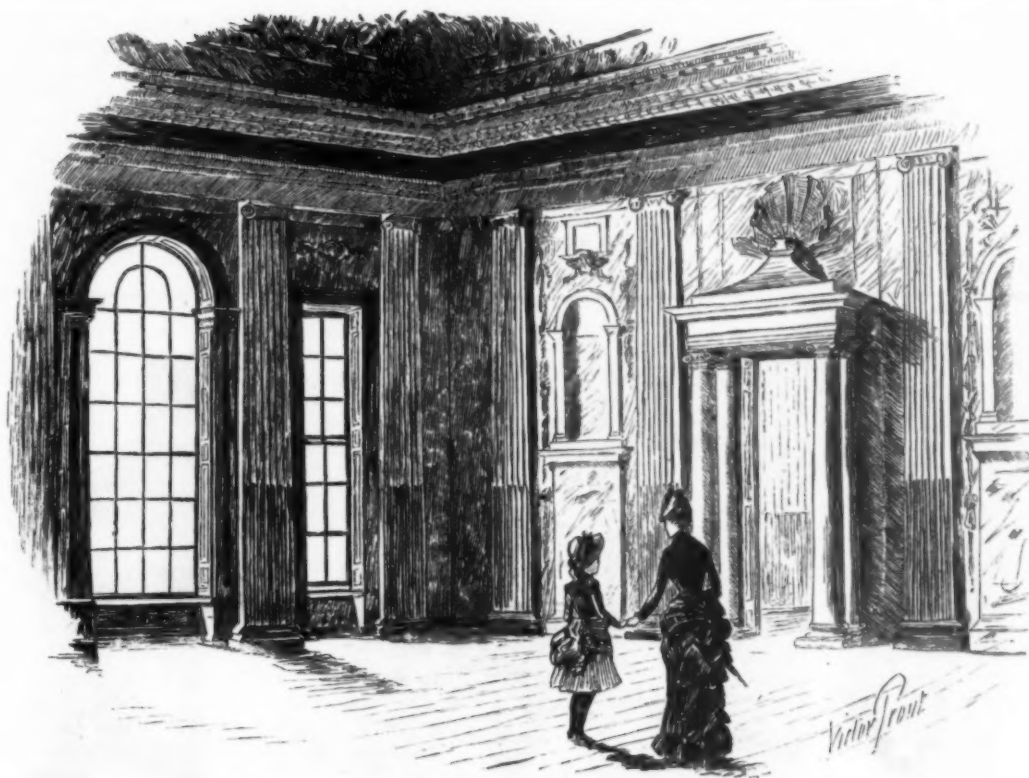
There are few stories of Court intrigue more curious than those connected with Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, and her one-time protégé and cousin, Abigail Hill, favourites of Queen Anne. We have no space to relate them

here; but it may be of interest to say that it was at Kensington, in the Queen's drawing-room, the battle royal took place—it reminds one of a wordy wrangle between Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown, in the back parlour of a London lodging-house—in which the Queen finally broke loose from the thralldom of the Marlboroughs. We all know of the passionate friendship of "Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman," and of how Mrs. Freeman's poor cousin, the Queen's bedchamber-woman, Mrs. Masham (born Hill), succeeded in rending it asunder. The story is related at length in "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough," written by herself. It reads like a comedy in which the characters might stand somewhat thus:

QUEEN ANNE	{ (a singularly weak and timid though obstinate Queen)	MRS. MORLEY.
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH	{ (a lively Court favourite who becomes an awful tyrant)	MRS. FREEMAN.
ABIGAIL HILL	{ (a poor relation of the Duchess, whom she later supplants in the Queen's favour)	MRS. MASHAM.

We have the Queen living in as great awe of the Duchess as did that marine oracle, Captain Jack Bunsby, of the veteran Mrs. McStinger. Though her Majesty to the last wrote letters signing herself Mrs. Freeman's "unfortunate but ever faithful, Mrs. Morley," she was secretly cogitating Sarah Churchill's dismissal. We can almost fancy the lady of the bed-chamber, Mrs. Masham, urging her royal mistress on to the attack. "Don't stand it any longer, ma'am; show yourself Queen," and so on. And we can almost hear the reply: "Don't leave me, dear Mrs. Masham." Finally comes the attack and repulse in the drawing-room, Mrs. Masham reconnoitring long-time beforehand whenever the Duchess is closeted with the Queen. "Did your Majesty please to ring?" making a most solemn curtsy and retiring, as if to assure her Majesty that the supports were following on the skirmishers. The Duchess, allowing no time for reply to a letter, forces herself on the Queen by stratagem and pours out her wrongs. The Queen listens but vouchsafes no consolation. The Duchess remonstrates and implores. "You desired no answer, and you shall none" (repeated without variation), is the sole reply the petitioner gets, and she is at length driven from the room defeated and humiliated. Then enter Mrs. Masham with drums beating and colours flying, to tender a royal salute.

George, the first sovereign of the Guelph family—or, as it is sometimes called, the House of Brunswick—an unprincely, reserved, and insignificant-looking man, whose character and mode of life is faithfully chronicled by Thackeray, lived at Kensington Palace when he was not pleasuring in his beloved Hanover. He brought over with him a compact body of Germans whose society he loved, and whom he kept about his royal person. His Court was as dull as the Court of William. It



ONE OF THE STATE BALL-ROOMS.

is said that he never learnt English nor cared to learn it. He left the reins of government in the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, and, for the rest, kept himself as much as possible to the limited society of his German favourites, Mesdames of Kielmansegge and Schuilenberg, his German chamberlains, and his German secretaries. Selfish and ease-loving, the retirement of the palace at Kensington, which served to remind him of his dear Herrenhausen, suited his disposition admirably. It was during his reign, by the way, that the Sunday promenades in Kensington Gardens became fashionable. Readers of Miss Burney's "Evelina" (an out-of-date novel now, but in its time one of the most popular) will remember the frequent allusion to these out-door gatherings of the world of fashion, in which, however, dull George and his German ladies refused to mingle. When his son

George the Second, and Queen Caroline, came to reside at Kensington, they oftener showed themselves in public. Though shorter than his short father, George the Second was a smarter and more showy man. He had a fondness for being admired and being thought kingly, and would strut and give himself airs, oftener than not, to attract the notice of the ladies. It was said of him that he thought men and women were born for nothing else but to be kicked or kissed for his diversion. Like his father, he valued the privilege of self-security, and trusted altogether to Sir Robert Walpole. One of the funniest reminiscences of his residence at Kensington Palace is the scene in the privy chamber, in which the stout little King fell upon the neck of the old minister and kissed him.

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

To a Violet.

FLOWER, your petals unfold,
Now that the sun is a-shining,
Winter is over; be bold;—
Flower, your petals unfold,
Show us your centre of gold,
Show us its velvety lining.
Flower, your petals unfold,
Now that the sun is a-shining.

Hasten your heart to unfold;
Sun cannot ever be shining.
Air may grow foggy and cold;—
Hasten your heart to unfold;
You may grow withered and old,
Vain would be then your repining.
Hasten your heart to unfold;
Sun cannot ever be shining.

C. J. LEE.

PRINCESS SARAH.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, AUTHOR OF "BOOTLE'S BABY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest"

—Gasper Bacerra.



IN a poor little street in a crowded city there stood a small house, not alone, but in the middle of a row of other houses exactly like it. There was a tiny bow window on the left of the door, and two very small sash windows in the storey above; the frames were warped and the paint, like that of the door, was blistered and cracked in many places. And the doorstep looked as if it had been cleaned a week or so before with whiting instead of pipeclay, and evidently the person who had done it had, with the very best intentions in the world, doubtless, given the lower part of the door a few daubs with the same cloth, which had not at all improved its shabby surface.

Between the house and the pavement there was a small garden, a very humble attempt at a garden with a rockery in one corner and a raised bed in the middle.

It was a noisy street, though it was not a thoroughfare, for on that hot sultry day the doors and windows were all open and the children were all playing about pavements and road, caring little for the heat and dust, screaming, laughing, shouting, crying, as children will, except when they found themselves within reach of the house which I have described; then their voices were hushed, their tones sobered; then they stood to gaze up at the closed blinds which beat now and then against the open windows, as if a door had

been opened and allowed a draught of air to sweep through the house; then one little maid of ten years old or so lifted a warning finger to check a lesser child upon whom the fear and knowledge of death had not yet fallen. "Hush—sh! Don't make a noise, Annie," she said. "Mr. Gray is dead."

The younger child, Annie, ceased her laughter, turning from the closed house to stare at two ladies, who came slowly down the street, looking from side to side as if they sought one of the houses in particular.

"This must be it," said one, as her eyes fell upon the closed blinds.

"Yes," returned the other, "that must be it."

So they passed in at the little gate and knocked softly at the shabby door.

"Poor fellow!" said one, with a glance at the bit of garden before the bow window, "his doing, evidently; there's not another garden in the street like it."

"No. And what pains he must have taken with it. Poor fellow!" echoed the other.

There was a moment's scuffle within the house, the sound of loudly-whispering voices; then a heavy footstep, and the door was opened by a stout elderly person in a shabby black gown and white apron, a person who was unmistakably a nurse. She curtsied as she saw the ladies, and the one who had spoken last addressed her.

"We heard early this morning. I see the sad news is too true," she began.

"Yes'm," shaking her head. "He went off quite quiet about ten o'clock last night. Ah, I've seen a-many, but I never saw a more peaceful end, never!"

The two ladies each made a murmur of sympathy. "And the little girl?" said the other one.

"Well, Mum, she do fret a good bit," replied the nurse, pityingly.

"Poor little thing! We have brought some fruit and some other little things," said the lady, handing a basket to the nurse.

"It's real kind of you, Mum!" the old woman cried. "She'll be rare and pleased, she will, poor little missy. You see, Mum, it's been a queer, strange life for a child, for she's been everything to him, and she never could go out and play in the street with the other children. That couldn't be, and it was hard for the little thing to see 'em and be shut off from 'em all day as she was; and the master on that account used to make hisself more to her, which will make it all the harder for her now, poor fatherless, motherless lamb that she is!"

"Of course, of course. Poor little maid! And what will become of her, do you think?"

"I can't say for certain, Mum; but the mistress, she had relations, and the master wrote to one of them on Thursday. He was sore troubled about little missy, was the master—aye, sore troubled. The letter was sent, and an answer came this morning to say that one of missy's aunts was coming to-day. The rector opened it."

"Oh, well, I'm glad somebody is coming to the poor child," said the lady who had brought the basket of fruit. "I hope it will be all right. And you will give her the things, nurse?" with a look at the basket.

"Oh, yes, Mum," with a curtsy.

There was not only some fruit in the basket, but a pot of jam and a jar of potted meat, a glass of jelly, some sponge-cakes, and a packet of sweeties such as little folks love.

The old nurse carried them into the sitting-room and set them down on the table before a little girl who was sitting beside it.

"See, Missy, what a nice basket of good things Mrs. Tracy has brought for you!" the old woman cried. "Wasn't it kind of her?"

"Very kind," said the little girl, brightening up somewhat at the unexpected kindness from one almost a stranger to her.

"Grapes, Miss Sarah, and peaches, and Orleans plums; and see—potted meat! Now, how could she know you're so fond of potted meat?"

"I don't know, Nurse; he liked potted meat too, you know."

"Yes, dear, yes; but he's gone where he has all he's most fond of, you know."

"Except me," murmured Sarah, under her breath.

"Ay, that's true, my lamb; but you mustn't repine. Him as took the master away so calm and peaceful last night knew just what was best to do, and He'll do it, never fear! It's hard to bear, my honey, and sure," with a sigh, "no one knows better what bearing such is than old nurse. And—hark! to think of any one coming with a knock

like that! enough to waken the—" But then she broke off short, and went to open the door.

CHAPTER II.

A SHORT, stout, well-dressed woman stood upon the doorstep, and the cabman was just hauling a box off the roof of his cab.

"Mr. Gray's 'ouse?" demanded the stout lady. "Ah, pore thing! I see it's all over. Pore thing! Well, I'm sorry, of course, though I don't suppose 'e'll be much loss to any one, pore, dreaming, shiftless thing!"

"Miss Sarah is here, Mum," said the old nurse, pointing severely towards the door of the sitting-room.

"Miss Sarah—oh, the child! Eh, well, my dear," going into the room and taking Sarah's limp and shaking hand, "I'm sorry to come of such a errand the first time ever I see you; but that was your pore pa's fault, not mine. I never was one to turn my back on my own flesh and blood—never, though perhaps I say it that shouldn't; but your pore pa, he was that awkward when he got a crotchet into his 'ead, that there was no doing aught with him. I think you favour your ma, my dear," she continued, with a complete change of tone. "Your pore pa—eh? what?—oh, the cab! Yes, I'll come," and then she bustled out, fumbling at the fastening of a small leather bag which hung over her wrist, and leaving poor Sarah struck dumb with astonishment.

The child crept to the door, and watched her new-found aunt settle with the cabman; and it is certain that never had Sarah seen a cabman settled with in that fashion before. They had not indulged in many cabs during the course of her short life; but, on the few occasions that they had enjoyed such luxuries, her father had paid for them with the air of a prince, and with a liberality such as made dispute out of the question! Alas, poor child! if the loving father now lying white and silent in the room above had had less of that princely air, and still less of that princely instinct of hospitality and generosity, life would at that moment probably have been very different for her. But all this was beyond Sarah, who was very young, and therefore not likely to see the advantages of the lengthened haggling process going on just then at the gate. A moment later Mrs. Stubbs entered the house again in triumph.

"Lot of thieving vagabonds them cabmen are, to be sure!" she remarked, with an air of indignation mingled with satisfaction. "But he don't get the better of me, not if I know it; and so I told him. But, dear, dear, 'ow like your poor ma you are, child! Stubbs'll be glad of it—he never could abide him as is gone, pore thing! Well, well, we needn't say aught again him now, for he won't trouble us no more; only, as I say, Stubbs'll be glad of it."

"Please, who is Mr. Stubbs?" Sarah asked, plaintively, feeling instinctively that she had better not try to argue with this strange relative.

Mrs. Stubbs, however, was so taken aback at so

unexpected a question that she was obliged to sit down the better to show the extent of her astonishment.

"Well, I don't 'old with it!" she exclaimed to the nurse who had come in to spread the cloth for the cup of tea which the visitor had expressed herself able and willing to take; "it's bringing up the child like a 'eathen in ignorance of what her own flesh and blood's very names is—'pon my word it is; it's 'eathenish."

"Miss Sarah doesn't understand," put in the old nurse, pointedly.

For a moment Mrs. Stubbs gasped, much as she might have done if the older woman had dashed a pail of water in her face; but she took the hint with a very good grace, and turned to Sarah again.

"Your pore ma, my dear, was Stubbs's own sister," she said.

"Then Mr. Stubbs is my uncle—my own uncle?" Sarah asked.

"Your own uncle, and I'm your aunt; not your own aunt, of course, Sarah, but that's no matter. I've a good and a feeling 'eart, whatever other faults I may 'ave to carry; and what's Stubbs's flesh and blood is my flesh and blood, and so you'll find. Besides, I've seven children of my own, and my 'eart feels for them that has no father nor mother to stand by 'em. And I believe in sticking to your own—everybody's not like *that*, Sarah, though maybe I say it that shouldn't. There is folks that believes in wearing yourself to the bone for other people's advantage and letting your own flesh and blood starve in the gutter, so to speak. Ah, well, I ain't one of that sort, and I'm thankful for it, Sarah."

Poor little desolate Sarah, with her suddenly empty life and that great aching void in her heart, crept a shade closer to her new-found aunt, and rested her tired head against her substantial arm.

"And I have seven cousins of my own?" she said, the shadows in her eyes clearing away for a moment.

"Seven cousins of your own!" cried Mrs. Stubbs, in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "Seven, Sarah, my dear! Why, I have seven children!"

"And have I some more aunts and uncles?" Sarah asked, feeling not a little bewildered.

"Why, dear, yes; three aunts and two uncles on your pore ma's side, to say naught of all there may be on your pa's side, with which I'm not familiar," said Mrs. Stubbs, with a certain air, such as conveyed to Sarah that her ignorance was a decided loss to her father's family in general. "There's your Uncle Joe—he 'as five great boys, and lives at 'Ampstead; and there's your Uncle George—he 'as only three girls, and lives in great style at Brighton. He's in the corn trade, is your Uncle George."

Instinctively Sarah realised why once, when they had been going to the seaside for a fortnight, her father had said, "No, no, not Brighton," when that town was suggested; and as instinctively she kept the recollection to herself.

"And then there's Polly,—your Aunt Mary, Sarah! She's the fine lady of the family—very 'aughty, she is, though her and me 'as always been

very good friends, always. Still, she's uncommon 'aughty, and maybe she has a right, for she married a gentleman in the City, and keeps her carriage and pair, and a footman too. Ah, well! she 'asn't a family, 'asn't Mrs. Lennard; perhaps if she had 'ad seven children, like me, she'd have 'ad to be content with a broom, as I am."

"We have a broom too," said Sarah, watching the visitor stir her tea round and round; "indeed, we have two, and a very old one that Jane uses to sweep out the yard with."

For a minute Mrs. Stubbs was too thoroughly astounded to speak; then she subsided into weak fits of laughter, such as told Sarah she had made a terrible mistake somehow.

"A very old one to sweep out the yard with," Mrs. Stubbs cried, in gasps. "Oh, dear, dear! Why, child, you're just like a little 'eathen. A broom is a carriage, a close carriage, something like a four-wheel cab, only better. Oh, dear, dear! and we keep three, do we? Oh, *what* a joke to tell Stubbs."

"Miss Sarah knows," struck in the old nurse, with some indignation; "the doctor's carriage is what Mrs. Stubbs calls a broom, dearie."

Sarah turned her crimsoned face from one to the other. "But father always called that kind of carriage a *bro-am*," she emphasised, "and I didn't know you meant the same, Aunt."

"Well, never mind, my dear; I shouldn't 'ave laughed at you," returned Mrs. Stubbs, stirring her tea again, with fat complaisance. "Little folks can't be expected to know everything, though there are some as does, and most unreasonable it is of 'em. Only, Sarah, it's more stylish to say broom, so try to think of it, there's a good girl."

"I'll try," said Sarah, hoping that she had somewhat retrieved her character by knowing what kind of carriage her aunt meant by a "broom."

Then Mrs. Stubbs had another cup of tea, which she seemed to enjoy particularly.

"And you would like to go upstairs, Mum?" said the Nurse, as she set the cup down.

"Why, yes, Nurse, it's my duty to go, and I'm not one as is ever backward in doing 'er duty," Mrs. Stubbs replied, upheaving herself from the somewhat uncertain depths of the big chair, the only easy-chair in the house.

So the two women went up above together to visit that something which Sarah had not seen since the moment of death.

She sat just where they left her—a way she had, for Sarah was a very quiet child—wondering how life would be with this new found aunt of hers. She was very kind, Sarah decided, and would be very good to her, she knew; and yet—yet—there was something about her from which she shrank instinctively—something she knew would have offended her father beyond everything.

Poor Sarah! At that moment Mrs. Stubbs was standing beside all that was left of him that had loved her so dearly during all the years of her short life.

"Pore thing!" she was saying. "Pore thing! We weren't good friends, Nurse, but we must not think of that now, and I'll be a mother to his

little girl just as if there'd never been a cloud between us. Pore thing—only thirty-six! Ah, well, pore thing; but he makes a pretty corpse!"

CHAPTER III.

TWO days later Sarah's father was buried, laid quietly away in a pretty little churchyard two miles outside the town, beside the young wife who had died nine years before.

It was a very simple and unostentatious affair; only one cab followed the coffin, and contained Sarah, and Mrs. Stubbs, the old nurse, and Jane, the untidy little maid, who, after the manner of her sort, wept and sobbed and choked, until Mrs. Stubbs would right willingly have given her a good shaking.

Sarah was very subdued and quiet, and Mrs. Stubbs cried a little, and would have cried more had she not been so taken up with keeping an eye on "that stupid ninny, Jane."

And then they went back to the little hot, stuffy house, and had a cup of tea, after which the vicar of the parish called and had a long talk with Mrs. Stubbs about Sarah's future.

"I can't say we was good friends with him, pore thing," Mrs. Stubbs explained; "but when death comes between, little differences are forgotten. And Stubbs and me will forget all our differences now; it's Stubbs's wish as well as mine. I believe in sticking to your own flesh and blood, for if your own won't, whose can you expect to do it? So Sarah and me is the best of friends, and she is going back with me to share and share alike with my own children."

"Oh, you are going to take Sarah," said the vicar, who had felt a great interest in the dreamy artist whom they had just left to his last long rest in the quiet country churchyard; "that is very good of you, very good of you. I have been wondering what would become of the poor little woman."

"Why, what should become of her?" Mrs. Stubbs said, indignantly. "Her mother was Stubbs's own sister."

"Yes," said the vicar, smiling; "but it is not every lady who would at all encourage the idea of bringing up a child because her mother happened to be her husband's sister."

"You're right there, Mr. Moore; you are right," Mrs. Stubbs cried; "but some women 'ave 'earts of stone instead of flesh and blood. I'm not one of that sort."

"And about the furniture, and so on," the vicar broke in, having heard Mrs. Stubbs's remarks about her own good qualities several times already.

Mrs. Stubbs looked round the room in good-natured contempt.

"There's nothing to speak of," she answered—and she was right enough—"but what there is'll have to go to paying for the doctor and the undertaker. If there's a few pounds left over, Stubbs says put it into the savings bank and let the child 'ave it when she grows up. She'll want to buy a ring or something to remember her father by."

"And you are going to take the sole charge and expense of her?" the vicar exclaimed.

"Oh, yes. We've seven of our own, and when you've so many, one more or less makes very little difference. But I wanted to ask you something else, Mr. Moore, and I'll ask it before it slips my memory. You know Mr. Gray—'e's gone now, pore thing, and I don't wish to say aught against him—brought Sarah up in a very strange way; indeed, as I said at the time to the nurse, it's quite 'eathenish; and, if you'll believe me, sir, she didn't even know how many aunts and uncles she 'ad, nor what our very names were. But he 'as taught 'er some things, and playing the fiddle is one."

"Yes, Sarah plays the violin remarkably well for her age," said the vicar, promptly.

"Yes, so the old nurse says," returned Mrs. Stubbs, with an air of melancholy. "But I don't altogether 'old with it myself; it seems to me such an outlandish thing for a little girl to play on. I wish it had been the piano or the 'arp! There's so much more style about them."

"The violin is the most fashionable instrument a lady can learn just now, Mrs. Stubbs," put in the clergyman, hastily, wishing to secure Sarah the free use of her beloved violin, if it were possible.

"Dear me. You don't say so. What, are young ladies about 'ere learning it?" Mrs. Stubbs asked, with interest.

"Yes. I was dining at Lord Allington's last week, and in the evening one of his daughters played a violin solo; but she doesn't play nearly as well as Sarah," he replied.

"Then Sarah shall keep her violin and play to her 'eart's content," Mrs. Stubbs cried, enthusiastically. "That was what I wanted to ask you—if you thought I should encourage or discourage the child in keeping it up. But, as you say so plainly encourage, I will; and Sarah shall 'ave good lessons as soon as she's fairly settled down at 'ome."

"That will be the greatest delight to Sarah, for the child loves her violin," said the vicar, heartily; "and that is not all, Mrs. Stubbs—but, if she goes on as she has begun, there will always be a useful, or at least a remunerative, accomplishment at her fingers' ends."

"Oh, as to that," returned Mrs. Stubbs, with a lordly indifference to money such as told her visitor that she was well blessed with worldly goods, "Stubbs'll provide for the child along with his own, and maybe her other uncles and aunts'll do something for her, too. I will say that for *his* family, as a family they're not mean. I will say that for 'em."

So Sarah's future was arranged. She was to go home with Mrs. Stubbs, who lived at South Kensington, and be one with her children. She was to have the best violin lessons to be had for love or money, and Mrs. Stubbs, in the warmth of her kindly but vulgar heart, even went so far as to suggest that if Sarah was a very good, industrious girl, and got on well with her practising, her uncle might very likely be induced to buy her a new violin for her next birthday, instead of the dingy old thing she was playing on now.

Poor, well-meaning Mrs. Stubbs! She little

knew that the whole of Sarah's grateful soul rose in loathing at the suggestion. She dropped her bow upon the nearest chair, and hugged her precious violin as closely to her breast as if it had been a thing of life, and that life was threatened.

"Oh, Auntie!" she burst out; "a new violin!"

"Yes, child; I think it's very likely," returned Mrs. Stubbs, delighted to see the effect of her suggestion upon her pale little niece, and quite mistaking the meaning of her emotion. "Your uncle is very fond of making nice presents. He gave Lydia a new piano last Christmas."

"But," gasped Sarah, "my violin is a real Amati! It belonged to my grandfather."

"And if it did, what then?" ejaculated Mrs. Stubbs, in no way impressed by the information. "All the more reason why you should 'ave a new one. The wonder to me is you play half as well as you do on an old thing like that."

"It's—it's worth five hundred pounds!" Sarah cried, her face in a flame.

Mrs. Stubbs fairly gasped in her surprise. "Sarah," she said, "what are you saying? Little girls ought not to tell stories; it's wicked. Do you know where you'll go to? Sarah, I'm shocked and surprised at you!"

"Auntie, dear," said Sarah, "it's true—all true. It is, indeed! Ask the doctor, ask the vicar—ask *any* one who knows about violins, and they'll tell you! It's a real Amati; it's worth five hundred pounds—perhaps more. I'm not telling stories, Auntie, but Father was offered that much for it, only he wouldn't take it because he said it was all he had to give me, and that it would be worth more to me some day."

Never had Mrs. Stubbs heard Sarah say so much at one time before; but her earnest face and manner carried conviction with them, and she saw that the child knew what she was talking about, and was speaking only what she believed to be the truth.

"You really mean it, Sarah?" she asked, putting out a hand to touch the wonderful instrument.

"Oh, yes, Auntie, it's *absolutely* true," returned Sarah, using the longest adjective she could think of the better to impress her aunt.

"Then," exclaimed the good lady, with radiant triumph, "you'd better 'old your tongue about it, Sarah, and not say a word about it—or you'll be 'aving the Probate people down on you, robbing the fatherless and the orphan."

THE LITHOGRAPHIC STONE QUARRIES OF SOLNHOFEN.

LITHOGRAPHIC stone, which is so largely used in printing—and is, indeed, for some branches of the art, indispensable—comes mainly from the little village of Solnhofen in Bavaria. It is a peculiar species of porous limestone, and is found in the quarries which abound in this neighbourhood, the sources of supply being limited to an area of a few square miles. It is chiefly of a yellowish-white colour, and is very absorbent of water, which is its great virtue; and, inasmuch as science has hitherto failed to find an efficient substitute, it is fortunate that the quarries are almost inexhaustible. The stone which is found in the vicinity of this place goes all over the world; and even America, having no geological formation of the kind of her own, has to send here for it.

A visit to Solnhofen, which is on the main line between Nuremberg and Munich, and therefore not at all out of the track of the ordinary tourist, cannot fail to prove interesting. No sooner do we arrive at the railway-station than we perceive unmistakable evidence of the trade of the locality in the goods siding, which is filled with trucks and carts loaded with lithographic stones of various sizes.

Through the quiet German village a rough road, made entirely of refuse stone, leads us to the foot of a chain of hills; and an hour's walk—for vehicular traffic on such roads is nearly an impossibility—brings us to the outskirts of one of the big quarries. We first become aware that there is any life in this silent place by a repeated tapping,

which echoes seemingly from out of the earth; then, as we climb nearer and round the projecting hillside, we see it covered with stone which has been shot down from the top, thus turning the thick undergrowth of bushes and saplings in this particular place into a precipitous and dangerous declivity whereon is no foothold, save the narrow path used by the workmen.

Climbing still higher, we eventually reach the quarry itself, where are some hundred men at work eating into the heart of the hill with pick and mattock. The method of quarrying is, we believe, peculiar to this stone. It lies in layers, varying from half an inch to several inches in thickness, and the whole art consists in getting out these pieces of stone of as large a size as possible, for the value of lithographic stones, like that of diamonds, varies in inverse proportion to their size. Thus a dealer will quote just twice the price per pound for stones twenty inches by thirty inches compared with what he asks for those fifteen inches by ten inches.

We will suppose that the quarryman has managed to unearth a slab of stone. It is now placed upon a truck, and run along a narrow tram-rail to the grinding-shed. This is a long whitewashed room, where are to be seen some dozen of men and women—for the women here work quite as hard as the sterner sex—busily engaged in grinding the surfaces of the slabs to one level. This is done by placing one stone above another, using sand and water, and twisting the top stone round with a circular motion. Thus two stones are pre-

pared in the time it would otherwise take to finish one, on the principle of "diamond cut diamond"—"man kann den einen Diamant, nur mit dem andern schleifen." The men work all day with their long German pipes in their mouths, uttering hardly a syllable, but puffing away with unceasing regularity, and the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the difference which here exists between the German workman and his English *confrère*. Go where you will about these quarries, the men all lift their hats and take their pipes from their mouths as they greet you with "Grüss Gott;" and, save at their meals, when it is reverently laid on one side, the pipe is scarcely ever absent. Their habits are extremely simple. They eat little but the coarsest black bread and cheese or sausage, washed down by the never-failing Bavarian beer.

In the course of a conversation which we had with one old quarryman, he told us that he earned, in fine weather and during summer, eighteen shillings a week, of which three shillings were spent in beer for his wife and family, for, as he remarked, "to us it is meat and drink." Such is the power of habit in regard to national diet. This beer is cheap, however, costing only three-halfpence per quart, and is very light. This same man told us he had worked in the quarries some thirty-six years, earning all the summer full wages, and in winter perhaps three shillings a week at the most; yet he was contented and happy, and had never known a day's illness. He lived some five miles from his work, which distance he had to walk morning and evening; and as we accompanied him to his village he regaled us with many anecdotes to enliven the way, for he was a fellow of considerable humour, as well as intelligence.

Having traced the stone to the grinding-sheds, we will now proceed to follow their further history. As soon as they are ready here they are packed in rows, one against another, along the walls, awaiting the arrival of the buyers to come and pick them. This, we should imagine, is no easy matter, for, as there is no standard price for each size, each owner working his own quarry at a yearly rental, and making as much as he can out of it, it necessarily follows that a bid for a lot of stones becomes a mercenary haggle, compared to which horse-dealing is innocence itself.

On the occasion of our visit we ourselves were witnesses of a case in which a German merchant had bid what he considered a fair price for some choice stones, but his offer was refused. So, wishing the stone merchant good day, he strode away, apparently in high dudgeon, and was soon lost to sight in the thick wood. The stone merchant, evidently piqued at having lost a good order, watched his man disappear, and was on the point of running after him, when the latter was seen coming back. The stone merchant, not wishing to let it be seen that he was going to give way, turned to one of his workmen and pretended to have been giving him some instructions; but lookers-on see most of the game, and it was evident to us that the buyer saw the ruse, and, taking advantage of this, was able before long to strike a bargain at his own price.

We have already remarked upon the frugality of these quarrymen in the matter of living. There is only one inn to be found in the whole place, and thither at midday all the masters flock to talk over the day's doings. The scene is picturesque in the extreme. Seated in one common room are to be seen masters and men, busily engaged in eating and talking, while lying about all over the place is a multitude of dogs of all sizes and breeds, from the bandy-legged dachshund to the truculent boarhound. Every man seems to own a dog, which follows him wherever he goes. So that, what with the barking of dogs, the clatter of plates, and the hoarse, guttural cries of the workmen in their peculiar *patois*—which is perfectly incomprehensible to an Englishman, no matter how well he may speak ordinary German—the scenes and the sounds to be heard in that *gasthaus* at noon every day are not likely to be speedily forgotten. Beer is the only drink, and is served in huge tankards, each containing nearly a quart. Bill of fare, there is none, but you can get Limburger or Dutch cheese, and as much bread to eat as you like. Such is the midday meal. At one o'clock the men return to their work, whilst the masters remain half an hour longer to gossip over their affairs and play at cards.

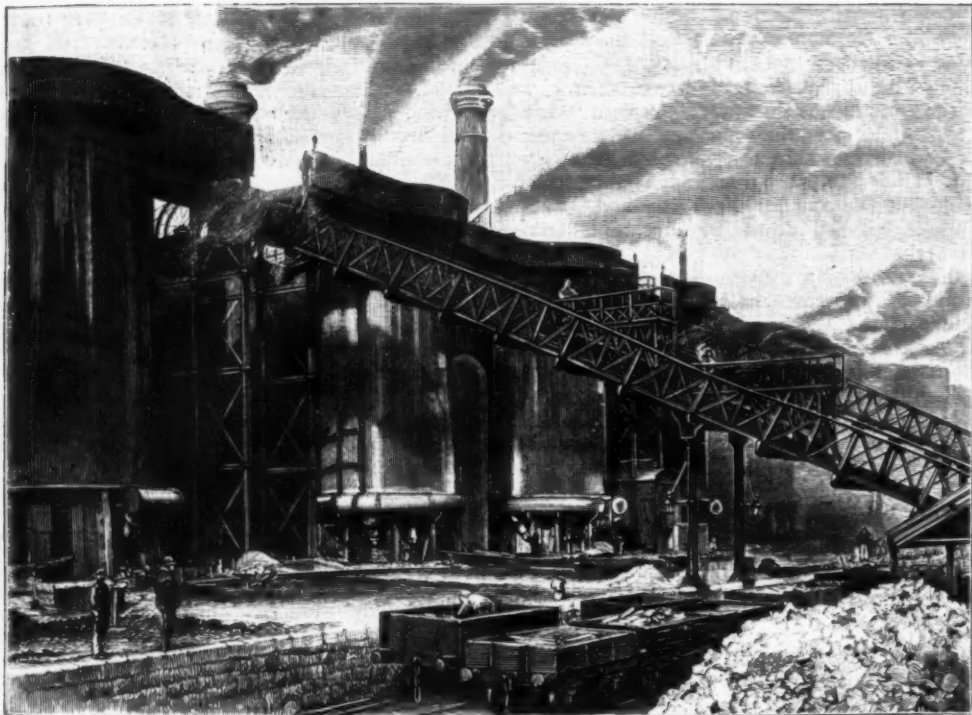
The stones having been picked, are packed in wooden cases and sent down in long two-horse waggons to the railway-station. All the way back one notices how largely this particular stone is used for almost every purpose to which stone can be applied. The roads are macadamised with it, the result being that in dry weather the dust on the highway is three or four inches thick, a fine floury dust, which, if it gets into your eyes, almost blinds you. The roads themselves are of a dazzling whiteness, which it is impossible to face on a blazing hot day, so that relief has to be sought by looking at the woods by the wayside. When, therefore, you get among the quarries themselves with no green to relieve the eye, the dust rising in clouds at every footstep, and the sun scorching down upon you, your lot is not an enviable one. The roofs are slated with thin layers of stone, the ground is also paved with it, the houses themselves are for the most part built of it, so that when once you reach the village you are reminded of the trade of the place at every turn.

Arrived at the station, the stones are loaded on the trucks and are then ready for exportation. Those forwarded to England arrive either *via* Antwerp or Rotterdam about a fortnight after leaving their native home. They are used by printers very largely in the manufacture of chromos, show cards, etc., and the coloured posters one sees on the hoardings of London are almost entirely printed from lithographic stones, as also are the coloured supplements presented at Christmas with most of the weekly illustrated newspapers. In fact, so indebted are we, in an unobtrusive way, to the valuable properties this stone possesses, that should the sources of supply ever cease, it is difficult to see where we should look for a substitute. It is true there are a few quarries of inferior stone in France, but their area is, we believe, extremely limited.

N. T. RIDDLE.

AMONG THE IRONWORKERS.

PART I.



THE BLAST FURNACES.

THE distant ring and clang of iron; two streams of cloud—one white and light, the other grey and ponderous—racing at different speeds across the watery moon. A range of wall and shed, with its hard, unbroken shadow thrown in sharp outline along the middle of the road. Against a momentary rift of blackness, or feathery veil, or sombre cumulus, a flood of sparks, like gold and silver rain, bursts up, while swords of vivid light are brandished to and fro on to the hurrying clouds; the clouds glow only in the blades of flame; the glare is red, and violet, and lemon-yellow; the colour-bands shorten and stretch, and glow and fade, with the flash of the swords and the drift of the mist and steam that float from the dark foreground to join the cloud-seas in the sky. A crow, and a whistle, and a roar, and more flashing and outbursting of fiery atoms, and more ringing and clanging, now near, now more distant. The moon is hidden for a minute, and all the light comes from behind the wall, and the shadow in the road is blurred. Then the moon appears again from behind the curtain to soften the fire colours with its milky, silvery beams, and deepen the main shadows; and we seem again to be in a spirit land, where certainly the weary are not at rest.

All night long the work goes on, and the sparks fly, and the flame-swords flash; and in the daytime there is no ceasing, although the sun overpowers the lights of the night and robs the scene of all its beauty. He who would see Melrose aright should see it by the pale moonlight; he who would see at their best the red ruins of the abbey in the Vale of Deadly Nightshade should see them under similar circumstances; and so should he who would see the scene of strenuous work of which the good Furness monks never dreamt. A strange place is Barrow on a rainy, windy night! There are two hundred and fifty acres of it, bright and busy as in the daytime; beyond them is the silent sea; before them a town in darkness, with only a few gas-lamps, and scarcely a light in a window; wide streets, with not a dozen persons in a mile of them; and in the middle of the streets a tram-line, along which glides at frequent intervals a spectral steam-car, boasting not a solitary passenger.

The empty tram-car is a type of the Barrow-in-Furness of to-day. Everywhere are the facilities for doing a flourishing trade—when it comes back again, as it is hoped it will do in the needful luxuriance when the Staten Island Docks are built on the American shore, and the merchandise can escape the pickings of all but the Furness

middlemen on its way to London from the prairies of the West. It is a town of extreme newness, a model "emporium," the most colonial of our towns, planned out in parallelograms, with no narrow lanes or short cuts, the journey across in any direction being a painful beating to windward along any two sides of a series of rectangles. There is a broad road of approach lined with trees, and spacious streets and well-built houses, all of pleasing monotony; and arrangements, sanitary and otherwise, all of the latest. There are public buildings of the noblest—a grand Town Hall, with dominating tower; a splendid Free Library, with one of the best newsrooms in the kingdom; a Working Man's Institute; a Science and Art School, for technical education; churches, board schools, baths, markets, hospitals, all new, and specially built for their purposes; shipbuilding works and steel works, and other works for the men; flax and jute works for the women; enormous docks, all of them designed with a view to the future, and all of them many sizes too big for the present. The works were once nearly full; now they are waiting for the turn of the tide. The shipyards are almost deserted; the docks—there are five of them, one of 142 acres—the last time we saw them held five ships, looking mere cock-boats in an ocean; the jute works—they cover some thirteen acres or more—seem under a cloud; the iron and steel works, though not in full swing, give the only signs of life, and very active life it is.

The history of Barrow is a short one. Two hundred years ago George Fox, the founder of the Friends, came to the seashore hereabouts a fortnight after his ill-treatment in "the steeple-house at Ulverston," and nearly met his death from the villagers of Cocken. He converted the Lancasters—and on the spot where he did so quite another conversion is now going on, that of iron into steel by the Bessemer process—and he retired to Ulverston to marry Widow Fell and become the owner of Swarthmoor Hall. Cocken then vanished into darkness to be speedily eaten up into Barrow when the awakening came. In 1845 there were seventeen houses in Barrow. In 1861 Dalton and Barrow united boasted a population of 9,152. In 1871, when Barrow for the first time was thought worthy to stand alone, it had a population of 18,774; in 1881 the numbers had increased to 47,000. Birkenhead and Middlesbrough are the only two English towns that have equalled its rate of increase.

In the days of the Bruce, when the Scots came southward in chase of Edward II, Holinshed tells us that they penetrated into Furness and carried off the iron with the greatest joy, "preferring it to any other plunder." The rich store of metal must thus have been known and worked in those days, and, indeed, the remains of the old bloomeries—for our forefathers worked in the Catalan way—are still found among the Furness fells. One case is on record of an old malleable iron hammer weighing 350 lbs. being found in one of these ruins, and carried off and put to work again! The mineral wealth of the country appears in some places on its surface, and could not well

be hid. Even the grey monks, who with the patronage of Stephen, Earl of Moreton, afterwards King of England, moved under Abbot Ewan from Amounderness to found the great house in the Nightshade Vale, must have known that they had not come into a poor land; and the abbots who followed, and who in the strange record are only thought worthy of mention when they exceeded a ten years' reign, must have owed much to the district smiths in the abbey's advance to be the second wealthiest in these islands. But none of the early pits or foundries seems to have existed between the abbey and the sea.

The chief sources of supply for the existing ironworks are at Stank and Park. The Stank mine, the deepest in Furness, was discovered in a fruitless bore for coal. The Park mine was found in 1839, when Mr. Schneider bored and bored, until, with but a covering of gravel on it, he struck the hæmatite close to the surface. That was a great find for Furness. Soon its ore came to be shipped coastwise and abroad; and as a port for its shipment the "Liverpool of Northern Lancashire" began. In course of time Messrs. Schneider and Hannay decided to smelt the ore on the spot, and the three first furnaces were built, which were first charged on October 17th, 1859. Five years after that the new company was formed for the manufacture of Bessemer steel, and on the 23rd of May, in the year following, the first steel was made. The first chairman of the board of directors was the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of much land in the district. He was succeeded by his son, the Marquis of Hartington, who still holds the post. The works grew—they have grown to some degree Channelwards by the deposit of their own slag—and they now cover 250 acres. They give employment to 5,000 men and boys, and they turn out in a year 300,000 tons of pig-iron and 140,000 tons of steel.

We need not dwell on matters mineralogical, but must say something to make our subject clear. The local ore is red hæmatite, an anhydrous ferric oxide, singularly free from those banes of the ironmaster—sulphur and phosphorus. Over a million tons a year are raised, and smelted or exported, from the Permian and Carboniferous rocks of North Lancashire and West Cumberland, the deposits being richest at the junction of the slate and the limestone. It is a dense red earth, with 66 per cent. of iron. The Forest of Dean iron comes from brown hæmatite, or hydrated ferric oxide, with 63 per cent. of iron; that of the Northampton pits is a brown ore, with 39 per cent. of iron. The Somersetshire iron comes from a spathic or crystallised ore, or ferrous carbonate with 35 per cent. of iron. The Low Moor iron comes from the clay ironstone of the Coal Measures, and the ore is a carbonate, and has 29 per cent. of iron; the Staffordshire ore comes from the same formation, and has 36 per cent. of iron; the Monmouthshire Black Band has also 36 per cent. of iron. The Cleveland ore is also a carbonate, but it is of Oolitic age, and has 34 per cent. of iron. The hæmatite is thus the richest; and, unlike the carbonate ores, it requires no roasting, so that it has not to pass through a

kiln to be prepared for the furnace. Let us follow the red ore into the works, and see what becomes of it; let us discover the origin of the volcanic outbursts and swords of flame that make the night clouds glow. On the chart the mariner in the Irish Sea is directed to note the furnaces at Barrow; let us, with Sir James Ramsden's cordial permission, make their closer acquaintance. We could not have a better example for our sketch of iron-workers at work.

In width the works of the Barrow Hæmatite Iron and Steel Company cannot be much less than a quarter of a mile. There are three main rows of buildings. To the east are the blast-furnaces; to the west are the steel works; in the centre is the lower row of mixing sheds. The area is covered with a network of railways, and the trucks bring in the red ore direct from the pit mouth to the mixing floor. As we run in, the furnaces tower up to the left, tall and bulky, thirteen out of fourteen of them in blast. Behind them are the stoves and engine-rooms, with the Channel beyond. From the top of every two furnaces there starts an inclined plane, which at about half a right angle crosses the railway lines down into the roof of the mixing shed. In the shed the red ore is weighed out with certain proportions of limestone from Stainton Quarry, and coke from Darlington, in order that it may have flux and fuel. The fuel used for smelting is not the same all the world over. In some places charcoal is used; in America we have iron smelted by coal-tar, by raw petroleum, or the lighter benzoline, and even by natural gas, turned direct from the earth into the furnaces. Here every 35cwt. of ore has 21cwt. of coke and 8½cwt. of limestone, making a total load of 3 tons 4½cwt., which is stowed on a peculiar barrow that fits the inclined plane, so as to run up and down with its floor horizontal. The yield of metal averages 57 per cent.; and thus for every ton of coke sent up a ton of pig-iron is expected to be run. As soon as the load is ready, a man takes his station on the barrow, and at a given signal away he goes up the slope and through the roof—higher, higher in the air across the railway lines to the platform at the furnace-top. Half-way up he meets a mate with an empty barrow coming down; and when he, in his turn, comes down with his empty barrow, he will in like manner pass the full charge going up, the lift being worked on the usual principle of colliery winding-gear.

The furnace is over sixty feet high, and is seven yards in diameter; it has an internal firebrick lining eighteen inches in thickness, between which and a circle of brick is a space filled with sand, the whole being enclosed in an outer casing of iron plates riveted together. At the top is an arrangement by which the gases which were allowed to flare to waste in times gone by, are collected and led away about the works, to be used in driving the boilers; and these give all the force that is required to provide steam for the numerous blowing and winding engines. It is not from the blast furnaces that the rays on the night clouds come. At the top is also the cup and cone arrangement by which the furnace is

fed, the charge being tipped all round the cone so as to distribute it equally.

When the furnace was "blown in," a quantity of wood was laid on the hearth, then a mass of coke was placed on the kindling wood, on that were placed alternate layers of coke and limestone, and then a little ore. As soon as it was a third full the wood was lighted, and when it was fairly in combustion the furnace was filled to the top with ore and fuel and flux, and the blowing commenced very gently, the blast and the amount of ore being gradually increased during a few days until the full blast and burden were attained. Since then, night and day, without a pause, the barrows have journeyed up the slope with their load from the mixing shed and tipped in tons upon tons of ore and coke and limestone, to feed the never-ceasing fire.

What the temperature of a blast furnace is it has been sought to discover by the use of alloys of known melting-points placed at different levels within it. The heat varies with the height; at the top it was found to be 320° C., at the bottom 1450° C. Just below the top, where reduction takes place by the contact with the carbonic oxide, the fire is a dull red; the red becomes brighter lower down, and the limestone is decomposed; lower still, it is a full red where the absorption of carbon probably goes on; below that, where the furnace is at its broadest, is a zone of brighter red, where the sulphur and similar elements, if any, are reduced from the charge, and combine with the pig-iron; as the furnace narrows—"in the boshes," to use the technical term—the heat reaches bright-redness, and the descending charge of spongy metal and slag-formers undergoes thorough fusion; and in the crucible the heat reaches whiteness, the fused metal and slag separate—the slag being drawn off above the level of the molten metal by a channel-way into the slag-waggons, the metal being run off at the lowest point on to the pig-bed.

From one of the furnaces we see the slag removed, run into railway trucks, and taken by an engine about half a mile up the works, where it is shot out on to the bank and utilised to increase the area of the company's property at the expense of the seashore. From another we see the metal tapped. There is a narrow stream of vivid brightness, which in a few yards dulls down to ever darker red as it flows like treacle into a series of furrows arranged as regularly as the Barrow streets, with the necessary main thoroughfares, the top ends of each row communicating with a common channel, along which the metal runs to supply the furrows that communicate with it. This common channel is the "sow," the furrows fed from it are the pigs; when the litter has been supplied the man in charge cuts off the communication with a slip of clay, and the litter just above is then attended to, and thus the cast takes place quickly and regularly, and soon the D-shaped furrows are full of iron "pigs," each weighing as nearly as possible a hundredweight, and going to make up the pig-bed load of five-and-twenty tons. On another pig-bed we see the next operation in

progress; the men are with sledge-hammers breaking apart the pigs from the sows, and knocking them into separate existence. A very warm job this seems to be, for were the men to wait till the iron was cold the force required to break up the massive gridiron would be tremendous. They have to strike while the iron is hot—while twenty-five tons of it are hot!

Between the furnaces and the Walney Channel—the short strait that cuts off Walney Island from the mainland—is the winding engine, with its ropes and big wheel. On the wall is the regulation tell-tale; on the wheel is the usual chalk-mark, without which no engineman would be

from the furnace-tops. Some are on Cowper's plan, some on that of Giers; but all work the air up to a temperature of 900° Fahrenheit before they part with it. To every furnace are six twyers, or mouthpieces, with 4-inch nozzles, cooled by constantly-flowing water; and these are the lips of the ardent *Æolus*, through which is blown the never-lulling simoom of the smelter.

But let us return for a moment to our pigs, whose rent-paying powers are unfortunately in these hard times as feeble as those of their Irish namesakes. Not so very long ago the iron required for Bessemer steel-making was cast into pigs, which were taken away from the litter and



THE BESSEMER PIT AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT FROM THE CONVERTER.

comfortable. A gong sounds; the engine starts; the tell-tale moves as the barrows on the incline run swiftly up or down. As the tell-tale reaches the end of its tether the engine is slowed, the chalk-mark on the wheel is watched, and when it is opposite the appointed place the wheel stops dead. The empty barrow has reached the mixing floor; the full one is on the platform at the furnace-head.

By the side of the winding engine is the long row of blowing engines, on grasshopper and other principles, which serves as lungs to the colossal blowpipes that help up the furnace heat so wondrously. Before Neilson applied the hot blast to the Clyde Ironworks in 1828, the air driven into the smelting-hearth was cold, now it is always heated by being passed through chambers of fire-brick before it enters the flames. Between the row of engine-houses and the furnaces are the stoves, through which the blast is passed, all of which are heated by the waste gases

re-melted before their conversion. Now the pig stage is omitted, and the fluid metal drawn off from the pig-bed down an iron spout lined with sand, and poured into a massive ladle swung in a strange-looking railway-truck. Such a ladle is worth following; it contains eight tons of liquid iron. As we look across the rails to the steel works to which it is bound, a black cloud obscures the sky, and, in the momentary loss of light, a flash of flame shoots up from the roof, and close by is a burst of glittering rain. Evidently the cause of the brilliant illumination of the night is yet to be found, and, with the ladle, we are on the track. By a somewhat circuitous route, passing a weighing-machine on its way, the ladle enters the steel works.

At the northern end of the three wide sheds, which are 735 feet long, are the Bessemer converters and Siemens furnaces, for both processes are here extensively worked; at the southern end are the hammers and the rolling-mills, from which

we can hear the steel rails clanging as they fall on to the guides that run them out into the air. In the bright light and dark shadow we make out four casting-pits, with two converters at the side of each; huge short-necked retorts, of familiar form now, lined thick with refractory ganister from Sheffield or elsewhere, riddled with holes at the bottom to admit the blast that passes down into the twyers through one of the trunnions. In the centre of the pit is a hydraulic ram, on which is the platform carrying the ladle that is to receive the steel when duly cooked, and pour it out into the circle of ingot-moulds that stand ready below. The whole of the machinery is hydraulic, and we take our stand on a sort of bridge, from which the man in charge, by turning different wheels, gives the ponderous apparatus almost human facility of movement.

The converter, with its mouth turned down, is receiving the charge that the travelling-ladle has brought in on to a higher platform from the blast-furnace. In the vessel's horizontal position its flat, perforated bottom is vertical; and, owing to its curved sides, the fluid metal is in a sort of bowl, and does not rise to the level of the twyers. When the charge is all in, the blast is turned full on, and at the same time the converter rises upright. Instantly there is a shower of sparks from the open mouth, as the fluid metal is danced and dandled on the storm that is driven in through the twyers. Were it to sink into the holes the consequences would be disastrous, but it has no chance to do so. The pressure of the air is greater than the weight of the iron, and keeps the inlets clear. The flame goes roaring wildly aloft under the hood, up the flue, into the air. Every now and then a sheaf of sparks is thrown out and danced sky high. As the minutes pass

the flame brightens; and how bright it gets can be judged from our illustration, in which Mr. C. P. Richards has with great skill photographed the Bessemer Pit by the light from the converter. Longer and longer, fuller and fuller, brighter and brighter it glows; the sparks get more irregular, and change in hue, or seem to change, for the eyes are dazzled. The flame turns from vivid white to pale amethyst, and as it takes the amethystine tinge it thins and dies.

Then a gong is struck as a warning, the vessel turns over on its back with a big discharge of sparks, and a pick-me-up seems to be administered, that it may make one effort more. And the effort is a startling one, for from the mouth there leaps a long, faintly-bluish, lambent flame, that tells the cook his work has prospered. A turn of a wheel, and the converter leans far enough back to pour its water-like contents into the heated ladle in the pit. As the pour is ended we move round so as to look into the vessel, and we can see the white-hot bottom freckled with the twyer-ends, every tube being visible. Mould after mould is filled from the ladle, as it moves round the pit in obedience to a wheel on the bridge, and soon the liquid iron we followed half an hour ago from the blast furnaces will be ingots of steel.

The principle of the process is not difficult to understand. The pick-me-up we saw administered was a small dose of spiegeleisen from a furnace close by. Spiegeleisen is pig-iron's most highly carburized and crystalline form; air is blown through the liquid charge to burn out the carbon, and the spiegeleisen is added to produce a metal of any required degree of carbonisation.

W. J. GORDON.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH OLD SARDINE-BOXES.

UNDER the general head of Sardine-boxes, we are about to speak of every sort of white metal cases used for the preserved meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, milk, and other articles. So enormous is now the consumption of these "tinned" provisions, that the empty cases form no inconsiderable part of the miscellaneous refuse in our domestic dustbins and in parish dust-heaps. The huge masses of rubbish which are accumulated by the contractors in various localities, as many of our readers know, are systematically and carefully sorted, and most of the materials, although apparently useless refuse, are turned to profitable account. The cinders and coke, the rags and the paper, the bottles and glass, and many other articles are gathered by the sorters, and afford wonderful examples of the modern "utilisation of waste" materials. But until very recently the sardine-boxes and broken tin-cases of various sorts and sizes were the most trouble-

some and useless of all the component parts of the dust-heap.

The *chiffonniers* of Paris, the most ingenious and industrious of all the utilisers of waste, could make nothing of these tin boxes, of which the introduction was recent, and the numbers rapidly increasing year by year. Other refuse, which could not be utilised in the town, was carted to the country, where the agriculturists could make some use of most of the heaps for manure—all except the sardine-boxes! These resisted the process of putrefaction, and were the despair of farmers and gardeners, who, to get rid of the nuisance, were obliged to dig deep pits and there bury the metal.

Some of the *chiffonniers*, indeed, filled the empty boxes with clay or earth, and, using them like bricks, piled them up so as to make little houses or huts, covered with bituminous paper. In some of the *chiffonnier* colonies, squatted on waste ground

in the suburbs of Paris, may still be seen some of these huts, the partition walls of which, perfectly strong and weather-tight, are formed by sardine-boxes filled with dry earth. In this way, however, only a very small number of the ever-multiplying boxes could be disposed of.

In 1871 an ingenious man named Drog, who kept a wine-shop, found himself utterly ruined by the war with Germany. He and his family were at the point of starvation. Casting about for some way of retrieving his fortune, he bethought him of turning the sardine-boxes to some profit. He ascertained that the solder with which the boxes are hermetically closed was commonly sold at the price of 1fr. to 1fr. 30c. per kilogramme. Might not this solder, which melts at no high temperature, be recovered from the broken tins and resold? Collecting some of the worthless metal, he made experiments on a small scale in an improvised furnace, and found that the solder could easily be separated. It is not necessary to tell the progress of his experiments, and the methods by which he carried out his idea. Suffice it to say that he arranged with some of the master *chiffonniers* to purchase immense stocks of these tin boxes, and, by much labour and economy in constructing his furnaces, he was soon able to make good profit out of the solder saved from the waste metal.

The Maison Drog, in the Rue de Crimée, is at this day the scene of a large and profitable industry. Not only is there a great supply of solder (mixed lead and tin) drawn off from the fiery furnaces, but the ashes are ingeniously turned to account so as to recover a large quantity of pure tin, first volatilised to separate it from impurities, and then condensed. What the value of this pure tin may be is not stated, but of solder alone the Maison Drog sells annually more than 100,000 kilos. at 1fr. 10c. the kilogramme. Not many grains of tin escape the searching processes, and the profit from it must be large.

The residuary metal might seem now useless, but it also is turned to profitable account, and is the basis of an industry altogether new. The iron plates, of whatever size, are destined for the ingenious operations of toy-makers. Formerly, almost all the children's toys in France came from Germany, and other places, where large numbers of workpeople were constantly occupied with their hand-tools. Now, the French make their own cheap toys, and chiefly out of the waste plates of the old sardine and meat tins.

One Parisian artificer, M. Rosignol, the first adventurer in this business, sells every year more than a million metal toys at a sou each. By skilful and powerful machinery, the metal, after being rolled and pressed when hot, is shaped into the animals and birds, as varied as ever were seen in a juvenile "Noah's Ark," as well as into soldiers, horses and chariots, and every conceivable variety

of playthings. Every Christmas sees new designs and inventions, which the Germans strive to copy, but without affecting the Parisian sale, which is encouraged by patriotic feeling as well as by the fashion of the time. Some of the toys are of complicated construction, such as the horses and wheeled carts, for preparing which, after the pieces are cut by machinery, it is necessary to use solder to put them together. The bright colours of some of the toys are given to the plates when heated and rolled, before being shaped into the objects designed. Black is the tint most easily given.

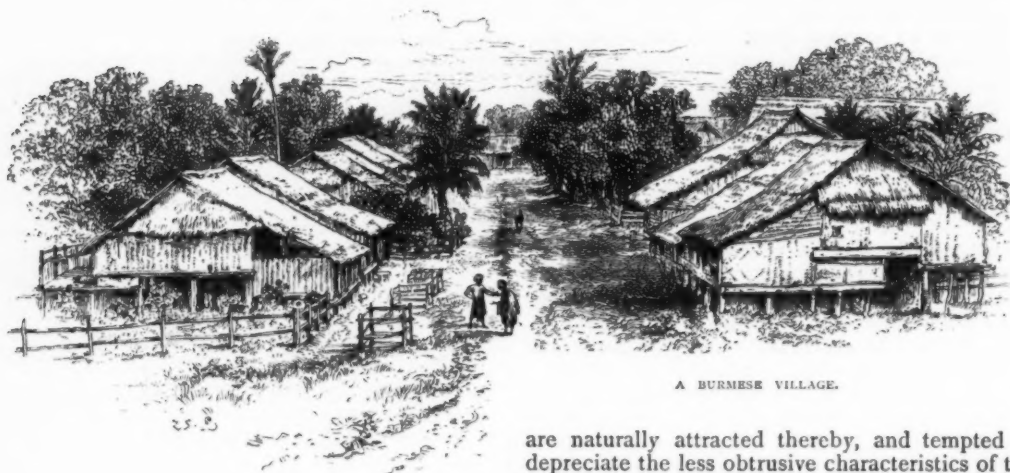
A still more remarkable department of M. Rosignol's establishment is the manufacture of little Venetian lanterns, the basis of which is still the metal of the old sardine-boxes. In Paris, on such *fêtes* as the 14th July, every year there is an enormous demand for these tin lanterns, the shape of our paper "night-lights." Nor is their use confined to France. During the *fêtes* on the occasion of the crowning of the Czar, all the sardine-boxes that could be collected were transformed into little Venetian lanterns, and dispatched to Moscow and St. Petersburg. The basis and circle of these handy and cheap night-lamps are of tin, to contain the oil, on which float pieces of cork, the preparation of which gives employment to another legion of *chiffonniers*.

Other uses of the old sardine-boxes, suspected by few not in the secret, might be enumerated. The makers of æsthetic furniture use curiously shaped pieces of the metal for ornaments. They appear also as buttons on waistcoats and topcoats, either dyed jet black, or covered with some textile material.

Finally, even the fragments and clippings of the metal, remaining after the shapes are cut out by machinery, come into profitable use. The chemical manufacturer procures the last residuum for making sulphate of iron, which is in daily use as a disinfectant. So that absolutely nothing is lost of the old sardine-boxes!

After reading this wonderful account of Parisian industry, I made inquiry as to the use made of similar tin boxes in London. I find that from the "Paddington dust-heaps," which are famed for their size and variety of contents, some loads of sardine-boxes and condensed milk cans are every week carted away to a Bethnal Green contractor, who is paid five shillings a load for ridding the parish of this portion of its rubbish. This contractor extracts the solder by putting the metal into a furnace, and the substratum of sheet iron is then dispatched to Middlesborough, in Yorkshire, to be treated, with other old iron, in the rolling-mills. The larger cases, that have contained more bulky preserved meats, fish, or vegetables, are not considered worth the trouble of fusing for the solder, but go straight to Middlesborough as old iron.

A WORD ABOUT THE KARENS OF BURMAH.



A BURMESE VILLAGE.

A SILVER lining to the dark cloud which long hung over Burmah showed itself in the conspicuous loyalty and admirable behaviour of the Karens, victims though they be of unsympathetic treatment, eminently conducive to disloyalty and disorganisation. The very tribes who, under the Burmese *régime*, were truculent and apparently untamable caterans, justified the conciliatory policy of the British Government by becoming its staunchest supporters in the duty of restoring order in districts which, owing to recent events, had become wholly or partially disorganised. For they not only, as law-abiding people, afforded a praiseworthy example to their disaffected neighbours, but by placing themselves at the disposal of the officers of Government or their missionaries, upheld British authority at a critical period—an attitude the more commendable, as some of them were smarting under a sense of grievous wrong in having been taxed for the cost of extra police in districts which would have lapsed into anarchy had it not been for their timely intervention.

The current literature of the day is full of valuable and interesting information regarding the origin, history, traditions, habits, and customs of the Burmese. The most trivial details regarding them, especially in connection with our new fellow-subjects, are recorded in the newspapers, and form texts for leading articles and not a little correspondence. Nothing, however, is heard of the Karens,¹ who, leaving out of consideration the fact that they comprise fully one-seventh of the population of what used to be called British Burmah, possess a very marked individuality, which deserves recognition. The strong personality of the Burmese, even where the Karen element predominates, is so pronounced that casual observers

are naturally attracted thereby, and tempted to depreciate the less obtrusive characteristics of the Karens. Officials and others brought in constant contact with the former, more or less succumb to the glamour of their genial disposition and winning manners, which contrast so favourably with the stolid and matter-of-fact bearing of the Karens, with whom flattery is so foreign to their thoughts, that they have no word for it in their language. They are also apt to look at all that concerns the latter through Burmese spectacles, which, unfortunately, are obscured by a prejudice that relegates them to a position little higher than mere animals. It is surprising that one of the most interesting peoples in our Indian Empire should thus be ignored, and that such scant justice should be accorded to their exemplary attitude, which was of such paramount political importance during the late revolution in Burmah.

Karen is a name we have adopted from the Burmese, the etymology of which, though obscure, conveniently designates a people divided into numerous clans, but having no common designation for themselves, each tribe, according to its own dialect, referring to itself as "man," *par excellence*. Although the oral traditions of unlettered peoples have seldom much ethnical value, those of the Karens, both religious and secular, in connection with their origin, have the support of linguistic and geographical evidence denied to the more civilised races that surround them, and are at the same time corroborated by their manners and customs, system of government, state of social relations, and religious observances. Their propitiation of the manes of deceased ancestors, by the consecration of miniature houses and food to their use; their custom of placing animals, weapons, domestic implements, and other property on the graves of deceased persons; their belief in mediums having the power over health and life, extending to the realms of the dead, and their fear of wizards and necromancers, are identical with what pertains in Central Asia. Some of their legends take a tangible shape by indicating an

¹ This paper was written long before Mr. Smeaton's "The Loyal Karens of Burmah" was published.

intimate connection with the Chinese in former times and in places whereof present narrators know nothing but the bare names. Thus the remarkable tradition of having crossed the "river of running sand" when coming "from the north," was inexplicable till we learnt from the diary of the celebrated Chinese pilgrim, Fahian, that it was identical with the great Gobi Desert.

Their religious traditions confirm their secular legends in determining their ancient habitat; for while they coincide in the most remarkable way with many of the most prominent Biblical events recorded in the Old Testament, they are absolutely devoid of the Christian element pertaining to the New Testament. Hence it is plausibly conjectured by some that they must have been obtained from the Jews after their dispersion, or from the Nestorians, whose policy and exploits form a prominent feature in the history of Central Asia. Others again aver that the absence therein of allusion to the great Deluge is fatal to this view.

The numerous Karen tribes may conveniently be divided into three great families, the Sgau, the Pwo, and the Bghai. The two first form the bulk of the agricultural population of the delta of the Irawadi river, and are also found in the lower basins of the Sittang and Salween rivers and their adjacent mountain ranges. They are meek and peaceful peoples, timid and suspicious, owing doubtless to long endured oppression under the old régime, and form a marked contrast to the warlike and independent Bghais, lying north of them, who boast with truth of having ever defied all efforts of the Burmese to exercise control over them. Beyond the Bghais again, and extending far into China, are numerous tribes, more or less allied to this family, but exceeding them in lawlessness and ferocity. All are more or less prone to kidnapping, slave dealing, and tribal feuds, while some occasionally make raids on their neighbours in order to procure human heads, which are prized as trophies as well as for the purpose of propitiating the *genii loci*. Judging by Burmese experience with the Bghais, it was assumed we were hampered with a people so savage and turbulent as to be hopelessly impracticable. Incomprehensible as it may appear, however, missionary enterprise has been very successful with these tribes, who have not only proved most amenable to firm and judicious management on the part of our frontier officers, but recently have also shown themselves worthy of the most sympathetic encouragement.

If we are to believe tradition, the Karens, in common with the Chinese, Hindus, and Egyptians, practised the Noahic religion, in which, as Carlyle tells us, "fable and fancy could find no place, and all was genuine unsophisticated truth." They are distinguished from the peoples that surround them by their belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, but, like the unclean spirits in Holy Writ, though they recognise the majesty of the Lord Most High, they also seem to say, "What have we to do with Thee?"

Their indigenous religion seems to bear traces of the Mid-Asian mythologies, which were characterised by the broad simplicity of primeval man in

various parts of the world, in his searches after truth. For with them all objects in nature have their presiding spirits, which, as subordinate beings to some greater power, must be propitiated. These spirits, and as some term them demons, being naturally phlegmatic, only punish mortals when they inadvertently trespass on their domains. Hence to avert this calamity they must be kept in good-humour by offerings of food and libations of intoxicating spirits. Their ritual of observance, in short, only enjoins the necessity of sacrifice, and the obligation to avoid evil or obtain good in this life, without holding out hope of reward in the world to come.

This wonderfully simple faith is, however, burdened by a somewhat complicated psychological conceit with reference to an attribute of all animated nature which they call La or Kela. This idea seems allied to the *Psyche* of the Greeks, as well as to the genius of the Latins, possessing other inherent qualities peculiar to itself, which remind us of the good and bad angels, which, in our own classic literature, are said to attend on every human being. "This La," says Doctor Mason,¹ "existed before man was born, comes into the world with him, remains with him until death, lives after death, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, is immortal. Yet no moral qualities are predicated of it. It is neither good nor bad, but is merely that which gives life to mortality."

The Karen, therefore, while endeavouring to be on good terms with all the *genii loci* of his surroundings, finds it particularly incumbent on him to make things pleasant for his La, lest through pique or inadvertence it should cease to protect him from his bad demons, viz., madness, epilepsy, lust, wrath, bad dreams, disease, and languor.

One of the most curious and interesting of their quaint superstitions is the divination by fowls' bones, a process which Gaule, in his "Magastro-mancers Posed and Puzzled," terms "spatulancy." According to their traditions, it appears that God gave the Chinese a paper book, the Burmese another made of palm-leaves, and the Karens a third composed of skin. The Chinese and Burmese, prizing what they received, took every care of them, while the Karens, with reprehensible carelessness, allowed a hog to tear up their copy, the fragments of which were picked up and eaten by fowls. The Karens, though much concerned at this misfortune, took comfort in the thought that as the fowls had eaten their book, the latter, as veritable depositories of the lost law, must possess all the information it contained, and therefore could be consulted through the medium of their bones. The origin of the superstition, however, may possibly date from archaic times, when, instead of being utilised as an article of food, the common barndoor fowl was an object of veneration. Like the Karens, it came from Central Asia, whence it passed through Persia to Greece, Italy, France, and Britain, in all of which countries it was regarded superstitiously, and treated as a

¹ Journal Asiatic Society of Bengal.

distinguished and honoured guest. In some also it was used for the purposes of divination, a relic of which may be seen among ourselves to this day in the practice of pulling the merrythought of a chicken. The Karen method of divination is simple. The services of an elder supposed to have achieved the distinction of Passed Master in the science having been called into requisition, he causes a fowl to be killed, and, after extracting the leg and wing bones, holds them so that the minute air-holes therein shall be at the top. Into each of these he inserts a tiny straw to indicate its direction, accurately noting at the same time the number thereof and their relative positions, many nice distinctions having to be observed in connection with these particulars to enable even an expert to read the oracle correctly. The Karens hardly ever commit themselves to the very commonest undertakings without consulting and obtaining a favourable response from this augury, so that matters essentially trivial, as well as affairs of vast importance, are actually determined by the turn of a straw.

Victims as the Karens are of a superstition which trusts to the efficacy of propitiatory offerings to demons in order to save them from all the ills to which flesh is heir, and which discourages disbelief in a future state, they appear—humanly speaking—to be impracticable to the teachings of a purer faith. They, however, prove that rude tribes, with exceedingly crude ideas on the subject of religion, occasionally present a virgin soil, in which novel ideas of morality take root and fructify. Christianity has certainly wrought a vast change in the habits, the feelings, and the hearts of the Karens. Instead of the strict system of taboo which obtained when heathenish rites were in the ascendant, a glad welcome is now offered in their chapels to all who wish to join in prayer and praise to the living God. It has also achieved such marvellous success in these regions as to cause the Karen mission to be recognised as one of the most promising in the world. These results were primarily due to the influence of their traditions, which taught them to look to the west for the white strangers, who, coming by sea, would bring with them the book, once theirs, and make them acquainted with the true God. The portentous advent of the English, in right of conquest, and the appearance of American missionaries with the Holy Bible, were accordingly accepted in simple faith, as a literal fulfilment of the promises foreshadowed in this legend. A great impetus was simultaneously given to the cause of Christianity, which claims our widest sympathy because the triumph of the sacred cause, and the consequent breaking-down of the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and savagery, have been mainly achieved by the aid of the people themselves, who voluntarily and freely gave of their substance in earnest of the sincerity of their religion.

The mission of St. Augustine to England is said to have owed its origin to the presence of English slave children in Rome, whose lovely faces, "*non angli sed angeli*," so fired St. Gregory with religious zeal that he deputed him to convert their coun-

trymen. The mission to the Karens originated in a Karen slave, named Koh Tha Byoo, who, as the Karen apostle, proved a second Augustine to his countrymen.

In any notice of the Karens, however crude and brief, some reference to the religious traditions which have earned for them sympathetic interest throughout Christendom, is essential. The Karens are fully impressed with the idea that in ancient times they possessed the Word of God, written in books of skin, the description of which, in a poetical fragment quoted by Dr. Mason, especially that part of it in which allusion is made to "one-sided letters," points to an identity with the parchment records used by the Jews before paper was known to them. None of these writings, unfortunately, have been preserved, in consequence, say they, of the accident thereto detailed in the puerile myth already quoted. Their ancestors have, however, handed down to them oral traditions, the resemblance of which to various incidents in the Mosaic record are not a little remarkable.

Though, as some declare, these legends may have been too highly coloured by the American missionaries, owing to preconceived notions regarding the origin thereof, yet as a matter of fact they substantially agree with the traditions possessed more or less intact by all the tribes before they had any intercourse with either Americans or Europeans. Indeed, it was owing to the verification of these very traditions that the apathetic indifference of the Karens to ordinary events was changed to an attitude of absorbing interest. A single example of the legends will suffice :

"Anciently God commanded, but Satan appeared bringing destruction. Formerly God commanded, but Satan appeared, deceiving unto death.

"The woman Eu and the man Thanai pleased not the eye of the dragon. The dragon looked on them, and beguiled the woman and Thanai.

"How is this said to have happened? The great dragon succeeded in deceiving unto death.

"How do they say it was done?

"A yellow fruit took the great dragon, and gave it to the children of God. A white fruit took the great dragon, and gave it to the daughter and son of God.

"They transgressed the commands of God, and God turned away from them. They kept not all the words of God—were deceived unto sickness.

"They kept not all the law of God—were deceived unto death."

It is beyond our province to enter into details of missionary work among the Karens. Suffice it to say it has been rewarded with continued success. Christianity has made rapid strides wherever it has been firmly established, and has, moreover, paved the way to a rapidly increasing confidence between our Government and a people *now* eminently loyal and law-abiding, but who, under the Burmese rule, were distinguished either for their turbulent and undisciplined character, or for sullen submissiveness to a Government cordially detested.

Though the "Pax Britannica" has doubtless done much for Burmah, contact with western civilisation has, alas! tended more or less to the moral and physical degradation of the Burmese; while our agnostic system of education, which has usurped the place of the indigenous system, founded on a religion older than Christianity, has undoubtedly served to blunt their sense of what is required of them as good citizens and loyal subjects. Let us not fall into the same error when dealing with the Karens. We have decidedly made a good beginning with them. For, owing to the conciliatory policy and tact which distinguished our officers when they first had to deal with the wilder clans, coupled with the teaching of Christian missionaries, drunkenness, which used to be their besetting sin and almost normal condition, has given way to temperance, a friendly brotherhood between the different tribes has taken the place of blood feuds, while all evince encouraging signs of a desire to lead a new life according to the teachings of the Book brought by the white men from the west. But these poor people are even less prepared to encounter the fiery ordeal under which the Burmese have succumbed.

Whether our policy with Indian peoples, which allows a wide tolerance to all forms of religious faith without encouraging any, is sound or otherwise, is beyond the scope of this paper. Nor need we hazard an opinion on the polemical difficulty in connection with our attitude towards Christianity in India. There are grave reasons, however, for doubting whether our religious policy is applicable to Burmah. The Government which we have supplanted vied with us in religious tolerance, while it, as a matter of course, strenuously supported the State religion—Buddhism. Hence, our Burmese fellow-subjects, whose moral and social life is intensely coloured by religious faith, fail to appreciate a policy which ignores Christianity. Our attitude is even more inexplicable to the Karens, whose traditions induce them to accept us as deliverers and religious teachers, and offer us at the same time opportunities for exerting an influence, which other nations—notably the Mohammedans—would not have neglected. It will, therefore, be to our lasting reproach if our present or future policy mar the glorious results which have been achieved in connection with one of the most loyal peoples in Farther India.

A. R. MACMAHON.

Varieties.

The Sweated Sweaters.

Several times, during recent months, I paid early visits to Trafalgar Square and other places, and selecting all the women who had been shelterless, was able to cheer them with coffee and slices of bread-and-butter. Sad were the tales I heard from one and another, tales of disappointment, of business loss, of homes broken up, of work scarcity, of situations lost, and of low prices paid for slop work.

A respectable and rather intelligent-looking woman, who had worked for great contractors, said: "The work is done chiefly in the East End. Formerly we had five shillings for making the thick coats of engineers and railway guards, now we get only one and eightpence. For postmen's trousers we had tenpence, now we only get threepence-halfpenny each and find our own thread and fire for heating irons. But this amount is for finishing off the trousers by hand. The sides are all stitched by machinery, and the waistbands, button holes, fastening on of buttons and sewing round the end of each leg, is done for the threepence-halfpenny. Policemen's and soldiers' outfits are all done at the same cheap rate. Moreover, the work is let out from sweater to sweater, and more subdivided. One puts in the arms, another does the button-holes, and so the cost per coat cannot be so easily ascertained." One contractor said, when complaint was made to him, "Oh, you people earn too much money, and only spend it in drink." He made the habits of some the excuse for sweating others more severely. One Jew contractor, I was told, paid even less. "I don't mean to work for it," said this woman; "if they can't pay more than will enable us to starve in the East, I may as well be lazy in the West. I cannot keep a home over my head by working, so I may as well pass my time lounging."

The statements made by this woman seemed almost incredible. I have, however, sought to verify them. I now know that women for shirt finishing get threepence to fourpence a dozen. For carefully putting in button-holes to collars, one penny per dozen. Pinafores, I have seen, that sell for one-and-sixpence, but finished with embroidery and

inserted lace, for the making of which women receive three farthings.

I saw numbers of shilling shirts exposed for sale in Whitechapel at large shops; and one woman there told me that the price at which they were "thrown together" was shameful. Pill boxes are made up at a shilling for thirty-six gross. Whips are made at a similar cheap rate. Lucifer boxes are pasted up in enormous quantities at astounding prices. Paper bags are made at fourpence-halfpenny per thousand. The people by dint of hardest work, even when they have plenty, can make frequently only one-and-threepence per day. But they have to wait for work, and lose time in going to and fro. Sometimes they are kept for hours waiting, and are so prevented from going to get work elsewhere.

The under-sweaters have to lose time also. One complained bitterly to me. He told me, standing in his own sweating room, in one of the lowest courts of Whitechapel, that he had to work very hard to make ends meet. "I have machines at which I have women to stitch the sides of the trousers at three-and-ninepence per dozen pairs, then I pay four-and-sixpence per dozen pairs for finishing. I get ten shillings per dozen and have to take all risks, pay for gas, coke, repair of machines and rent. I don't get much profit, you see, sir. There are others who do the thing for half the prices I have told you, but then the material is not so good, and the contractors know I won't work for less than ten shillings a dozen pairs." He showed me a bundle of two dozen trousers. "Lift it, sir." I try, and confess the bundle is weighty. "There are only two dozen there. I shall get a sovereign for all that work!" With that he poises them on his shoulder and trudges off to the sweater of a higher rank because on a larger scale.

I called on this man again after a week or two and found that he, the sweater, was still being sweated.

"I can get two thousand trousers to make to-morrow," he said, "if I will only do them at sixpence each. I cannot live at it; I must let my machines be idle, and the people must get work elsewhere."

"But how will you live?"

"I must visit my uncle, and entrust him with one thing and another, and raise enough by pawning to get bread for the children."

Another upon whom I called, and who was making slop coats, told me the same thing.

"Look at these tickets. These are the pay-tickets. You see, one and threepence each is all I get for making those splendid coats."

It must be confessed that the coats are well made, and look very smart. The retail dealers sell them at a pound or twenty-five shillings.

"I begin at six o'clock," says the sweater, "and leave off at eleven, and I am not so well off now as when I worked under the tailors myself. Twenty-three years ago I could earn three pounds a week; now I cannot earn as much by taking all risks. I have now to make a dozen coats for less than I had for making one. It is the machinery that has done it."

Said another, "We sweat for the shopkeepers and big houses that don't understand the trade, but who make the profit. Christians and Jews are all alike, and ready to cut one another's throats to get the work."

Some of the sweating places I entered were really clean and well-lighted places. The coke stove and gas made them stifling to me. In one place I saw that the stove was in a separate room. Wise manager! What these places must be in summer, when the great fire to heat the irons must still be kept going, I do not know. If they differ from the places that Kingsley described in his "Alton Locke" in being larger and more airy, they are still literally sweating dens.

There is a great difference between the pay of the "bespoke" tailors and the slop-workers. The "slop-men" perhaps do only one part of a coat, and can scarcely be called tailors. They learn to "machine," and nine or ten men will be engaged on different parts of a coat.

"This explains," said one, humorously, "how a tailor is spoken of as only the ninth part of a man."

I was assured that a large part of the tailoring work of the City and West End is done at the East End. Even ladies' habits and costumes are made there. Much is done for exporting. One large sweater said, "We export largely to France, the United States, and Australia. If the making is chiefly in the hands of the Jews, it is because they can live on less, work longer, and, it seems, yield less to drinking and tipping. But it is not the Jews who let down the price so much as the fact that, in some country towns, and especially those where barracks are located, the women—wives of labourers and soldiers—are glad to work for the most miserable pittance, so as to supplement their husbands' wages or pay."

"Look at that pair of trousers," said one of the largest warehousemen to me. "I can produce those, cloth included, at 2s. 11d., and they sell in the City for 6s. 6d. They are all made outside cheaper than we could do it within."

"See," said another, "that strong butcher's coat. It cost only 7d. to make." I examine it. Seeing how well and strongly it is made, I put it down, horrified at the small amount the poor toilers had received.

In speaking of making garments, it has to be remembered that the cutting-out is done by skilled hands. By means of a continuous knife that is carried round a wheel like a strap, the cloth is cut into every section needed in thickness of a dozen or more at a time. This materially lessens cost. The work is then sent on to the out-sweaters, but some men finish the whole on their own premises. Such factories are not nearly so objectionable as the rooms of the sub-sweaters. Moreover, the risk of having the clothes contaminated by any disease is lessened. The workers know one another, and themselves help to keep a strict supervision over any who might come from homes where small-pox or scarlet-fever or measles has broken out. Much disease must necessarily be spread by garments that are taken to the homes of poverty and squalor to be finished. People will earn their bread even if others have to suffer. I saw one woman working away in bed; she was too ill to rise. Her husband was helping her as best he could.

A full report, compiled by Mr. John Burnett, has lately been issued by the Board of Trade. It summarises the

objections to the sweating system. Mr. Burnett says that it attracts cheap foreign labour, overcrowding the market—that it is "wrong in principle, introducing several middlemen, each making a profit"—that these men "grind down and oppress the workpeople"—that the "insanitary condition of the work-places, and the overcrowding of tenements, render it alike destructive to the physical, social, and moral well-being of its victims"—that it compels thousands of our own people to emigrate, and "leads up to a development of race-hatreds and their natural results." This is true. The writer has heard many bitter remarks by fellow-countrymen concerning the influx of foreigners.

Attempts have been made to introduce some check to the system, but alas! they are not a success. Kind-hearted philanthropists have fitted up places for work-people and secured ample work for them at the current rates; but apart from the drive, the absolutism, the pressure, the all but slave-driving lash of the final sweaters, the work cannot be made remunerative, even though there is nothing to pay for firing, gas, rates, or rent, or the porter to go to and from the warehouse. It is disheartening. All a woman can earn, under these favourable conditions, by sitting closely to work from nine in the morning to six at night, is one shilling and a penny, or six and sixpence a week.

Of course men who can "machine" well, or who do the hard work of pressing the coat seams, are far better paid. Women, too, are in some places better paid, but they have to work longer hours.

It is not likely that the public will refuse to buy cheap things. The public does not want to pay for hand work when machine-made goods can be had, almost as durable, and at much less cost. Far from giving up purchasing, the public flocks to the cheap shop. The manager of a large branch shop in this line told me that his firm thought it a poor day's work if on Saturday a thousand pairs of trousers alone were not sold.

Other trades beside this of clothing suffer under the system. Mr. Burnett says that it is estimated that "in and around Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and Petticoat Lane there must be 3,000 to 4,000 persons, chiefly foreign Jews, employed under sweaters in the boot and shoe-trade." The problem presented by the whole system is most perplexing and saddening. The mass of people hanging on to the fringe of civilisation and living within a step of starvation will do anything for bread. The great speculators know this. They make the people's needs their opportunity. Prices are forced down, down. The only hope seems to be that the sweaters will cease some day from the system because they have themselves been sweated to the expiring point.

The condition of the toilers in cities all the world over is depressing. Even in Chicago I was surprised to learn how widely the sweating system is practised, and some manufactured things can there be purchased at lower rates than in England. The despair and gloom bred of the whole system is one that no nation can afford to ignore. Mr. Burnett wisely remarks that "co-operative remedies are those which would call upon and educate the sweaters and workers to organise themselves to regulate their own competition so as to prevent reduction of prices, and to form a strong union for the purpose of protecting their special interests." He has evidently great faith in the large factory system, where the toilers will work under better conditions, and receive better pay, because the middleman or sweater has himself been sweated so much that he has ceased to exist.

Marvels of cheap production abound on every side. The use of machinery and the minute subdivision of labour make prices possible now that would otherwise be simply destructive, while the cheapness resulting is in some directions an advantage to the poorest classes. But the limits of labour need yet to be more thoughtfully guarded. That competition cannot be accepted as legitimate which grinds men and women into the very dust.

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

A Thrifty Labourer.

In the "Journal of a Naturalist," a book once widely popular and worthy of being reprinted (Murray, 1829), the author gives the following account of a village labourer in his

service. It affords an eminent example of what may be accomplished by industry and economy, and proves that high wages are not always essential or solely contributive to the welfare of an agricultural labourer.

"When I first knew A. B. he was in a state of great poverty, having, it is true, a cottage of his own, with a small garden, but his health was so bad that he was not a profitable labourer, and the farmers were unwilling to employ him. In this condition he came into my service. His wife at that time having a young child, contributed very little to the general maintenance of the family. His wages were ten shillings a week, and he provided his own food. We soon perceived that the clothing of the family became more and more improved; the cottage was whitewashed, and enclosed with a rough wall and gate; the rose and the corchorus began to blossom about it; the pig became two, and a few sheep marked 'A. B.' were running about the lanes; the wife had a little cow, which it was 'hoped his honour would let eat some of the rough grass in the upper field.' This was not entirely given, a small charge being made. In spring, another better cow was added, but finding cattle difficult to maintain during winter, they were disposed of, and the sheep augmented.

"After about six years' service, my honest, quiet labourer died, leaving his wife and two children surviving; a third had recently died. We found him possessed of some money, though I know not the amount; two fine hogs, and a flock of forty-nine good sheep, many far advanced in lamb; and all this stock was acquired with the regular wages of ten shillings a week, in conjunction with the simple aids of rigid sobriety and economy, without a murmur, a complaint, or a grievance."

A Railway Bridge of Ice.

The winter amusements of Canada are familiarly known in England, but we do not hear so much of the industrial energy which bridges the ice-bound rivers, and establishes railway communication across them. When several years ago the Montreal and Boston Air Line began to lay a track on the ice for the first time, there was a good deal of joking, even in Canada, at their expense; but, when it was a realised fact, the jokes gave place to wonderment and applause. It came about in this way. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada is the owner of the Victoria tubular bridge, the only bridge across the St. Lawrence. When the Canadian Pacific Railway built a station at Montreal, they wanted to have a connection with the lines across the river. To this the Grand Trunk consented, but at the same time put such a high tariff on every hundredweight of goods carried across their bridge that the cost of transit for ordinary freight was nearly doubled. To avoid this charge the Montreal and Boston line used in the summer to ferry a great quantity of goods across the river by boat, but still had to pay heavily in the winter for freightage across the Victoria Bridge. It was while things were in this unsatisfactory condition that the idea struck the directors of constructing a track on the ice, which would enable them to run their trains right into Montreal without any change whatever. Since then the "ice railway," as it is termed, has been called into being every winter, and has become one of the sights of the city.

Towards the end of December the ice is thick enough to enable the rails to be laid, though it is generally well into January before the line is in safe working order. The first thing to be done in the way of preparation is to clear off all snow and inequalities that may be on the surface. Then long planks are laid down every few feet, and parallel to each other. Over these long timbers are placed end to end, and firmly bolted together. These are to carry sleepers to which the rails are fastened, as in the laying of an ordinary railroad. But it is not ready for use yet, as the line is not ballasted. This is done by filling up the spaces between the timbers and the sleepers with ice and snow, and now over the whole water is thrown, until everything is as firm as the solid rock itself. When this is all completed, goods trains, as heavy as those drawn on land, can be taken across the river, and just as safely. The course over the ice is about two miles in length, and in one place the river has a depth of over fifty feet, with a current of more than nine miles an hour. This is the well-known St. Mary's current, which at

times has been known to tax the powers of large steamers to ascend. Greater care is needed here, as the ice does not form so soon as in other parts of the river, and neither does it get so thick. Mishaps on this novel railway have been very few, and unattended with loss of life. Once an engine left the rails, but it kept on the unbroken ice long enough to allow the men on it to escape, then there was a loud crack as the ice gave way, and in a cloud of steam it went to the bottom, but fortunately in a shallow place, so that when the cold got stronger it was hoisted up again on to the ice, and brought to shore. It is usually April before the rails are taken up, but one spring the ice broke up rather suddenly, and a large part of the line went floating down the river.

H. W.

Anecdotes from Sir Frederick Pollock.

The following are among the good things to be found in Sir Frederick Pollock's recently published "Remembrances" (Macmillan):—

Landseer and the King of Portugal.—When Edwin Landseer was presented to the King of Portugal, his Majesty said, "Ah! I am glad to see you. I always like beasts."

The Fly on the Chariot-wheel.—An American lady, on being introduced to Sir John Herschel on his visit to the States, said, "You are quite famous in America. My little books have carried your name through all the States."

A Stroke of Business.—At a contested election at Norwich, an old supporter of Lord Stormont took £4 to vote for the opposite side. Lord Stormont's agent told him he was foolish to change sides, for he would have given £5. "But it is not too late. Hand me the £4 and I will give you a fiver," which was done!

Moss and Lichen.—The youngest boy of Sir Frederick Pollock bore the pet name of *Moss*. "I suppose you call him *Moss*," said Serjeant Merewether, "to show your *lichen* for him?"

Castor and Pollux.—Follett and the Chief Baron Pollock, coming away from a City dinner, were looking for their hats. Thesiger was helping to find them, and said to Follett, "I can't see your castor, but here is Pollock's." (Pollux.)

Browning's Sordello.—Carlyle told me he and his wife had read through *Sordello* without being able to make out whether *Sordello* was a man, or a city, or a book.

Mohammedan Advocates.—Canon Taylor is not the first of the name to eulogise Islamism. Sir Henry Taylor once had a long argument with Coleridge on the subject at Highgate. Charles Lamb was present, and when they were looking for their hats on leaving, Lamb said to Taylor, "You don't seem to be able to find your *turban*."

A Poulterer's Notice.—Outside a poulterer's shop in the Borough the following notice was posted: "A lot of live Ostend rabbits for sale. Any person wishing to buy one will be skinned and trussed, ready for roasting, in five minutes."

Periodical Comets due in 1888.

In the spring or summer of this year two comets are expected to make another appearance, and although they are both faint objects and neither of them is likely ever to be visible to the naked eye, yet as regular members of the solar system, they are of considerable interest to astronomers. One of these comets is commonly called *Encke's*, not that it was discovered by that astronomer, but that the designation was felt to be due to him from the able and laborious investigation which he made of its motions on the occasion of its appearance in the winter of 1818, when he succeeded in proving that it moved round the sun in a short ellipse, a complete revolution only occupying one thousand two hundred and twelve days, or about three years and four months. This discovery led to an examination of previous records of comets of which the elements could be determined with accuracy, when it was found that the body in question had been seen at three earlier appearances, in 1786, 1795, and 1805, being each time supposed to be a new comet. In 1818

it was first noticed, on the 26th of November, by Pons at Marseilles (the first discoverer, before he closed his career at Florence in 1831, of nearly thirty comets). Pons, like the earlier observers, thought that he had in this discovered a new comet, but Encke (then of Seeberg near Gotha, but afterwards director of the Royal Observatory of Berlin) applying the resources of improved mathematics to the discussion of its motions, showed that all these discoveries related to the same body, which would in all probability effect another appearance in the summer of 1822. And so it did, although from its position at the time, it could not be seen in the northern hemisphere, but was observed at the observatory (no longer existing) which had recently been founded by Sir Thomas Brisbane at Paramatta in New South Wales. It has been seen at the completion of every revolution since, the last time in the spring of 1885, so that another return will be due (as we said) in the summer of 1888. This comet is subject to a very remarkable diminution in the velocity of its motion, which from shortening the length of its orbit causes it to revolve round the sun in a period of about three days less than when its motions were investigated by Encke. He afterwards noticed this change and suggested a cause which has led to much discussion and cannot be said to be yet fully proved or disproved, the latest investigations seeming to show that the diminution of velocity, though progressive, is not constant in amount. The other comet of which we spoke is known as Faye's, having been discovered at Paris by that time-honoured astronomer in 1843, a year made remarkable by the appearance on the last day of February of a very splendid comet which made, about the time when it was discovered, so near an approach to the sun as to be within 300,000 miles of his surface. M. Faye discovered his comet (a very faint body) on the 22nd of November in that year; and the late famous Le Verrier (so well known as one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune in 1846) investigated its orbit, showing that it was moving in an ellipse with a period of only about seven and a half years. It was accordingly observed again in the winter of 1850, being first seen on that occasion by the late Professor Challis at Cambridge on the 28th of November, and also at the subsequent returns in 1858, 1866, 1873, and 1880-1, so that we may confidently anticipate another appearance (to those provided with telescopes) in the spring or early summer of 1888.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

An Extraordinary Imperial Challenge.

In the days of imperial alliances, and international congresses, the instability of imperial minds recalls the eccentricities of the Emperor Paul of Russia, for some while known to fame as "the magnanimous ally." When uniting with Austria and England to suppress the revolutionary and regicide principles then being propagandised at the point of French bayonets, the Czar was hailed as a deliverer from the tyranny of oppression, and as the restorer of deposed sovereigns. But the brilliant successes which at first attended the allied armies were exchanged for reverses; the valiant Suwarrow, unsupported by reinforcements, had to retire before Massena, and this occurring at the same time as the abortive British expedition to Holland, in which Russian troops were co-operating, the combined mortifications exasperated Paul to a point of frenzy. He declared these disasters were the result of conspiracy, that he had been betrayed by the perfidy of the ministers of Vienna and London, and he publicly insulted the ambassadors of his late allies at his levee. Bonaparte, with astute diplomacy, flattered the Emperor's vanity, and returned all the Russian prisoners, well armed and newly clad. The capture of Malta by the English added to his fury, the Emperor Paul having chosen to constitute himself grand-master of the knights of that order.

For awhile, while the Powers were still struggling with France, the Czar appeared disposed to observe neutrality between the belligerents, until suddenly the attention of Europe was aroused by the following proclamation in the Court Gazette of St. Petersburg:

"The Emperor of Russia, finding the Powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous to put an end to a war which has desolated it for eleven years,

intends to point out a spot, to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair, to FIGHT IN SINGLE COMBAT, bringing with them, as seconds and esquires, their most enlightened ministers and able generals, such as Thurgot, Pitt, Bernstoff, etc., and the Emperor himself purposes being attended by Generals Count Pahlen and Kutusoff."

The fervour of knight-errantry seemed revived, but it was confined to St. Petersburg; no royal champions came forward to break a lance with the imperial challenger.

The cartel, which his brother sovereigns refused, was taken up by our caricaturists; Gillray simply represented the ill-favoured and unfortunate Czar, with slight exaggeration, "in his habit as he lived," and, trampling on the torn treaties, with the significant motto "Mens turpis corpore turpi;" while Rowlandson, with less severity, pictured the anticipated scene of the first encounter, "Single Combat in Moorfields, or Magnanimous Paul, O! Challenging all, O!" The mad emperor is travestied as a Russian bear armed with a sword, tempered "à la Suwarrow," and a shield inscribed "Swallow all, O!" Pitt, and not his royal master, is figured as the English champion; the minister is in mail, and is jauntily encountering his adversary with a sword tempered "à la Nelson." The Emperor's second is reading a parody of Paul's extraordinary cartel. "Be it known to all men, that my master, the most magnanimous, most puissant, most powerful, and wonderful Great Bear of the North, being in his sound and sober senses, challenges the whole world to single combat, and commences his first trial of skill here, in Moorfields, after which it is his intention to pursue his travels and visit every Court in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America."

The Czar Paul now became an active opponent, laid an embargo upon all British ships in Russian ports, and aided in forming, with the Danish, Swedish, and Prussian Courts, the Confederation of the Northern Powers against our commerce. The valiant adversary, who, a short while before, was going to crush the French Government now ordered the bust of Bonaparte to occupy a conspicuous place in his palace, and with the French Government entered into an alliance with the object of driving the English out of India and humbling our maritime supremacy.

Paul's conduct to his subjects now gave evidence of aberration; his people were continually annoyed by acts of minor and fantastic oppression, such as an edict against "round hats" and "pantaloon," which he forbade any person to wear in his empire. He enforced the revival of hair powder and pigtails, and issued a proclamation to compel all persons whom he encountered in the street to leave their carriages and prostrate themselves before him. The carriage of the British Ambassador passed the palace at a pace which the Emperor chose to consider wanting in respect; he immediately ordered "the coachmen to be beaten, the horses to be beaten, and the carriage to be beaten." In return, the Ambassador resented these petty indignities by discharging his servants, ordering his horses to be shot, and his carriage to be thrown into the Neva. An insane autocrat was found a formidable calamity. He conducted himself with brutal violence to his nobility and most distinguished generals. No one felt himself safe from the paroxysms of his rage, and it became necessary that he should be removed. Paul was requested to abdicate, but obstinately clung to absolute power. In spite of his precautions, a conspiracy was formed by his disgusted nobles, his palace was entered at night, and he was strangled with his own military scarf, which, by the way, he wore of extravagant dimensions well suited for such a purpose.

J. G.

Police Force of London.—According to Sir Charles Warren's Report on the Metropolitan Police, the authorised strength of the force, at the commencement of 1887, was 28 superintendents, 652 inspectors, 1,167 sergeants, and 11,957 constables—total, 13,804, being an increase of 3 superintendents, 18 inspectors, 34 sergeants, and 430 constables since December 31st, 1885. Of these, 4 superintendents, 49 inspectors, 184 sergeants, and 1,396 constables were employed on special duties for various Government Departments, including special protection posts inside public offices and buildings, dockyards and military stations, and by public companies and private individuals. The services of men thus employed were paid for to the Receiver of the Metropolitan Police

District by the departments to which the services were rendered. The number of police available for service in the metropolis, exclusive of those specially employed and whose services were paid for, was 24 superintendents, 603 inspectors, 983 sergeants, and 10,561 constables; total, 12,161. An average of one-fourteenth of the force, except special duties, sick, etc. (739), is daily on leave in accordance with the regulation granting one day's leave of absence to each man every fortnight. Of the remainder, 2,447 men were employed on station and outside protection duties, and special duties under various Acts of Parliament, and after deducting the casualties (520) caused by the absence of men sick and on detached sick leave, there remained 8,465 police available for duty in the streets. Under the existing system about 60 per cent. of this number is required for night duty—from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. The remaining 40 per cent. is detailed for duty in four reliefs in town districts, and two reliefs in country districts from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. During the day the ordinary beat duty of the whole of the metropolis devolves upon some 1,478 men. In addition to these numbers, however, 457 constables on "fixed points," and 78 at hackney carriage standings, are on duty in the streets from 9 a.m. to 1 a.m. The Metropolitan Police District, as established by 2 and 3 Vict., cap. 47, extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London, and the liberties thereof, and embraces an area of 688.31 square miles, extending from Colney Heath, Hertfordshire, on the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south; and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. It will be seen, says Sir Charles Warren, that there is great need for a very considerable augmentation, and this has been so reported by the superintendents.

A Tablet at Lübeck.—The following is an inscription on an old tablet in the cathedral at Lübeck:

Christ our Lord speaks thus to us:
 You call me Master—and inquire not of me.
 You call me Light—and look not to me.
 You call me the Way—and walk not with me.
 You call me the Life—and long not for me.
 You call me Wise—and follow not me.
 You call me Fair—and love not me.
 You call me Rich—and ask nought of me.
 You call me Eternal—and seek not for me.
 You call me Compassionate—and trust not in me.
 You call me Noble—and serve not me.
 You call me Almighty—and honour not me.
 You call me Righteous—and fear not me.
 If I condemn you—then blame not me.

J. K.

Word Competitions.—Many who have been victimised by similar swindlers will be glad to hear that a proposer of a word-competition has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, on the ground of obtaining money by false pretences. In this case the name of a sham clergyman was used, and the shillings flowed into the village post-office. The proceeds were to be given to a well-known charity, prizes being awarded to the three earliest correct solutions. The Lord Chief Justice, in confirming the magistrate's sentence, said that the use of a false name was enough in this case to justify the verdict; but even in *bona fide* competitions there is no guarantee that the prizes will not fall to accomplices of the riddle-proposer. The facility for fraud is so obvious that it would be strange to see such competitions hold their ground so long, but that, according to Carlyle, the majority of the British population are fools.

The German Crown Prince Thirty Years Ago.—When all the civilised world thinks with respect and sympathy of the invalid Crown Prince of Germany, Englishmen feel double interest in him as the husband of the eldest child of Queen Victoria. In the "Recollections of Mr. Planché," Somerset Herald, we recall this touching reference to the time of his taking his young wife from England: "Who that witnessed the departure of the Princess Royal for her foreign home can ever forget that young bride, seated beside her fine, frank,

soldierly-looking husband in the open pony carriage, passing at a foot pace that inclement winter morning through the streets of London lined with eager and excited spectators, the snowflakes falling fast upon her head, but not so fast as the blessings showered upon her by the crowd that thronged around and followed the carriage; and the homely but affectionate exhortations of 'Take care of her,' 'Treat her kindly,' that mingled with the cheers bestowed upon the proud and happy bridegroom? Her Royal Highness had barely attained her seventeenth year. She had been little seen in public, yet a knowledge of the sterling qualities of her heart and mind had quietly percolated through society, down to the humblest ranks of the people, and the farewell they bade her was like that of parents parting with their own child." After thirty years the loving and sympathising interest felt in that Anglo-German home is not less, but is deepened by the events of the years that are past, and by the trials and anxieties of the present time.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.—A magnificent stained glass window in memory of Milton will shortly be placed in this church. It is the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who presented the drinking-fountain and clock-tower to Stratford-on-Avon, and the beautiful window in honour of Herbert and Cowper to Westminster Abbey. At the request of the rector of St. Margaret's an inscription has been written for the Milton window by the American poet, Mr. J. Greenleaf Whittier, who has sent the following lines:—

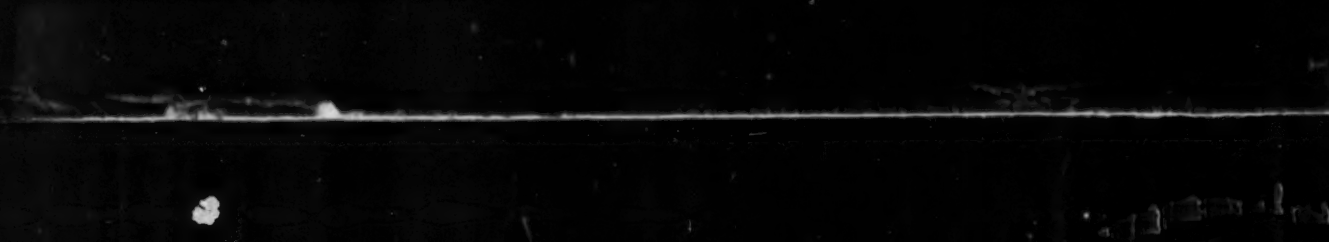
"The New World honours him whose lofty plea
 For England's freedom made her own more sure,
 Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
 Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

The Raleigh window, presented to St. Margaret's by American citizens, is enriched by an inscription from the pen of Mr. J. R. Lowell; and the Caxton window, presented by the printers of London, has an inscription written for it by Lord Tennyson. Caxton and Raleigh lie buried in the church, and the wife and infant child of Milton, whose banns are recorded in the marriage register.

A Fine Old English Gentleman.—In opening a memorial hall at Moreton-in-Marsh, in honour of the late Lord Redesdale, who died in May, 1886, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach paid a high tribute to his memory. He referred to the high value of his services to the nation as the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords for more than a quarter of a century. Among his neighbours he was known as a model country gentleman, a leading spirit among men as magistrate, poor law guardian, sportsman, neighbour, and friend, who by his bright qualities had earned the honour and respect of all with whom he came in contact. He never met in his life a man who more thoroughly despised flattery than did the late Lord Redesdale. Possessing true honesty, fearlessness, a love of work for work's sake, and excellent judgment in any matter of business that came before him, they could not have found a better specimen than he afforded of an enlightened, true, and honest Englishman, ever ready to do his duty to God and to his fellow-men.

Population of France.—M. Chervin has recently presented to the Geographical Society of Paris a statistical report on the population of France. Some of the figures afford matter of serious consideration for French statesmen, while they are reassuring to other more pacific nations. The census of France in 1801 showed a total of 27,349,000. In 1880 the number was 38,248,900. At this rate the population in the year 2000 would be double what it was in 1801. Two hundred years are required to produce this result. Comparing this rate of increase with other European States, that of Holland and Denmark has in the same time been 10 per cent., England 9 per cent., Germany and Belgium 8, Spain 3, while France is only 2 per cent., and is the lowest of all European countries.

There is not merely slow increase numerically, but the *physique* of the nation deteriorates, from the depopulation of rural districts and the increase of number in towns. In 1801 the proportion of urban to rural population was 24 per cent., now it is 35 per cent. Not a few departments show an





actually smaller population in 1880 than 1801. This is the case in the departments of les Alpes, le Calvados, la Drôme, l'Eure, le Jura, le Lot, la Garonne, la Manche, l'Orne, la Haute Seine, la Tarn-et-Garonne.

If this process continues, says M. Chervin, it is only a matter of time—possibly a long time, but certain to come—when the invasion of France will become easy for the Germans! The chief reasons for the deterioration are also discussed, a large part being due to moral rather than physical causes—the loosening of domestic ties and decay of social virtues, the love of pleasure and excitement, which can be gratified in towns more than in the quiet and laborious occupations of agricultural life. The decrease of rural population is in England also a serious matter, but here it is more due to natural causes, some of which may be dealt with by legislation.

Wheat Supply.—An important and impartial statement, bearing upon our supply of wheat in the future, has been made by Mr. Bonham, the United States Consul-General in Calcutta. In his official report on the trade of British India for 1887, he says that wheat growing for export is as yet but in its infancy, and that it is only retarded by want of cheap transport to the seaboard. For five years past the average annual rate of railway construction has been 662 miles. Indian surplus wheat is sent to Europe in steamers by the Suez Canal in three or four weeks, instead of three or four months, as formerly, by sailing ships by the Cape route, and with much damage during the long voyage. This increase of the Indian wheat trade is not only formidable for American trade, but renders impossible any enlarged supply of home-grown wheat at paying prices. Already the Indian supply is second only to that from America.

A Costly Egg.—At Stevens' Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, a fine specimen of the egg of the great Auk was sold to Mr. L. Field for 160 guineas. The bidding commenced at 50 guineas. The auctioneer stated that at a sale in 1880 he had sold two eggs of this bird, both of which had been damaged by breaking, for 100 and 102 guineas. Sixty-six of these eggs are known to collectors, of which forty-three are in Great Britain, twenty-five being in eighteen museums, and forty-one in nineteen private collections.

Dr. Cheyne's Rule of Daily Duty.—The famous physician Dr. Cheyne laid down this rule for his conduct, "To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day; nor to mind anything that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me less than if I had been insured to live fifty years more."

The Unemployed.—Boswell records the following remarks of Dr. Johnson: "A justice, who had the best opportunities of knowing, told me that I underrated the number when I computed that about twenty a week, that is, about a thousand a year, died of hunger in London. Not absolutely of immediate hunger, but of wasting and other diseases, which are the consequences of want of food. What we are told about the great sums got by begging is not true, the trade is overstocked. And, you may depend upon it, there are many who cannot get work. A particular kind of manufacture fails; those who have been used to work at it can, for some time, work at nothing else. You meet a man begging; you charge him with idleness; he says, 'I am willing to labour. Will you give me work?' 'I cannot.' 'Why, then you have no right to charge me with idleness.'"

India and Back in Two Months.—The report of a trip to the East in the P. and O. Company's splendid new boat, the Victoria, will lead to many similar journeys. Starting from the Albert Dock on the 1st October, anchor was dropped in Bombay Harbour at 8 a.m. October 21st. Leaving Bombay on the 22nd by the night mail train, Calcutta (1,400 miles) was reached on October 25th. In the afternoon of the 27th the train to Darjeeling was taken, arriving in the afternoon of the 28th. Here two days were spent, with magnificent views of the Himalayas, including Kinshu Junga 27,000, and Mount Everest 29,000 feet high. Delhi, Lucknow, Benares, Agra, Jeypore, and the most famous other places in India were visited, with excursions to many scenes

familiar in history. On returning to Bombay the caves of Elephanta were visited, as well as all places of interest in the town. The Victoria left Bombay on the evening of the 11th November, and reached Plymouth on the morning of the 30th, a voyage of eighteen days. The journey of 18,000 miles by sea and land took sixty days only. Three months would allow of an extensive Indian tour.

Village Communities and Emigrant Settlements.—One main cause of difficulty and failure in establishing colonies, both at home and abroad, has been the supposed necessity for finding a market for produce. The aim should be at first to consume all that is produced, and each colony should be large enough, and varied enough in the occupations of its members, to supply everything required for the common use. In England only such things should go to market as are needed for barter or purchase of necessities not obtained by labour in this climate, such as tea and sugar. For milk, vegetables, poultry, eggs, there are few places where a market is not near, and self-supporting colonies could easily be established, thereby relieving the towns of much of the rural pauperism gravitating to them.

Home Rule for Scotland.—A Scottish Home Rule Association, of which Professor Blackie is president, thus formulates its objects: "To protect the integrity of the empire, and secure that the voice of Scotland shall be heard in the Imperial Parliament as fully as at present when discussing Imperial affairs. To promote the establishment of a Legislature sitting in Scotland, with full control over all purely Scotch questions, and with an Executive Government responsible to it and the Crown. To secure to the Government of Scotland, in the same degree as is at present possessed by the Imperial Government, the control of her civil servants, judges, and other officials, with the exception of those engaged in the military, naval, and diplomatic services, and in collecting the Imperial revenue."

God's Dwelling-places.—God hath two dwelling-places, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—Isaiah Walton.

Gold and Goold.—Lady Palmerston, one of the last of the high dames of the old school, always pronounced gold "goold," and china "cheeney," so Lord Ronald Gower tells us in his "Reminiscences." Professor Pillans, of Edinburgh, a man of exquisite taste, and a chief in *literis humanioribus*, also pronounced gold as goold, and said that this sound of *o* was more common than one might suspect from its total disappearance in later speech. By-the-way, it was Lord Shaftesbury who said, "When my mother-in-law dies, there will not be a *grande dame* left; she is the last of the race."

The Caucasus.—The reports given in the Alpine Journal by Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield of his journeys in the Caucasus are likely to give fresh impulse to daring mountaineering. In company with M. Dechy, several remarkable ascents have been made, such as Tetruld, 16,700 feet, and other peaks of little inferior altitude. The scenery is described as magnificent, and the rocks and glaciers on a scale exceeding anything known in the Alps of Switzerland. No hindrances were met with from the Russian authorities.

Astronomical Almanac for February.

1	W	☉ rises 7.42 A.M.	15	W	Ash Wednesday
2	T	☽ least distance from ☉	16	T	☉ rises 7.15 A.M.
3	F	Clock before ☉ 14m. 28.	17	F	☽ greatest distance from ☉
4	S	☽ 3 Q.arter 7.26 P.M.	18	S	Gemini S. 9.40 P.M.
5	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY	19	S	1 SUNDAY IN LENT
6	M	Orion S. 8.30 P.M.	20	M	☽ 1 QUARTER 1.59 A.M.
7	T	Venus rises 5.30 A.M.	21	T	Jupiter rises 1.56 A.M.
		(☽ sets 4.57 P.M.)	22	T	(☉ sets 5.23 P.M.)
8	W	Half-Quarter Day	22	W	☉ rises 7.3 A.M.
9	T	☉ rises 7.28 A.M.	23	T	Hydra S. 11.0 P.M.
10	F	Taurus S. 7.5 P.M.	24	F	Saturn near ☉
11	S	New ☉ 11.52 P.M.	25	S	Clock before ☉ 13m. 19s.
12	S	SHROVE SUNDAY	26	S	2 SUNDAY IN LENT
13	M	Auriga S. 7.30 P.M.	27	M	Full ☉ 11.58 A.M.
14	T	Mars rises 10.50 P.M.	28	T	Saturn S. 9.38 P.M.
		(☉ sets 5.10 P.M.)	29	W	☉ sets 5.37 P.M.

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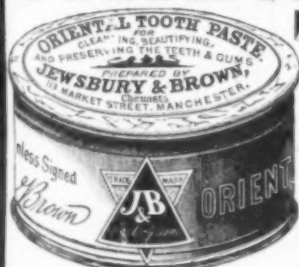
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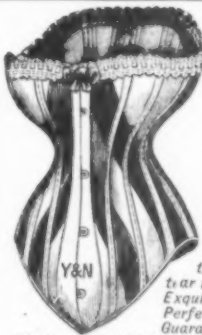
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